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"PRIMATE OF ALL ENGLAND"

NEWMAN TRAVELTALKS

SEEING ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND

By

E. M. NEWMAN

Author of "Seeing Italy," "Seeing Russia," "Seeing Egypt and the Holy Land," "Seeing Germany," etc.

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INTRODUCTION

IT would be a hopeless task to outline a tour through England and Scotland that would appeal to everyone —just as hopeless as for a physician to try to prescribe a diet that would suffice for all of us. Tastes differ, and therefore it is not a question of what everybody should see, but rather of what may best be omitted. Fortunately there is sufficient variety to satisfy anyone, no matter what his preference may be.

Some are partial to the cathedrals and the architectural wonders of England and Scotland, while others would be bored to extinction by these. There are many travelers who revel in the beauty of nature, and there are others who are happy only when they are in the midst of the life and bustle of a great city. The more studious would probably choose the historic spots and the haunts of poets and authors; but were I to suggest this to some of my readers, I feel certain that my advice would be frowned upon. Travel becomes a matter of individual taste. In this volume I have presented almost every phase of life, scenery, art, history and architectural development; there is something for the most fastidious or exacting traveler.

How many days or weeks one should devote to a tour through England and Scotland depends, again, upon the time at the disposal of the tourist. One might obtain fleeting glimpses of England in ten days or two weeks, but at least a month is necessary for anything like a comprehensive visit,

and more time might profitably be devoted to rural England alone. Scotland may be seen in a hurried journey of a week, but a stay of at least two or three weeks will be found necessary if one is to leave with anything like an adequate idea of the country. A tour should include the Highlands as well as the Lowlands.

I have intentionally omitted London, because the world's metropolis is worthy of a volume devoted solely to the city itself. To combine London with England and Scotland would make one volume too bulky for the average reader. It is my purpose later to present London, with its manifold attractions, in another volume.

It is possible to visit Great Britain comfortably any time from the first of April until the first of November, but the best months are July, August and September. There may be some warm days during these months, but the weather is more settled, and there is less likelihood of rain in the Lake District of England—also less likelihood of encountering mist and rain in Scotland—than at other times of the year.

Travel by private motor is more expensive in the British Isles than in most other countries, but the highways are excellent, and this method of travel is to be preferred if one can afford it. Extensive char-a-banc and motor-bus excursions are a feature, and they are to be recommended if one seeks a cheaper way to see the country. British railroads are run on a high standard of efficiency, and for rapid travel offer the best means of getting about.

In planning a tour of England and Scotland, make up your mind what you want most to see, then ascertain the time it will take to include what you have outlined, and adjust your journey in such a way that you will not have to rush from place to place. Above all, avoid having to arrive at a

certain hour and then having to leave hurriedly, gasping for breath and wondering what you saw the day before.

Do not go sightseeing in Great Britain during the winter months. The climate then is disagreeable, and the beauty of the rural districts is lost in fog and rain.

THE AUTHOR.

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I AROUND STRATFORD-ON-AVON

TRINITY CHURCH, STRATFORD-ON-AVON, WHERE
SHAKESPEARE IS BURIED

This book will go
to other readers.
Please keep it clean.

SEEING ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND

I

AROUND STRATFORD-ON-AVON

THE usual American visitor to Stratford-on-Avon approaches the place with much of the zeal and reverence that Mohammedans feel when they are on the threshold of the shrine of the prophet at Medina. The associations of the place have an almost fanatical lure for devotees of Shakespeare—and for people who never attend the theater when the plays of the Bard of Avon are being enacted. There are not many known facts in the life-story of the great poet, as we accept it to-day, that can not be called into question. There are critics who go so far as to doubt that William Shakespeare of Stratford was the author of the plays that bear his name. Adherence to this belief might throw Stratford into the discard as a magnet for tourists; but the world stedfastly declines to accept anything that casts doubt upon the life or work of Stratford's immortal citizen. Each year the number of visitors increases; and it may be added that the proportion of American travelers increases.

The tourist from overseas goes to Stratford as certainly as he goes to Westminster Abbey, the Tower of London or the National Gallery. It is an essential part of the grand tour. To fail to make this pilgrimage is to put oneself in the same class with the European who comes to the United States and

TYPICAL STRATFORD ARCHITECTURE: THE SHAKESPEARE HOTEL

fails to see Niagara Falls. And now that the place has become thoroughly entrenched in public esteem as a shrine for pilgrimage, the English themselves are making it a popular, if not a fashionable, summer resort. The gently-flowing Avon, the green fields, the good hotels, and the quaint atmosphere of the place so admirably retained, recommend Stratford as the place for a delightful and restful holiday.

So the crowds arrive every hour, by train, motor-bus and private automobile. Sleepy old Stratford is enjoying a period of great prosperity as a result of the fact that England's greatest poet lived there, died there, and now lies within the arms of the church—altho there is no evidence to indicate that he ever entered the holy fane before his bier was carried through the doorway to its final resting-place.

Many of us will want to stop at the Shakespeare Hotel, a curious, quaintly gabled building, where, instead of having

numbers for the rooms, each is named after one of Shakespeare's plays. It so happened that the room I occupied was called "King Lear." Arriving dust-covered, I rang for the maid and asked for some hot water. Imagine my astonishment when a moment later I heard the maid shouting to the porter down-stairs, "John, take some hot water to King Lear and send the trunk to Antony and Cleopatra."

To enjoy a visit to Stratford-on-Avon, the first thing for the tourist to do is to banish from his mind all doubts as to the poet's being exactly the man to whom the whole world pays homage — William Shakespeare, who was born here April 23 (or 22), 1564, and who, after about six years at grammar school, became associated with his father in the butchering business. In 1582 he married Anne Hathaway of Shottery, who bore him three children. About 1585, he

ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREAT LITERARY SHRINES: THE HOUSE WHERE SHAKESPEARE WAS BORN

SHAKESPEARE MONUMENT
Gift of the late George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, to the town of Stratford

left Stratford for London, where he wrote and produced the plays that made him immortal; then he returned to Stratford and retired to New Place, which he bought in 1597, and where he died in 1616.

With this brief outline of his life, we begin our pilgrimage at Shakespeare's House, which has been national property since 1847, and which is visited each year by about one hundred thousand pilgrims. The house is in an excellent state of preservation. It was restored in 1857, but the work was done with such intelligence and care that the timber framework remains unaltered and the place must bear a close resemblance to that in which the poet resided.

The ground floor contains a living-room, the kitchen, and a smaller room; up one flight of stairs, on what Europeans call the first floor, is shown "the room in which Shakespeare was born." A few chairs, a table, and a bust of the poet are the only furnishings in this room. There is an ancient fireplace and a timbered ceiling reminiscent of his time. The walls are practically covered with the signatures of visitors —Scott, Carlyle, Thackeray, Browning and many others— but this kind of tribute is no longer allowed by the caretakers, and no further additions to this collection will be

made. Here also is a Shakespeare Museum, in which there are many memorials, including early editions of the plays, the celebrated Ely portrait, and manuscripts addressed to the poet. The garden contains flowers and trees mentioned in the plays and poems. There is a story that in the eighteenth century the house was occupied by a butcher-shop, and that there was a sign over the door: "William Shakespeare was born in this house. N. B.—A horse and cart to let."

In High Street is the house that was occupied by the poet's daughter, Judith, and further along in the same street is Harvard House, the home of Katherine Rogers, mother of John Harvard. The statue of Shakespeare at the City Hall was presented by David Garrick. Nash's House, or the New Place Museum, was the residence of Elizabeth, the poet's granddaughter, and contains Shakespearian and Garrick souvenirs. In the Red Horse Hotel is the room where Washington Irving wrote his paper on Stratford, and many Americans are interested to see the former residence of Marie Corelli, author of "Thelma," "Ardath," "A Romance of Two Worlds," and other unusual novels.

HARVARD HOUSE, STRATFORD
Ancestral home of the founder of Harvard University

There is an even greater pleasure to be derived from strolls about Stratford, how-

ever, than from what are usually considered the chief points of interest in the middle of the town. The first of these walks should be to old Holy Trinity Church, which is on the banks of the Avon and beautifully situated. For some reason, the church, with its rural surroundings, seems a more fitting mausoleum for the gentle poet than would be any elaborate and ornamental edifice in the city. Here is Shakespeare's grave, on the north side of the chancel. It is covered by a single slab of stone that bears the oft-quoted inscription; and above, on the wall, is the famous bust by Gerard Johnson. Close to the poet's tomb are those of his wife, Anne Hathaway; his daughter, Susanna Hall, and her husband, John Hall. In the south transept of the church is the Actors' War Memorial. The pulpit is a memorial to Helen Faucit, and the "Seven Ages" window was placed here by Americans in 1885.

The big Shakespeare Memorial, where the festival per-

FORMER HOME OF MARIE CORELLI, STRATFORD-ON-AVON

formances of the plays were given each year, was burned in 1926; but it is soon to be replaced by a finer edifice. In the meantime, festival performances are given in a temporary theater. Fortunately, the museum was not damaged, and the picture-gallery and library are intact. The Droeshout—or Flower—portrait is preserved here. It may be the original from which was made the frontispiece engraved for the First Folio Edition of 1623. In the grounds of the Memorial is a monument: Lady Macbeth (Tragedy), Prince Hal (History), Falstaff (Comedy), and Hamlet (Philosophy).

LURING THE SWAN OF AVON

The sentimental pilgrim will receive a thrill when he follows the pathway through the fields to Anne Hathaway's cottage at Shottery, which remains much as it was in the days when the poet was courting his future wife. This place has several articles of furniture that may have been here when Shakespeare was alive, as the property remained in the possession of the Hathaways until recent years. It was purchased by the nation in 1892.

On the way out from London to Stratford, I forgot to say, we spent a couple of delightful hours at the shrines of the poet Gray and the Quaker statesman, William Penn. There is a peculiar fascination to most Americans in a visit to the village of Stoke Poges, because it is the scene of Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." What we find here is

ENTRANCE TO THE COUNTRY CHURCHYARD AT STOKE POGES,
MADE FAMOUS BY THOMAS GRAY

THE OLD YEW TREE IN THE CHURCHYARD AT STOKE POGES,
UNDER WHICH GRAY WROTE HIS "ELEGY"

something more than a cemetery and a church; it is an ideal, the setting of a symphonic poem whose sentiment has a potent appeal. When we arrive, most of us look first for the old church with its spire and tower. Those of us who have not been there recently may be disappointed to find that the spire is gone. Time and the elements had rendered it dangerous, and it was demolished as a measure of safety; but the square tower on which it rested is still there, and still, at sunset,

MONUMENT TO GRAY AT STOKE POGES

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day."

Most of us are glad to find the old yew tree still standing. The poet is said to have composed much of the Elegy while seated on one of the tombs under it. Several members of Gray's family are buried in this country churchyard, and the poet himself sleeps in an unpretentious tomb only a few feet from the spot where he received the inspiration for his famous poem. Inscribed in the black marble slab which covers his grave are some lines no longer legible, but a nearby tablet informs us that the inscription evidences his grief at the loss of one of his parents.

Adjoining the churchyard is the old Penn Manor, which links this vicinity with American history. It was from this part of England that William Penn set forth for the New

World, where he was destined to play an important part in founding the State which now bears his name.

A few miles distant is the village of Jordans, where stands the old meeting-house in which William Penn and his family attended service every Sunday. For centuries this has been a house of worship for the Quakers, and every Sunday morning they still gather here. Several members of the Penn

TOMB OF THOMAS GRAY AT STOKE POGES

family are buried in the churchyard. It is this combination of interest that attracts so many Americans to what would otherwise be a village unknown to tourists.

From Stratford we go to Warwick, an attractive town of about thirteen thousand people, which is interesting for its historical associations and for its picturesque situation on a rocky hill above the Avon. If we go by motor or motor-bus, we pass through Charlecote Park and obtain a view of the house built by Sir Thomas Lucy, before whom, according

to the story, Shakespeare was brought up for deer-stealing. But neither house nor park is open to visitors. The church, which is worth a glance, contains the tombs of Sir Thomas and his family.

We may like to pause, too, at Baddesley Clinton, where the old Moated Grange usually is associated with Shakespeare's "There at the Moated Grange resides the dejected Mariana." Tennyson has written upon the same theme at considerable length. The approach to the Grange is by an old stone bridge that spans the moat. The residence is about four hundred years old, and several rooms with stone floors are worth seeing. It even has its haunted room with a tragic story. The church always has been Roman Catholic, for, in spite of persecution, the Lords of Baddesley remained true to their faith.

Overlooking the river at Warwick is the magnificent Warwick Castle, seat of the earl of that name, and one of the most attractive private residences in England. Henry James wrote: "It is the only great residence I ever coveted as a home." The structure had an ancient beginning; but the building of the present castle dates from the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Upon entering, one passes through a roadway cut to the outer court with Cæsar's Tower on one side and Guy's Tower on the other. A double gateway with a portcullis leads to the inner court. The castle contains some fine paintings, including Holbein's "Boudoir," "Henry VIII," and Lely's "Beauties of the Court of Charles II"; Rubens' "St. Ignatius," and Van Dyck's "Stratford" and "Duchess of Lorraine." In the great hall are the "porridge pot" and other relics of Guy of Warwick; also Cromwell's helmet. We are admitted to the state drawing-room, the cedar drawing-room and some of the other apartments, from

PENN MANOR, AT STOKE POGES, ANCESTRAL HOME OF WILLIAM PENN

the windows of which we get beautiful views of the river. The great dining-room has a statue of Charles I, and in the conservatory is the celebrated "Warwick Vase" found in Hadrian's villa at Tivoli.

It is appropriate, while here, to recall the romantic story of Guy of Warwick. He was a cup-bearer to the earl, loved the earl's haughty daughter, and asked her to marry him. She declined and told him that she would marry a knight. And a knight he became, after a series of brave deeds, only to be told by the lady that the knight she would marry must be the bravest of all of them; so he went forth again and was victorious in so many rare adventures that she accepted him, and the story ends as all such stories should.

At Warwick, St. Mary's Church should be visited on account of its many monuments. One of the more recent is to Walter Savage Landor, who was a native of the town. The Beauchamp Chapel (pronounced Beecham) should be included; also notice the Bear and the Ragged Staff of the Warwick earldom, which is conspicuous about the church, as throughout the town. In the center of the chapel is the monument to the first Earl of Warwick, who died at Rouen. The marble tomb has fourteen brass statuettes of the mourners and a bronze effigy of the earl. The choir contains the tombs of another earl and his countess. Below the choir is a Norman crypt, which contains a ducking-stool, one of the few that remain in England.

On the road between Warwick and Kenilworth Castle (the journey may be made by train in a few minutes) is the small village of Leek Wootton, which is notable for its monument to Piers Gaveston, one of the few "stones of infamy" in England, altho there are several of them on the Continent. The inscription reads: "In the hollow of this rock was be-

RESTORING PENN MANOR, ONCE THE HOME OF WILLIAM PENN'S ANCESTORS

FRIENDS' MEETING-HOUSE, JORDANS, ENGLAND
Where the Penn family went to church, and where some of its members are buried

headed, on the first day of July, 1312, by barons as lawless as himself, Piers Gaveston, Earl of Cornwall, the minion of a hateful king, in life and death a memorable instance of misrule."

Guy's Cliffe, the seat of Lord Algernon Percy, may be visited after permission has been obtained following written application. It is named for Guy of Warwick, the national ancestor, whose exploits of killing the Dun Cow and Colbrand, the Danish giant, are recorded in a French poem of the thirteenth century. On the bank of the river is a cave, in which he is said to have lived as an anchorite after his return from the Holy Land, daily receiving food from the Countess, who failed to recognize her husband. Near the cave is a small chapel, where there is a rude and old statue of Guy. From a quaint old Saxon mill, near by, we get the best view of Guy's Cliffe House.

A short distance further along is Kenilworth, a little town that gains its name from Kenilworth Castle. The castle—now a picturesque ruin—lies about a mile from the present town, and is considered one of the finest remnants of baronial days in England. At the King's Arms and Castle, Sir Walter Scott is said to have made the first sketch of his famous romance, "Kenilworth." The castle was founded about 1120. In 1575 it was presented by Queen Elizabeth to her favorite, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, who spent huge sums enlarging it and then entertained his Queen here in truly regal style. She came with her court and four hundred servants, and remained seventeen days. I agree with some one who has said that the way to enjoy the castle is to sit somewhere on a near-by bank of grass, in the shade of the old trees, and view the ruins while reading Scott's description of the Elizabethan entertainment, just a bit of which is:

WARWICK CASTLE SEEN FROM THE SPACIOUS INNER COURT

"Onward came the cavalcade, illuminated by two hundred thick waxen torches in the hands of as many horsemen, which cast a light like that of broad day all around the procession, but especially on the principal group, of which the Queen herself, arrayed in a most splendid manner and blazing with jewels, formed the central figure. She was mounted on a milk-white horse, which she reined with peculiar grace and dignity, and in the whole of her stately and noble carriage, you saw the daughter of a hundred kings."

Cromwell gave the castle to some of his men, who plundered it; and after the Restoration it came to the Earls of Clarendon, who still retain the property. Cæsar's Tower has walls thirteen feet thick and seems to have had three or four stories. At right angles to Mervy's Tower is the ancient Banqueting Hall, which we visit before going to the Presence and Privy Chambers. The outer towers are called Swan, Lunn, Water and Mortimer, beyond the last-named being the tilting court, near a great lake. The parish church of Kenilworth is adjoined by the ruins of Kenilworth Priory, which was founded in 1126. About three miles east is Stoneleigh Abbey, erected in 1720 and the seat of Lord Leigh. It is on the site of a Cistercian abbey of 1154, of which the Norman doorways, gate and bridge remain.

A near-by old town that is certain to please us is Coventry, now a city of well over one hundred thousand and looked upon as the center of the cycle and motor-car industry in Great Britain. The first automobile made in England was produced here by the Daimler Company in 1896, and the trade has grown and prospered since that time, bringing an industrial prosperity to Coventry which it never had known in previous days. The narrow streets reminded Hawthorne of Boston. A Benedictine abbey was founded here in

1043 by Godiva, wife of the Earl of Mercia; and a bishop was transferred hither in the beginning of the twelfth century. The abbey was destroyed by Henry VIII, and the new diocese was not founded until 1918. The spire of the cathedral has been called the most beautiful in Europe. Coventry would not harbor Charles I, so, in revenge, Charles II is said to have had the city walls removed. The Coventry Plays, a collection of miracle and mystery plays, were enacted here in ancient times by the various guilds.

The chief story that relates to Coventry, however, and one that has stirred the imagination of the world, is that of Godiva, who rode naked through the streets of the town, going through this ordeal for the release of the citizens from a grievous toll that had been levied upon them by her husband. This story has been made familiar by Tennyson's poem, and

WARWICK CASTLE, FAMOUS IN ENGLISH HISTORY

several playwrights have adapted it to their purposes. For example, the modern dramas of "Monna Vanna" and "Paid in Full" may have derived from the theme. In Coventry itself there was an annual procession, in which the story was reenacted; but this was discontinued in 1887, after having been enacted every year since 1678. The ancient tale was

GUY'S CLIFFE MILL, NEAR KENILWORTH

related by Roger de Wendover in the thirteenth century, as follows:

"The Countess Godiva, who was a great lover of God's mother, longing to free the town of Coventry from the oppression of a heavy toll, often with urgent prayers besought her husband that he would free the town from that service. The earl rebuked her for foolishly asking what was so much to his damage, and forbade her ever more to speak to him on the subject; and while she, on the other hand, with a woman's

A QUAKER CHURCH-DOOR ON A SHOWERY DAY

pertinacity, never ceased to exasperate her husband on that matter, he at last made her this answer: 'Mount your horse and ride naked before all the people, through the market of the town, from one end to the other, and on your return you shall have your request.' "

The rest of the story is well known. When the coming event was noised about the town, the people were so impressed by the sacrifice she was making for them, that they entered their houses and shops, and closed the shutters of all their windows, so that not one person saw her. Such was the ancient story in its entirety; but in later years there was added the legend of "Peeping Tom," who was so curious that he peeped from an upper window and was instantly overcome by blindness. As an ever-present example of what happens to the curious and evil-minded, there are effigies of "Peeping Tom" in two or three different places in Coventry, each marking the "exact spot" where the episode took place.

II GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH JOHN BULL

ELY CATHEDRAL, ONE OF THE LARGEST AND MOST BEAUTIFUL IN ENGLAND

II

GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH JOHN BULL

INSTEAD of going from Coventry direct to Birmingham, which we might be tempted to do, let us approach the second city in England much more leisurely and inscribe a circle around it through some of the most prosperous sections of the English countryside. And on the way let us take a little time to get acquainted with the people and their customs.

Many visitors to England mistake the natural reserve of the British for snobbery. Tradition here is strong, and conservatism greater than in any other European country. Taught for generations not to address any one unless properly introduced, a natural shyness is inherent in the people. One soon learns, however, that if one arrives in England properly accredited, the coolness of the people immediately disappears. They are hospitable when one is "properly introduced." Once that formality is disposed of, one is taken into homes and clubs and made to feel welcome.

A trait of the British that cannot fail to impress all Americans is that of the unfailing good manners among the more cultured classes. The apparent affectation of speech is in most cases natural, and should not be confused with the dialect of the cockney and the coster. From childhood the British are taught to pronounce their vowels carefully, to intone softly and not harshly, to use the broad *a*, and to give their

GOSSIPING OVER THE FRONT GATE IN THE COTSWOLD HILLS

r's a certain rolling, pianissimo sound, which dignifies their speech.

Instinctively the American accustomed to driving his own motor-car keeps to the right, but in Great Britain the rule is to drive on the left side of the road. This occasions many awkward situations until one grows accustomed to the change; after that, a motor tour in this island, where the courtesy of the road is observed by every inhabitant, is a delightful experience for the visitor. The highways are excellent, but many are narrow, and there are numerous sharp turns. Danger is often averted through a system adopted by the Automobile Association, which places motor police or signs at all dangerous corners and curves. If an American joins this association—which he may do at nominal cost—he is given its emblem to place in front of his car. This insures information, if wanted, of any auto policeman; and in case of tire or other trouble, it brings immediate assistance, for which a slight charge is made.

Country inns, generally speaking, are not good, as we would classify them. They are not up-to-date; few have running water in the rooms; a private bath is rare, and the food often leaves much to be desired. There are excellent hotels in the large cities, but even these do not compare with those on the Continent, with the exception of some in London and Liverpool, where there are really first-class hotels. The English, like ourselves, have never been famed for good cooking—except their roasts—and their country hotels conform with the conservatism of the people as expressed in the phrase "no brass or glass." They are behind the times, yet homelike in appearance, which is what the British like. Their boast is: "We may not give you luxury or even comfort as you measure it, but we do give you pleasant, homelike inns";

RURAL ENGLAND—FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD

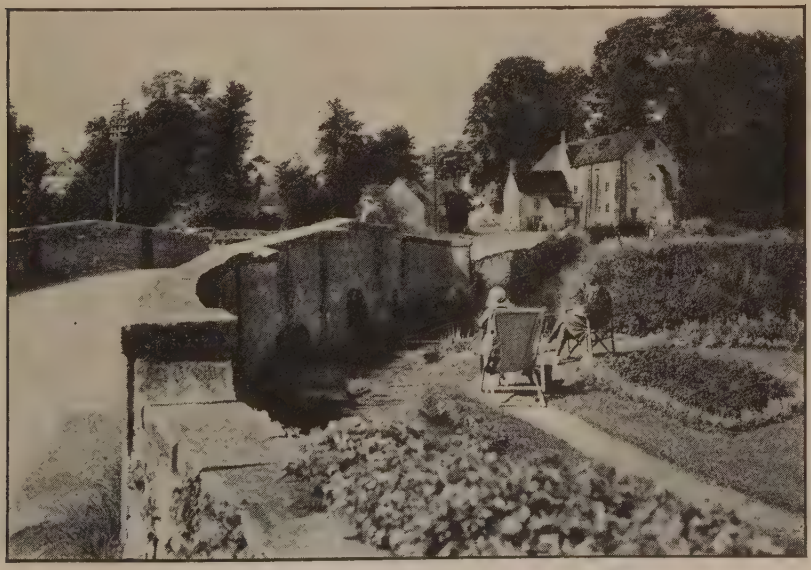
and if we would enjoy our visit, we must accept what is offered with good grace and keep in mind the fact that each country has its own ideas of how to live.

Rural England has a charm such as few other countries enjoy, and here we are in the very heart of it—I never tire of its beautifully trimmed hedges, its lovely gardens and picturesque homes. Frequent rain and mist have endowed it with gorgeous greens, brighter, more vivid than one usually sees on the Continent. The moistness of the climate also gives to the girls a peaches-and-cream complexion that is the envy of young women from other and dryer countries, where more severe climatic conditions render artificial means necessary to create the effect which nature bestows so lavishly in Great Britain.

British men and women are great believers in fresh air. They keep the windows of their homes wide open, even in

cold weather; they exercise freely and indulge generously in open-air sports. Particularly are they fond of walking and of horseback riding. Cricket with them is a mania, but football is undoubtedly their most popular pastime. The annual boat-race between Oxford and Cambridge, rowed from Putney to Morlake on the Thames, usually at the end of March, stirs the whole country. Horse-racing and fox-hunting become social affairs on a huge scale. Patronized by royalty, several of the race-tracks are gathering-places for the smart set. Stag-, otter- and fox-hunting are indulged in by peers and their guests. Some of the nobility own vast estates, upon which these hunts are held. Packs of hounds, some of which cost a fortune, are used for this sport.

Few of the homes, even the finest, are heated by steam. The average Britisher has an aversion for steam heat. He prefers a grate-fire where he may sit and roast in front while



THE CHARM OF THE ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE

his back is frozen. An American visiting England during cold weather is likely to find himself in rooms that to him seem as cold as a refrigerator; but the Englishman regards it as quite the proper thing to keep his living-rooms at an almost freezing temperature.

A Britisher hops into a cold bath quite cheerfully, while most Americans think long and hard before attempting a plunge in such icy water. We may be blood relations, but we have different ideas of personal comfort. Perhaps both are a result of habit.

We like ice-water—for drinking; many Britishers consider the swallowing of such water an act of folly indicating reckless disregard of stomach or health. We like wheat-cakes for breakfast; the Englishman prefers his bacon and eggs, the Scotsman his porridge. For luncheon and dinner, throughout Great Britain they serve unsalted boiled potatoes

A GAME OF CRICKET AT ETON COLLEGE

and cabbage. Day in and day out—in the smaller hotels, at least—these vegetables are placed on the table with such ceremony that one might think it was the first time they had ever been served. Each individual is supposed to apply his salt and pepper to suit his own taste.

PAINTING "WILD LIFE" IN AN ENGLISH VILLAGE

Where the British excel is in their "joints," as roasts are called. When it comes to saddle of mutton, roast lamb or roast beef, they serve a meal fit for the gods. They have curious names for familiar dishes. For example, "silverside" is a certain joint of beef, which is sometimes boiled and pressed, while a "gammon rasher" is simply ham. I heard one American in Exeter order gammon just to find out what it was. When the waiter brought him an order of ham, he turned to him and said, "It is all right, waiter; you may call it gammon if you want to, but it is ham just the same."

We are accused of using "Americanisms" in our speech, but the English also have their slang, of which they are hardly aware. When an Englishman is not feeling well, he often uses the expression, "I am a bit seedy." A sixpence is called a "tanner," a shilling a "bob," and a sovereign a "quid." There is no such thing as candy, but sweets are very popular. Suspenders are more elegantly known as braces, and an elevator, as we call it, is more tersely denominated a lift. At a telephone we begin the conversation with "Hello!" In England the greeting is "Are you there?" Our traffic police, to show

their authority, may at times appear brusque; the British "bobby" is always the suave, polite officer.

I might go on indefinitely with minor things that differentiate the Britisher from the American, but it is because they are different that we find them so interesting, and I presume that is what they might say of us.

In Great Britain smoking is permitted in most theaters, and evening dress is the rule in the best seats. Theaters, on the average, are more expensive in England than in America; this applies especially to vaudeville and to the "cinema," as they call the motion-picture show.

Every Englishman who can afford it belongs to a number of clubs. There are more of them than in any other country. A club is a second home, a place for a man to meet his friends, a rendezvous where business may be quietly discussed. A man's social position is judged by the clubs to

COTTAGE LIFE IN RURAL ENGLAND

which he belongs. Some clubs bar tradesmen, others are for officials only. There are clubs for men in every walk of life, from the clerk to the peer.

But, to return to the Warwickshire countryside and the many interesting towns with which it is punctuated. It would be unfair to ourselves, as travelers, to be in the vicin-

OUT FOR A DRIVE NEAR ELY

ity of the celebrated school-town of Rugby and not pay it a visit. We always have heard of Rugby, the scene of "Tom Brown's School Days," and we have wondered what it was like, just as we have heard the songs about some of the Irish lakes, and in fancy have preferred them to all other lakes. It has been said of some of the world's beautiful spots that remain unvisited by tourists: "What they lack is a song";

in the same way, it may be said that other towns lack a school or a novel. Altho Rugby, a city of twenty-five thousand, has important engineering works and is the center of a fine hunting district, it owes its fame to its great school for boys, which has accommodations for about six hundred pupils. The institution was founded in 1567 by the bequest of Lawrence Sheriff, warden of the Grocers' Company in London; but the present buildings are modern, dating only from the last century. Even Matthew Arnold's poem, "Rugby Chapel," refers to the predecessor of the present chapel, which has some interesting monuments and stained glass.

Dr. Thomas Arnold was headmaster in the second quarter of the nineteenth century, and the school was the scene of a complete revolution in public-school teaching, serving as a model for others. Opposite the Temple Reading Room and Art Museum is a statue of Thomas Hughes, author of "Tom

ATTRACTIVE OLD COTSWOLD HOUSES IN BIBURY

Brown's School Days," who remains the hero of the city, altho another celebrity was William Webb Ellis, who disregarded existing rules governing the game of football, and "first took the ball in his arms and ran with it, thus originating the distinctive feature of the Rugby game, A. D. 1823." Among the men of prominence who attended school here were Walter Savage Landor, Dean Stanley, Matthew Arnold, Thomas Hughes, Professor Sidgwick, and Rupert Brooke.

HOME OF THOMAS HUGHES
Author of the Rugby classic, "Tom Brown's School Days"

As American pilgrims, we shall find it entertaining, particularly if we are traveling by private motor, to drive to Sulgrave, a picturesque Northamptonshire village that for seventy years was the home of the ancestors of George Washington. Sulgrave Manor was bought by Lawrence Washington, who became wealthy from the wool business. The family fortunes failed, however, and the estate was sold in 1610. In 1914 the property was purchased by the British Peace Centenary Committee, and a fund was raised in America for its maintenance. It is a charming Tudor house. Above the south porch we see the Washington arms, and inside we come upon old furniture and relics of the family, the portrait by Gilbert Stuart, a copy of Houdon's bust, and a chair from Mount Vernon. The church contains the tombs of Lawrence Washington and his wife.

A few miles farther west, in the quiet village of Wickhamford, which we shall visit later, there is another shrine for those who are interested in the history of the Washington family. It is the tomb of Penelope Washington, who died a century before her more famous descendant, and who is buried in Wickhamford Church beneath a slab bearing the same Washington coat of arms that one finds over the porch at Sulgrave Manor.

SULGRAVE MANOR, ANCESTRAL HOME OF THE WASHINGTON FAMILY

III A WIDER CIRCLE IN WARWICKSHIRE

GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL, ONE OF ENGLAND'S ARCHITECTURAL GEMS

III

A WIDER CIRCLE IN WARWICKSHIRE

WE begin to cover our circular tour around Warwickshire by going south to Banbury. The country is frequently spoken of as "leafy Warwickshire," owing to its fine wooded tracts—remnants of the huge Forest of Arden, which once covered the great undulating plain. There are few sections of England that give one a more pleasing impression of the splendid countryside. Warwickshire is what one imagines the "typical" English country to be: lanes bordered by hawthorn hedges, small brooks, pastures of green in which are many wild flowers, thatched cottages, each with its trim outlines and well-kept garden. An automobile tour seems too fast, altho it, or the train-ride, is preferable to not seeing Warwickshire at all; but the region is one to be visited leisurely—the ideal place for a walking tour or a bicycle trip.

Banbury, an old town situated on the Charwell, is famous in rime and story for its cakes and ale. Banbury Cross appears in an ancient nursery rime, altho the present cross dates only from the last century. As I have said several times, all English towns are worth visiting, each with something distinctive about it; and Banbury is a good example. It is not much frequented by hurried trippers; but those who pause here on a market day will be repaid for the time, watching the animals as they are bartered and observing the picturesque rural folk from the outlying districts. The chief "sight" of

BANBURY CROSS

the town for visitors is considered to be the Globe Room in a tavern where Cromwell held court and made his plans for the battle of Edgehill. A cast of the ceiling of this room is in South Kensington Museum in London. As for a Banbury cake, it is little more than a turnover stuffed with a mince of raisins and citrons; but the visitor should eat one in Banbury, just as he eats sausages at Nuremberg, eels at Amsterdam, and yards of spaghetti at Naples.

We may have crossed over from Rugby to Leamington Spa; but if not, we go now northward again to that fashionable resort on the Leam, a tributary of the Avon. One who does not make Stratford the center of the Warwick excursions will find it most agreeable to remain at Leamington, which has pretty streets and many gardens. The springs were first exploited in 1786, and the waters closely resemble those of Kissingen, Wiesbaden and Hamburg in Germany.

Cheltenham, a pretty spa at the edge of the vale of the Severn, first came to fashionable recognition after George III visited the place and let it be known that he admired it. It is listed among the notable watering-places of Europe and possesses all that science can add to natural advantages. It claims to be one of the oldest of English garden cities, and the visitor feels that it makes good the claim. The climate is genial, and the low percentage of humidity is notable even

for the district in which it is situated. The winters are short, so that there is no closed season, and various recreations and amusements are provided for all who pass this way. The Promenade has come to be almost as popular in winter as in summer. The town has many buildings in the Regency style of architecture. Its waters have been likened to those of Karlsbad and Marienbad. The large number of Anglo-Indians who frequent the place have given it the name of "Asia Minor," altho this does not meet with the general approval of the inhabitants. From here we go out to the Cotswold Hills, a center for sheep-raising, where wealthy wool merchants have built fine cottages.

From Cheltenham we go to Broadway, but Americans must not imagine that the name bears any relationship to the famous New York street. In fact, the contrast could not be

BROADWAY, HOME OF THE RETIRED ACTRESS, MARY ANDERSON (MME. NAVARRO)

greater between two places. The city of Broadway evolved its name from the old Saxon, Bradenwege, to which an ancient chronicler referred as "the brode and highe waye from the shepher's cotes on the mounted woldes to the fruitful vale of Evesham." Broadway was a town of consequence before America was discovered; but waiters in hotels sometimes attempt to convince American visitors that it is named

THE SUMMER CHARM OF ENGLAND'S COUNTRY LANES

after the great theatrical lane in America. It consists of one main street, where there are splendid old houses that attract and hold the attention of all tourists. Phil May, the London artist, liked the place and went there to spend lengthy vacations, drawing some of his best-known pictures there. Sargent's "Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose" was painted there. It now hangs in the Tate Gallery in London and is considered one of his best pictures.

A HAPPY VILLAGE HOME

Gloucester — pronounced "*Gloster*" by the inhabitants —has over fifty thousand people and is the survival of the ancient Roman city of Glevum. There are remains of several Roman villas in the vicinity, that at Chedworth being the most notable. The Cathedral of the Holy Trinity is upon the site of an abbey of nuns and monks—under the rule of an abbess—founded in the eighth century by Osric. In 821 it became a college for secular canons and then passed to the Benedictines in 1022. The present church was begun in 1089 and was consecrated in the year 1100. It assumed great importance after enshrining the body of Edward II, who was murdered in Berkeley Castle. Becoming famous for its miracles, it attracted large numbers of pilgrims, who enriched its treasury. It was raised to the dignity of a cathedral by Henry VIII and has been much restored. Remains of the monastic buildings are visible north of the church.

The nave of Gloucester Cathedral is Norman. There are many tombs, including that of Edward II, which is covered by a canopy. The great east window, the largest in England, was placed here in 1352 by Lord Bradeston to commemorate the battle of Crecy. The Lady Chapel was the last great addition to the cathedral, and deserves special

FAMOUS EAST WINDOW OF GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL

notice. The East Chapel opens from a remarkable whispering gallery. "The Last Judgment" in the triforium is considered an important example of English art of the time of Henry VIII. The Norman crypt is an underground church, and there are ample evidences that it was so used in an early day. The great cloister is believed to have no rival in England. The library's chief treasures are the best existing copy of Coverdale's Bible and several leaves of an Anglo-Saxon manuscript of the tenth century.

The celebrated Three Choirs Festival rotates between here, Worcester and Hereford, and is an occasion of much interest to the surrounding villages as well as to the inhabitants of the three cities. On the Severn, at Gloucester, there is a tidal bore similar to that on some of the Chinese rivers. An agreeable excursion from here is to the Forest of Dean, which lies between the Nye and the Severn, formerly on royal domain and still a wooded area of close to twenty-five thousand acres. Defoe wrote:

"Gloucester is a handsome church, considerable for its monuments. . . . The Minster is indeed a noble fabric. The whispering gallery is rare, being through a passage of twenty-five yards, in a many-angled cloister, and was, I suppose, either to show the skill of the architect or some invention of

a cunning priest, who standing unseen in the middle of the chapel, might hear whatever was spoken at either end. This is above the choir, in which lies buried King Stephen, under a monument of Irish oak, not ill-carved, considering the age. The new library is a noble tho a private design. I was likewise pleased by the Severn gliding so sweetly by it. . . . Yet

CHOIR OF GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL

not without sad thoughts did I see the town, considering how fatal the siege had been a few years before to our good king."

Tewkesbury, a pretty old town near the confluence of the Avon and Severn, is no longer famous for what Shakespeare mentioned in "Henry IV"—"His wit is as thick as Tewkesbury mustard"—but it deserves a visit for its abbey, which is one of the finest in the kingdom. The name also recalls the historic battle fought just beyond the town in what is still known as Bloody Meadow. Here the Lancastrians under the Duke of Somerset were defeated by the Yorkists under Edward IV. After the battle, soldiers retreated into the

THE PLACID AVON, IN THE HEART OF LEAFY WARWICKSHIRE

town and murdered Edward, Prince of Wales, son of Henry. There was desperate fighting in the abbey itself, which ceased only after the abbot carried in the sacred elements. Tewkesbury is the "Nortonbury" of Mrs. Craik's famous novel, "John Halifax, Gentleman."

We cross over to Evesham, a small town with an important history and several interesting legends. It has a certain history of twelve hundred years, and to-day the reputation of its gardens is nation-wide, the beginnings dating to the ancient monks of Evesham Abbey. The district is often called "The Garden of England," and while this compliment may be bestowed with equal truth upon several other localities, one who sees these gardens, and their produce, appreciates the appellation. Legend has it that the Virgin and two fair companions appeared to the swineherd Eof on the meadow slopes of the Avon, after which the Bishop of Worcester visited the spot, founded a monastery and began the erection of the abbey, thus giving the place the name of Eoves Meadow, from which the modern name is derived. The legend further says that the bishop manacled his feet, threw the key in the river, and started on a pilgrimage to Rome; but by a miracle the key was found inside a fish that was served to him, so he was able to release himself. Two fine old churches occupy the same yard with the Bell Tower. American visitors seldom fail to go to the neighboring village of Wickhamford, because it contains a monument to Penelope Washington, who belonged to the same family as George Washington. The tablet bears the Washington arms—the Stars and Stripes—which subsequently was evolved into the flag of the United States. Wood Norton, the home of the late Duc d'Orléans, has wrought-iron gates that came from Versailles.

The various Malverns next attract our attention—other

IN THE VALLEY OF THE WINDING OUSE: ELY CATHEDRAL IN THE BACKGROUND

spas, in some respects similar to Cheltenham, which we have just visited. The name is shared by seven towns and villages at the base of the Malvern Hills or on their slopes. The region enjoys a wide reputation for the medicinal property of its springs; and, as so frequently happens, there is an interesting ecclesiastical history connected with the "wells." Without doubt, Great Malvern, West Malvern, Malvern Wells and the others constitute one of the most attractive health-resort regions in the country. The water from Holy Well and St. Ann's have fame for their curative properties and are said to be the purest in England, being completely free from organic matter of any kind. At Great Malvern, one should visit the priory, usually considered one of the finest parish churches in the island. The abbey gateway is all that is left of the Benedictine monastery; but both this and the church should be visited, the latter for its splendid fifteenth century glass, the old floor tiles and the various monuments. William Langland, author of "The Vision of Piers Plowman," which dates from the fourteenth century, probably was educated at the priory, and he was the first poet to sing of the beauties of Malvern; but many other English poets have followed his example—Byron, Southey and Lytton among them.

Worcester, which has about fifty thousand inhabitants, was a small Roman settlement in the ancient days and of slight importance as a town until it became a bishop's seat in 680. It was the first city to declare for Charles I, and it was the last rallying-point of the Royalists around Charles II, statues of whom are at the Guildhall. It is claimed that the Worcester *Journal,* established in 1690 as *The Postman,* is the oldest unofficial English newspaper with a continuous history. The town is the capital of Worcestershire and is considered a metropolis for the agricultural West Midlands.

FRANKLIN MANOR, HOME OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S ANCESTORS

There is much in Worcester to interest the visitor; for example, the row of ancient buildings still standing in what is strangely called New Street—half-timbered houses that date from Stuart times. There are no remains of the castle itself; but Edgar's Tower, once its gateway (later used as a monastery), stands as it did in olden times. A building known as the Old Commandery was the scene of the death of the Duke of Hamilton, after the battle of Worcester in the seventeenth century. And if the traveler times his visit to arrive here in September, he may witness the Hop Fair, which has been held regularly since the days of Queen Mary, over three centuries ago, and which is the only event of its kind in England. There are pleasant walks along the river, and a large open space called "Pitchcroft," used by the people for recreation and races; and one should not overlook the

various steamer trips on the river. A regatta is held here each July.

What prompts tourists to stop at Worcester, however, is the cathedral, which occupies the site of an ancient Benedictine priory. The edifice has undergone many changes, and restoration in recent years has deprived it of the air of antiquity; but as rebuilding began as early as the tenth century, its great age will be fully appreciated. Back in 1202 it was devastated by fire, but in 1218 it was re-dedicated; the ceremony was attended by the young King Henry III, ten bishops, and a host of ecclesiastical dignitaries and nobles. The seven-hundredth anniversary of this event was celebrated in 1918 by a special service. Miracles began to occur at the tomb of St. Wulfstan as early as 1202, and after he was canonized a year later, the crowds of pilgrims paid for the

THREE-HORSESHOE INN, ECTON, ONCE A BLACKSMITH SHOP OWNED BY THE FRANKLINS

INNER COURT OF THREE-HORSESHOE INN, ECTON

construction of the Lady Chapel and the rebuilding of the choir. The central tower, the chief feature of the exterior, dates from 1374, contains a superb set of chimes, and commands a fine view of the Malvern Hills.

The roof of Worcester Cathedral is groined and extends in an unbroken line for three hundred and eighty-seven feet, a length not duplicated elsewhere in England. The cruciform edifice is Early English and Perpendicular, and has aisleless transepts and secondary choir transepts. There are several monuments and tablets that hold the attention; notably that to Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne," the novel and play so popular with an older generation. There is a monument to the Countess of Salisbury, who dropped her garter when dancing with Edward III. The king picked it up amid wild jeers and exclaimed: "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*" It

has been claimed that this was the origin of the motto of the Order of the Garter; but it is likely that it was already the motto of the knights and that it was used by the king as an apt quotation. The monument has an angel strewing garters over the tomb. In the presbytery is the tomb of King John with an effigy. Wordsworth wrote a sonnet about one of the tombstones here.

Worcester has long been noted for its porcelain, which has a fine enamel finish. The Royal Porcelain Works, established in 1751, are situated in Severn Road, and the workshops and show-rooms are open to visitors. The museum contains some fine old pieces and a splendid collection of the works of the factory.

We go to Droitwich from here, a place of about five thousand inhabitants, celebrated for its brine springs. These springs, from which salt is obtained in abundant quantities, seem to have been known to the ancient Romans. Salt always has been an important article to man; the word salary is said to have had its origin in the salt ration which was a part of the wages of the Roman soldiers. The Romans built a fine military road from York to Droitwich, and two other ancient roads met at the same point. Coins of Claudius, Nero and Hadrian have been found in the town, reminding one that "Roman soldiers must always have had holes in their purses," judging by the large number of coins found wherever they are known to have passed or lived. The whole district has fine timbered houses, set in attractive sylvan landscapes. As a spa, Droitwich is unique among English resorts, having been appropriately credited with the possession of "the greatest national brine baths in Europe." It is celebrated for its cures of rheumatism. The springs, which rise to within twenty feet of the surface in some places, are radioactive, and the

water is about ten times as salt as sea-water. Altho several million gallons are pumped to the surface annually, the yield is always more than the demand. There are two huge bathing establishments, besides large swimming baths in which the bather can not sink beneath the surface, owing to the specific gravity of the brine. There are several good hotels at Droitwich and several forms of recreation during the summer, with good hunting in the neighborhood in winter.

Wolverhampton may be best known to us as the producer of hardware, which would not prompt a visitor to schedule much of a stay in this city of over one hundred thousand inhabitants; but it is a fine old town on the border of the Black Country and not without its points of interest to one who sees it for the first time. As far back as the days of Elizabeth, it was noted for its locks and keys, as well as other metal products, to which bicycles and motor cars have now been added. The name of the city derives from Wulfruna, sister of Ethelred II, who founded a college here in the latter part of the tenth century. St. Peter's Church dates from the fifteenth century and contains several interesting items, such as the carved stone pulpit and the octagonal font, both of the fifteenth century. In the churchyard is the so-called "Danes Cross," twelve feet high, now regarded as a work of the twelfth century.

It is likely, however, that we shall find a greater interest in Lichfield, to which we now make our way, not only because it has a less commercial aspect, but because of its alluring associations. Dr. Samuel Johnson was the son of a Lichfield bookseller, and there is much about the sleepy old place that reminds us of the splendid scholar, whose later life was so indelibly written upon the London of his period. Johnson declared that the people of Lichfield were "the most sober,

decent people in England—the genteelest in proportion to their wealth—and spoke the purest English." In the market-place is a statue of the Doctor, and his birthplace at the corner of Market Street is now a Johnson Museum, containing many relics, manuscripts, and a fine collection of Johnsonian literature. The Three Crowns Inn entertained him and Boswell in 1776. The Johnson Society always sups here or at the Guildhall on his birthday anniversary.

From the market-place we go to the cathedral, a fine red stone edifice of the thirtenth century, which has been called the "Queen of English Minsters." The church is comparatively small, but its history looms large and it is exceedingly picturesque. The important diocese of Mercia was moved here in 669 by St. Chad, altho the church was not started until 700. This structure has entirely disappeared, as has the

BOWLING ON THE GREEN, A FAVORITE ENGLISH SPORT

HILL STREET, BIRMINGHAM, LOOKING TOWARD THE ART GALLERY

Norman building that succeeded it. Probably the oldest parts of the present cathedral date from around the year 1200. The close, originally surrounded by wall and moat, is still intact; but the church itself was much restored in the nineteenth century. The three spires are known locally as the "Ladies of the Vale." The central spire is two hundred and fifty feet high, and quite imposing; the front of the church has niches for one hundred and thirteen statues, only six of which are not modern. There are many interesting monuments, tombs and tablets, commemorating, among others, Anna Seward, known as the "Swan of Lichfield"; Lady Mary Wortley Montagu; Dean Addison, father of the essayist; an effigy of Sir John Stanley (stripped to the waist), who, as a penance, submitted to a public scourging; "Sleeping Children," one of the best of the early works of Chantrey; and Chad's "Gospels," an illuminated manuscript of "The Canterbury Tales," and Dr. Johnson's copy of South's "Sermons." The Lady Chapel is a fine example of the decorated style of architecture, with nine lofty windows resting upon an arcade. In seven of the windows is the famous "Herkenrode glass," purchased over a century ago from the Cistercian Abbey of Herkenrode, near Liége.

At Lichfield, we recall Edward FitzGerald's "I love a small

cathedral town, and the dignified respectability of the church potentates is a part of the pleasure." This city comes as close to being what the American thinks of as an English cathedral town as any in the kingdom. Around it are many pleasant walks, and one who is making the motor trip may find it pleasant to remain at Lichfield several nights, making daily excursions in various directions. For example, to Stafford, a country town with about thirty thousand inhabitants. It is noted for its manufacture of footwear, which prompted Sheridan to say: "May the trade of Stafford be trod underfoot by all the world." St. Mary's is a large and beautiful parish church. Izaak Walton was baptized here and is commemorated by a bust. Close by the church is a half-timbered house, where Charles I and Prince Rupert lodged in 1642. The library contains a valuable collection of books and

VICTORIA SQUARE, BIRMINGHAM; TOWN HALL AND COUNCIL HOUSE

NEW STREET, BIRMINGHAM, SEEN FROM VICTORIA SQUARE

manuscripts and old engravings pertaining to Staffordshire.

If we go from Stafford to Manchester, instead of continuing our wider circle around Warwickshire, we pass through the celebrated potteries "Five Towns," whose people are so vividly portrayed in the novels and stories of Arnold Bennett. In reality, there are six towns: Stoke-on-Trent, Hanley, Burslem, Tunstall, Fenton and Longton. Visitors are admitted to many of the establishments where various kinds of earthenware are made. The industry dates from the sixteenth century, but its importance usually is said to begin with Josiah Wedgwood, who lived during the last three-quarters of the eighteenth century. In the words of his epitaph, Wedgwood converted a rude and inconsiderable manufactory into an elegant art and an important part of the nation's industries. The Wedgwood Museum at Etruria contains about two thousand of his experimental pieces, and

there is a museum containing a fine collection of earthenware products at Stoke.

From Lichfield we go to Leicester, site of the ancient Roman town of Coritanorum, of which numerous relics remain. Richard III spent the night before the battle of Bosworth Field at an inn in Leicester, and his body was brought back here for burial in the Gray Friars' Church. Adjoining Bow Bridge there is a tablet recording the fact that, at the dissolution of the monasteries, his body was thrown into the Soar. Leicester was the birthplace of Thomas Cook, creator of the famous travel agency that extends around the world. The first excursion that he arranged was from Leicester to Loughborough and back. It was also the traditional residence of King Lear and his daughters, immortalized by Shakespeare's play. The center of the modern city is the

CHAMBERLAIN SQUARE, BIRMINGHAM, WITH MASON COLLEGE IN CENTRAL BACKGROUND

Clock Tower, which is adorned with Leicester notables. On the right of St. Nicholas Street is the Church of St. Nicholas, the oldest in the town, and partly built of Roman materials. On the west side of the churchyard is Jewry Wall, a mass of Roman masonry, which is variously stated to have been part of a temple, a bath and a gate. At a house in St. Nicholas Street may be seen the famous "peacock pavement," one of the many Roman pavements that have been uncovered in the city. The Museum has interesting Roman antiquities. Among the paintings here is George Frederick Watts's "Fata Morgana."

Belgrave Gate leads to Belgrave Road and to Abbey Park, which contains the remains of Leicester Abbey, whither came to die Cardinal Wolsey, "an old man, broken with the storms of state." Wolsey's tomb has disappeared, and nothing remains of the once-rich monastery but the boundary walls—the existing remains being part of an Elizabethan house.

There are many enchanting walks and excursions in the environs of Leicester, which might occupy a leisurely tourist for many days. For example, there is the lovely Charnwood Forest. At Bradgate Park are the ruins of the hall where Roger Ascham found Lady Jane Grey, the "nine days queen," reading Plato's "Phædo" when the rest of the family had gone hunting. At a distance of about twenty miles is Ashby de la Zouch, where—in what is now a picturesque ruin—Mary Queen of Scots was a guest. The place is famous also as the locale of several scenes in "Ivanhoe."

From Leicester to Birmingham is a distance of about forty miles, passing through Nuneaton and what is known as the "George Eliot country." Birmingham, counted as the second city of England, has close to one million inhabitants, and is to-day what it was described as being in 1538—"a good

TOWN HALL, BIRMINGHAM, AND STATUE OF JAMES WATT, INVENTOR OF THE STEAM ENGINE

market town." American tourists may fancy themselves back in Chicago, Boston or Philadelphia when they are here, because the small and the large shops are famous. It is a thriving and busy metropolis of the district, with eight thousand registered workshops. The city has an uncertain early history, but the Doomsday Book refers to it as "Bermingeham," so it is known to have been of importance in an early day. It is famous for its guns and rifles, and it was a remarkable munition-maker during the Great War. Its motto is "Forward," and it has been a leader in several civic movements. For instance, Bourneville, one of the earliest of English garden cities, is in the environs.

Birmingham's principal points of interest to the visitor are the Town Hall, the Free Library, Art Gallery, Aston Hall and Heathfield Hall. The Town Hall, a striking feature of

BOROUGH ROAD LIBRARY, SOUTHWARK.

the city, is in the Corinthian style, a classical structure with forty columns on a rusticated plinth, an imitation of the temple of Jupiter Strator at Rome. The collection in the Corporation Art Gallery and Museum is one of the most important in England outside of London. It is specially notable for its Pre-Raphaelite paintings. In the balconies is the unrivaled collection of drawings by Millais, Rossetti, Holman Hunt, Burne-Jones, Ford Madox Brown, Frederick Sandys, and others of the school. The historical collection of firearms is also noteworthy. A corridor leads across Edmund Street. It is hung with tapestries by Burne-Jones and William Morris. In sixteen rooms are works of old and modern English painters, including Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, David Cox, Collins, Ford Madox Brown, Rossetti, Millais, Lord Leighton, Holman Hunt, Burne-Jones, Augustus John H. Wallis and J. Holland. The water colors include examples of Prout, Turner, Hunt, De Wint, Birket Foster, and many other well-known workers in this medium.

IV THE LURE OF OXFORD

MAGDALEN, REGARDED BY MANY AS OXFORD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL COLLEGE

IV

THE LURE OF OXFORD

THE first mention of Oxford is in an Anglo-Saxon chronicle of the year 912, and the foundation of one of the most celebrated universities in the world is often credited to King Alfred; but it is likely that the first gatherings of pupils and instructors—unconnected with monastic institutions—did not take place until the twelfth century. The thirteenth century had arrived before there were colleges, in the modern sense of the term. The town, however, is very old, and is usually considered one of the most picturesque and attractive cities of the Old World. It seems likely that Oxford (ford of the oxen) enjoyed several centuries of comparative importance as a borough before a student appeared in its streets, and that the university was an outgrowth of the schools of St. Frideswide Priory, perhaps owing its first development and expansion to the arrival of foreign students expelled from Paris. In the early days, Oxford was called "the second school of the church," which meant that it was second to Paris; but there is nothing to prove that masters and scholars were at any time under the control of the abbot or prior of St. Frideswide; thus the great university cannot be said to have sprung therefrom as the university of Paris developed from the schools of Notre Dame.

There have been many imaginative "histories" of the city's beginnings, some of them fables and not even founded on

A STREET OF COLLEGES IN OXFORD

substantial legends. Perhaps the most generally repeated is that Oxford was founded in 1009 B.C. by Nemphric, King of the Britons. One enthusiast reminds us that "about this time, Samuel, servant of God, was judge in Judea." We are told that King Magdan had two sons, Nemphric and Malum; and that the latter was slain by the former, who inherited the kingdom. About all that he is credited with having done during his reign is to have built his city on the site now occupied by the university.

The approach to certain cities is as vivid a memory to many of us as the cities themselves—not only the first impression of them, but the impression before arrival. One never forgets the sapphire of the watery way that leads to Naples, and the curve of the hills around the bay; a panoramic flash like that of Nagasaki or Rio Janeiro. Venice is enchanting when viewed afar from any direction, and beckons a welcome to the newcomer. Algiers seems to be a huge white pearl in an emerald setting, when approached from the sea, and the visitor knows that it is a city deserving close observation—fantastic and alluring. The same impression is gained of certain old German towns—walls, gates and towers, lichen-covered and groaning with age. And in the same way the appetite is whetted by a glimpse of Oxford when its spires, steeples and roofs, piercing the green foliage, are seen from a distance. One knows that it will abound in all the lovely features of an English cathedral town, and offer much besides.

The visitor to Oxford, however, will enjoy himself much more if he knows something of the history of the place and its associations with the men who have been celebrated in the intellectual, artistic, official and social life of England. It has been said that Oxford's history is the history of the kingdom,

THE LITTLE CHERWELL CONTRIBUTES TO OXFORD'S CHARM

which is an exaggeration, because there are also Cambridge and other universities; also great events have transpired that had no connection with any of the seats of learning, and men have achieved fame without a university background. Nevertheless, Oxford has played an important rôle in the development of British thought, and its university has a record of influence and achievement unsurpassed by any other university in the world.

Erasmus wrote long ago of Oxford: "The air is soft and delicious. The men are sensible and intelligent. Many of them are even learned, and not superficially, either. They know their classics, and so accurately that I seem to have lost little by not going to Italy. When Colet speaks, I might be listening to Plato. Linacre is as deep and acute a thinker as I have ever met. . . . The number of young men who are studying ancient literature here is astonishing."

Erasmus loved Oxford, and Oxford is proud of the fact that he was a student and resident there. It has been said that he laid the egg that Luther hatched, and it is certain that after him the old learning was threatened. The town was thereafter divided between Greeks and Trojans, and the Greeks of the new learning were ridiculed. When Luther nailed his theses on the church door of Wittenberg, there seemed to be slight response here, and the theologians condemned "the noxious doctrines of the German reformer"; but later events proved that the soil was fertile and waiting to be planted. Henry VIII came, and in revenge for Oxford having opposed his divorce, it is said, he caused books and manuscripts to be burned and pictures and images destroyed. Then came Mary, during whose reign men were burned at the stake for their religion. Oxford prevailed in the end as the great power that framed and developed religious thought.

Lawrence Hutton tells us of a good Britisher who had a vacation of six weeks and spent it all in Westminster Abbey; also of an American visitor to England, who was enjoying a six weeks' vacation, and who spent all of the time at Oxford. If required to choose between the two, I would select the latter, because even after six weeks devoted to observation in Oxford, much would remain unseen and much only partially understood. It has been observed that Oxford's ignorance of itself is colossal, so the visitor of a few hours or days can not expect to exhaust its treasures and beauties. The town itself is a veritable storehouse of interest. The university consists of twenty-one colleges, served by seventy professors and three hundred fellows, and there is an average attendance of about five thousand pupils—all of them contributing to the scene—so that the sights may be said to be inexhaustible.

ENTRANCE TO CHRIST CHURCH COLLEGE, OXFORD

As visitors, therefore, we may obtain only the most superficial impression; but, since we are not specialists seeking information from the great font of learning, we shall be well satisfied with a glance about town. We may rest assured, however, that after we have seen the place, we shall treasure each hour that we have spent within the walls of the stately buildings, in the winding streets, along the river banks or in the beautiful and well-kept gardens.

First of all, let us present ourselves at Pembroke College, where, as elsewhere, we shall be escorted by a young man in cap and gown. The college received its present name from William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, and, originally occupied by clerks of the Civil and Canon Law, was known as Broadgates Hall. In the old day it seems to have been very popular with society, for on reception days its wide door received "ladies so farthingaled, so pent-housed out beyond their bodies with bucklers of pasteboard, that they could not pass through any other door—except sidewise." Francis Beaumont, the dramatist, lived here, as did Dr. Samuel Johnson. Two of the latter's desks, and a teapot belonging to him, are preserved in the library as relics of him. In later years he came back here to consult books on etymology that he could not find in London, when he was making studies for his dictionary. There is a portrait of him by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and he is the chief celebrity of the college.

Corpus Christi was founded in 1516 by the Bishop of Winchester and was dedicated "To the honor of the most precious body of Our Lord Jesus Christ, of His Most Spotless Mother, and of all the saints—patrons of the cathedral churches of Winchester, Durham, Bath, Wells and Exeter." It was the earliest college at Oxford to make provision for the study of Latin and Greek. Among its treasures are a collection of fine

pre-Reformation plate and a splendid sun-dial that is a perpetual calendar. John Ruskin lived at Corpus Christi, and Max Müller tells about a luncheon attended by Emerson, who made remarks that so infuriated Ruskin that he arose from the table and left the room.

Merton claims to be the oldest of the colleges, having been founded in 1264 for the education of the secular clergy. It had the first college library, where chained books may still be seen; and probably the first Common Room at the university, as it dates from 1667. Merton seems always to have been famous for its hazing, as well as for its educational facilities. Freshmen are placed upon a high table in something akin to the garb that nature gave them, and are required to recite, sing, tell a story or turn a handspring before an audience of seniors, before they are considered fully deserving of the honors of the college.

Queen's College was founded in 1340; but no part of the original remains. It was named for Philippa, queen of Edward III, and several queens have been its patrons. The rules are not so exacting as they were in the early day; but several of the ancient customs are strictly adhered to, as, for example, the passing of the boar's head at the Christmas dinner table, which is a tribute to a student of Queen's who, according to the legend, was walking outside of the town, reading Aristotle, when attacked by a savage boar. He thrust the book down the beast's throat and choked him! On New Year's day, as in the long ago, the bursar formally presents to each pupil a needle and thread, repeating the injunction: "Take this and be thrifty." When the pupils are at table, however, they are no longer obliged to listen to the Bible reading of a chaplain, which was the case in the past; and they are not obliged to converse in Latin or French. Dinner is announced

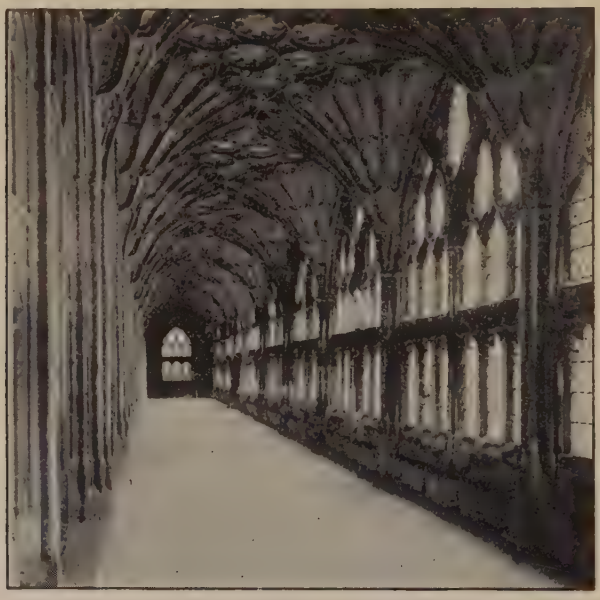
CHRIST CHURCH COLLEGE SEEN FROM THE QUADRANGLE

by the blast of a trumpet, however, as it was long before America was discovered.

The full corporate style of Oriel College (from Oriolum, meaning a porch, portal or gateway) is "The College of St. Mary the Virgin" or "The House of the Blessed Mary the Virgin in Oxford." It dates from 1324 and occupies the site of old St. Mary's Hall, which has been famous for its pupils, among whom were: Raleigh, Cecil Rhodes, Viscount Bryce, Gilbert White, and John Henry Newman. It is interesting in modern times to observe that Oriel once gave a formal breakfast to the Bailiffs of Oxford, for which, according to the extant records, the total cost was ten shillings and eight pence, half penny—or about $2.59. But we note that the function took place in Lent, when, perhaps, food requirements were not so large as at other times.

Brasenose College, it is known, was founded in 1509, but

there is no certainty as to how or why it was so named. In the hall is preserved a brazen knocker that has upon it a grotesque nose; but whether the college was named for this (which seems to be the popular belief) or whether the knocker was given to the institution on account of its name, nobody knows. Brasenose may be derived from *Brasenhus*,



AN ENGLISH FAN-VAULTED CLOISTER

or brewery, as its buildings stand on the ancient site of a brewer's plant. It received its charter from Henry VIII, and its original object was "the study of philosophy and sacred theology to the praise and honor of Almighty God." Richard Harrison Barham, author of "The Ingoldsby Legends," was a pupil here He was reproved for non-attendance at the chapel at seven o'clock in the morning, and replied: "That is too late for me." He usually retired at four

or five o'clock in the morning, and explained that he was unfit for work if he sat up until chapel time.

MAGDALEN COLLEGE, REAR VIEW

The mighty treasure-house known as the Bodleian Library is fascinating to book-specialists and to casual visitors alike, as it contains one of the finest collections of literary gems in the world —considerably over one million books and forty thousand manuscripts, some of which are exceedingly rare. It is a monument to Thomas Bodley, a native of Exeter, who accompanied his father to Germany early in life and studied Greek and Hebrew at Geneva, also studying divinity under Calvin. When political times had changed, the father returned to England and his son was sent to Magdalen, later becoming a fellow of Merton. His aim had been a political life, but he abandoned this for travel, and later married a rich wife and retired. Bodley volunteered to restore the university library, which required two years; then he gave many books and engaged a London bookseller to travel on the Continent and acquire rare volumes for the library. Soon he began to solicit friends to make gifts to it, and it became a popular thing to respond to his requests, so that one's name would appear upon the scroll of donors, which is still preserved. Sir Walter Raleigh sent a donation of fifty pounds. Milton added his poems to the collection, and there

came books that had belonged to Queens Elizabeth and Margaret, to Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Addison, Shelley and others. To-day some of the outstanding items that attract attention are: the oldest manuscript of the "Chanson de Roland," Western and Oriental illuminated manuscripts, a Mazarin Bible, books by Caxton, First Folios of Shakespeare,

HOME OF THE PRESIDENT OF MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD

and the autographs of many sovereigns. King James granted letters patent naming the library for its founder. It was "the first practically public library in Europe; the second, that of Angelo Rocca at Rome, opened the same year." The Stationers Company at London agreed to give the Bodleian a copy of every book they published—a privilege still enjoyed, as it is by the British Museum.

When King James I visited the library and examined many of the books and manuscripts, he was much impressed, and

after delivering himself of a cheap pun, he promised the officials that he would present whatever books in the royal palaces Sir Thomas Bodley cared to choose; but it appears that the number was not great. Either few of them were wanted, or the king made a rash promise that was not carried out to the letter. When James left the building, he declared that were he not King James, he would like to be a university man, and that were it his fate to be captive, he would wish to be shut up in this place for his prison and spend his time among the books as his fellow captives.

YOUTH AND AGE

"What a place to be in is an old library!" Charles Lamb wrote. "It seems as tho all the souls of all the writers that have bequeathed their labors to these Bodleians, were reposing here, as in some dormitory or middle state. I do not want to handle, to profane the leaves, their winding-sheets. I could as soon dislodge a shade. I seem to inhale learning, walking amid their foliage; and the odor of their old moth-scented coverings is fragrant as the first bloom of those sciential apples which grew amid the happy orchard."

The Sheldonian Theater was built from the designs of Christopher Wren and modeled after the Theater of Marcellus at Rome. It is used for the conferring of degrees and the annual commemoration of the founders.

ADDISON WALK, OXFORD'S FAVORITE PROMENADE

Wadham College was built in 1610-13 and remains almost exactly as it was originally. It is worth noting that the head of Wadham is a warden; Pembroke has a master, Magdalen a president, and Lincoln a rector. Among the alumni of Wadham are Congreve, Frederic Harrison, Wren, and the Earl of Birkenhead.

Magdalen College (pronounced *Mawdlin*) is often considered the most beautiful at Oxford. One enthusiast has gone so far as to declare it to be the "most noble and rich structure in the learned world," and its water walks "as delectable as the banks of Eurotas, which were shaded by bay trees, under which Apollo himself was wont to walk and to sing his lays." The tower dates from the fifteenth century. The choir ascends to its top and sings a Latin hymn at six o'clock, the morning of May 1, the survival of an ancient custom that

seems to suggest a pagan rather than a Christian origin. In the early days there was a strict discipline at Magdalen. The gate was closed at eight o'clock in winter and at nine in summer, and none was permitted to enter after that time, except on saints' days, when pupils were permitted to sing ballads and read the chronicles in verse. Tyndale, translator of the Bible, was here as early as 1510. Charles Reade, while a pupil, attracted attention, not because he was a novelist, but because he wore a green jacket ornamented with brass buttons. Among other famous pupils at Magdalen was Oscar Wilde, known even then as an eccentric dresser; also the present Prince of Wales; Gibbon, the historian, and Addison, the essayist.

Christ Church College is another that has been called "the most magnificent house of learning in Europe." It was founded in 1525 by Cardinal Wolsey, and is popularly known

ENGLAND STILL CHERISHES HER FORMAL GARDENS

WHERE THE PLACID AVON PASSES SHAKESPEARE'S BURIAL PLACE

as "The House." The site is that occupied by the nunnery of St. Frideswide, daughter of Didan and Saffrida. She was born in the first quarter of the eighth century. It is claimed by some that to her institution Oxford owes its origin as a seat of learning, as she received scholars and doubtless employed a corps of teachers. The claim is also made that in the great hall of Christ Church College, stage scenery was used for the first time in England, the play having been "Passions Calmed" and the occasion a visit of Charles I in 1636. As an indication of the great changes that have taken place since that time, it may be noted that it was formerly the custom for the dean to serve supper to the actors in the play, following the performance. There is a record of a play called "The Floating Island," performed here in 1636. Lord Carnarvon viewed it, and one feels that he had much in common with modern critics of the drama, because he pronounced it

the worst play he had ever seen, except one at Cambridge; but he admired the shifting scenery, which was an innovation. The bell, "Great Tom," which weighs seven tons, announces the curfew hour by one hundred and one strokes, the last being the signal for the closing of the gates. Among the alumni are William E. Gladstone, who left no record of typical college pranks with the boys, but was always studious; and John Ruskin, who also was a scholar above all else.

University College, history tells us, was founded in 1249, when it received the earliest scholastic endowment at Oxford. True, it claims Alfred the Great as its creator, away back in the year 872; but this is difficult to substantiate by known facts. The legal title is "The College of the Great Hall of the University," and in 1872 it celebrated what was known as its thousandth birthday. The first benefactor of whom there is a record, however, was William Durham, of the thirteenth century; but the bust of King Alfred is exhibited as a memorial of the "founder." Shelley was a pupil here, and here he wrote "The Necessity of Atheism," which some one has said caused the officials to feel "no necessity for Shelley," so he was expelled. After this summary treatment, Hogg, the poet's friend and later his biographer, said to one of the officials: "If Shelley is an atheist, then I am an atheist"; whereupon the Don replied: "No, sir; you are only a fool."

The full name of All Souls College is "The College of the souls of all the faithful persons deceased in Oxford." It was founded in 1415. It took seven years to build, and some of the account-books, still preserved, are interesting. For example, from them we learn that the sawyers and carpenters received twelve cents a day for their work, masons eighteen cents, and laborers ten cents. A horse purchased for the warden in 1415 cost about fifteen dollars, and a bill for a

pig and a capon was twenty-four cents. Erasmus, who is supposed to have attended here during his Oxford residence, wrote of grammar school teachers as a "race of men the most miserable, who grow old in penury and filth in their schools (schools did I say? Prisons, dungeons! I should have said) among their boys, deafened with din, poisoned by a fetid atmosphere; but thanks to their folly, self-satisfied as long as they can bawl and shout to their terrified boys, and box and beat and flog them; and so indulge in all kinds of ways their cruel dispositions." The library of All Souls contains about two hundred thousand volumes.

Lincoln College was founded early in the fifteenth century by the Bishop of Lincoln as "a little college of theologians," for the purpose of "defending the Sacred Page against those ignorant Laics who profane, with swinish snouts, its most

A TYPICAL ENGLISH OPEN-TIMBERED HOUSE

holy places." John Wesley and his followers were here, and here Methodism was born. They first received the name on account of the "method of their madness." Southey tells of the scoffing crowds who surrounded Wesley on public occasions. The college in the olden days was very strict as to the language of its pupils; it fined one, John Taverner, thirteen shillings and four pence for uttering an oath in 1652. Wesley's rooms are marked by a bust, and in them, it is generally conceded, Methodism was founded.

Exeter College was founded in 1314 by the Bishop of Exeter. Froude was here as a pupil, and Max Müller speaks of him as one who stayed in his room most of the time writing novels. He wrote while here "The Nemesis of Faith," which was not publicly burned in the quadrangle, as usually reported, but was burned in the class-room by a professor who discovered it. The college is designed in the style of the Sainte Chapelle in Paris. It has a tapestry on the wall, "The Adoration of the Magi," which was designed by Burne-Jones and executed by William Morris, both of whom had been pupils here, as was Blackmore, the novelist.

Jesus College was the first Protestant college at Oxford. It was founded in 1571 under a charter of Queen Elizabeth, and many scholars from Wales had their training here. In the Bursary is kept a big silver-gilt bowl, which weighs two hundred seventy-eight ounces and holds ten gallons. Even the ladle weighs thirteen ounces and holds a half-pint. The tradition is that it becomes the property of any one who can lift it, when filled, and drink its contents at a draught.

Balliol College is one of the oldest at the university, and tho founded in 1282, its buildings are almost entirely new. John de Balliol, its founder, was condemned to be publicly scourged at the doors of Durham Cathedral for some political

A GROUP OF COTSWOLD HOUSES IN RURAL ENGLAND

offense; but instead of enduring the punishment, he built the college that bears his name. John Evelyn, the diarist, was here in 1637 and took music, dancing and vaulting as his "studies" and wrote afterward: "Being at the university, except in regard to these avocations, was of small benefit." Another famous diarist of the period wrote: "We come to Oxford—a very small place"; and again: "Oxford mighty fine place and well seated and cheap entertainment." Robert Southey, the poet, who was at Balliol in 1792, wrote of the authorities: "Men remarkable for great wigs and little wisdom." Max Müller remembered Matthew Arnold at Balliol as "beautiful as a young man, strong and manly, full of dreams and schemes . . . the sound of his voice and the wave of his arm were Jove-like." The library of Balliol has some interesting manuscripts of Browning and Swinburne. Among the alumni are the Earl of Oxford and

Asquith, Swinburne, Andrew Lang, Southey, and Viscount Grey.

Trinity College was dedicated in 1554 to "The Most Holy and Undivided Trinity," on the site of Durham College, founded toward the end of the thirteenth century. In the Common Room is a portrait of Samuel Johnson, ascribed to Romney. Johnson worked in the library here when assembling material for his Dictionary, and he is said to have declared that if he went to Oxford to live, he would prefer to be at Trinity. Walter Savage Landor was a pupil here, but he left suddenly after firing a shot at a group of students he did not like. Other members of the alumni: the elder Pitt, Cardinal Newman, and Sir Richard Burton.

It is declared that the gardens of St. John's College are the finest in Oxford. We read that in an older day, orders were given to the students: "See that none, youth or other, be suffered to go in boots or spurs, or to bear their hair indecently long or with a lock in the present fashion, or with slashed doublets, or in any light or garish colors; and that noblemen's sons may conform, as others do, during the time of their abode, which will teach them to know the difference of places, and other betimes, and when they grow up to be men, it will make them look back upon the place with honor to it and reputation to you (its tutors and teachers)." Max Müller speaks of a dinner given to Thackeray at St. John's, when he was writing "Esmond." Müller comments: "He used plenty of vinegar and cayenne pepper, but there was always a flavor of kindness and good nature, even in his most cutting remarks." The Ladies' Day of St. John's Archery Club is looked upon as an event of importance.

Worcester College is noted for its fine gardens and lake. It was founded in the thirteenth century as Gloucester Hall,

and in the middle of the sixteenth century was known as St. John Baptist Hall. The name was again changed when a man of Worcestershire left the sum of ten thousand pounds "for the erection of an ornamental site of buildings in Oxford for a college." The discipline was particularly strict in the early days; the gate was closed at nine o'clock and the key was deposited in the principal's room, after which none could enter or leave without his permission. The tutors received all parental allowances, paid all bills and were supposed to hand the balance, if any, to the pupils for whom the moneys were intended. The pupil who contracted a bill of over ten shillings "with any person keeping a cook-shop or a coffee-house, or any public-house, whatsoever," was dismissed. De Quincey entered Worcester College on an allowance of one hundred pounds a year, but very little is known of his life there.

The College of St. Marie of Wynchester in Oxford is popularly known as New College. It was founded by William of Wykeham in 1379 and marked a new era in academic annals. Six of the other colleges were merely "Halls" when this was new—hence the name. Sydney Smith was here, and his daughter and biographer writes: "New College was then chiefly renowned for the quality of its port wine, consumed by its fellows; but the very slender income allowed Sydney by his father, perhaps luckily for his health (and his brains), did not permit him to indulge in such habits. As he was too poor to accept what he could not return, he lived much out of society; and he thus lost one of the advantages of college to a poor man—that of making private friends."

The present Cathedral of Oxford dates from the twelfth century and is notable for its monuments. A brass in the Lady Chapel marks the spot where St. Frideswide's body lay

BLENHEIM PALACE, HOME OF THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH

in a shrine, celebrated for miracle-working. It was visited by the vice-chancellor and principal members of the university in solemn procession, twice a year, "to pray, preach and offer oblations at her shrine—the Mother Church of University and Town." But the shrine was destroyed and the fragments scattered, some of them being used in the construction of a "common wall." Zealots were able to preserve some of the relics of the saint, however, and in the time of Mary Tudor they were replaced; but the shrine was never rebuilt.

A short distance north of Oxford is the ancient town of Woodstock, which gave its name to one of Sir Walter Scott's novels. In 1705, the great manor of Woodstock was presented by a grateful nation to John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, accompanied by one hundred forty thousand pounds, with which to build a fitting residence. Thus arose

the colossal pile, Blenheim Palace, with its façade four hundred feet long, set in a park of nearly three thousand acres. The palace and grounds are shown to visitors on certain days.

V PILGRIMS TO CANTERBURY

ENTRANCE TO CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL, A PERFECT EXAMPLE OF THE "PERPENDICULAR" STYLE

V

PILGRIMS TO CANTERBURY

WE are starting upon the great pilgrimage to Canterbury and the shrine of Becket; but our means of travel to-day are far more comfortable than they were in the days when the place was the Mecca of England. The speed of a railway train or automobile permits us to cover much territory and visit many cities that were unseen by the pilgrims who journeyed there on foot, on mule-back or by cart. From Oxford we have sped back to London and are now bound for the southeast corner of England, scene of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales." But, using our modern advantage of easier travel-modes, we have chosen to fetch a wide compass and take in some interesting places on the English Channel—or near it—on our way to Canterbury; and we shall do it all in far less time than was required by the footsore pilgrims of the olden days when they went direct from London to the ecclesiastical metropolis—which was then of greater importance than it is to-day.

Leaving Brighton on one side for later acquaintance, we touch the Channel coast at Eastbourne, a fashionable watering-place of about sixty thousand inhabitants. It was laid out by the seventh Duke of Devonshire near the southeast end of the South Downs. As a seaside resort, Eastbourne has distinctive attractions enough to give it individuality. There is a three-mile view of the sea, a picturesque Martello

A SUMMER DAY ON THE BEACH AT RAMSGATE

Tower with a museum, and a pretty ride out to Beachy Head, a bold chalk headland.

A pleasant excursion from here is to Tunbridge Wells—formerly an ultra-fashionable watering-place—in the hilly district of Kent. The wells were discovered by Lord North in 1606, while he was staying near by; and within a few years wealthy people began to patronize them, so that during the Georgian era Tunbridge Wells enjoyed a great vogue. The Parade, which has a covered walk, is the chief promenade; and one of the sights of the town is the Common, which is covered with gorse.

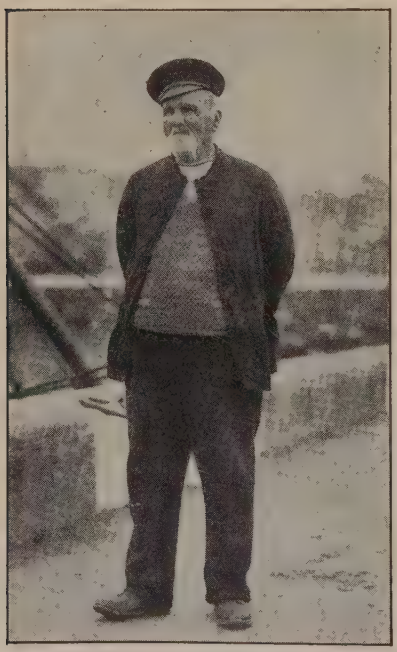
Hastings and St. Leonard's are now combined in a single city of over sixty thousand inhabitants. Hastings still retains the picturesque aspect of an old fishing town, but with the coming of the tourists the city has taken on a modern appearance. The fine esplanade, extending along three miles of seafront, is exceedingly popular with visitors, as is the nine-hundred-feet-long pier. The town was founded by William the Conqueror.

The old town of Battle is notable for Battle Abbey, also founded by the Conqueror—in fulfilment of a vow made during the battle here with Harold, the English King. It was occupied by the Benedictines and consecrated by St. Anselm in 1094. At the time of the Reformation, it was presented by Henry VIII to his master of the horse, Sir Anthony Browne, who converted it into a residence. Visitors are admitted on certain days of the week. The parish church is worth seeing, on account of its old brasses and Norman font.

We proceed to Folkstone, perhaps the most fashionable of the resorts of the coast in this neighborhood. It is an ancient town with about forty thousand inhabitants, and on a clear

day there is a fine view of both the English and French coasts. The "Road of Remembrance," bordered by rosemary, is the site of the war memorial and leads down to the sea. The parish church is on the site of a priory that dated from the eleventh century; but it has been rebuilt and does not indicate its age. There are several pretty walks outside the town—one to the Sugar Loaf—and a mile away at Cape Point is an important Roman villa of over fifty chambers, that was excavated a few years ago.

Dover, familiar to all travelers between England and the Continent, owing to the popularity of the short crossing to Calais, is a strongly fortified garrison town of forty thousand inhabitants, situated on a small bay in the valley of the Dour. The town was the Roman *Dubris*; it was one of the fortresses of the Saxons, and was considered the "Key of England" after the Norman conquest. It was the first of the Cinque Ports. The ancient castle is kept in repair as a fortress, and the base of the pharos, or lighthouse, as well as St. Mary-in-the-Castle, is of Roman bricks. From this tower the Roman ships were guided in their crossing of the Channel; therefore it has been considered the oldest building in England.



A CAPTAIN OF THE FISHING FLEET

If we are pilgrims to Canterbury who travel by private motor, we shall find it a

pleasant experience to leave the coast at Dover and take the much traveled and ancient road toward London as far as Rochester, proceed along the coast toward Margate and Ramsgate, and then go on to the official home of the Primate of All England. It is just possible that if we went to Canterbury first, the sleepy and peaceful town of Rochester would seem an anticlimax, so that we might not visit is at all; and its beautiful but comparatively small cathedral repays a visit.

Rochester was called Durobrival in ancient Roman days,

ON THE BOARDWALK AT MARGATE-CLIFTON

and as early as the seventh century it was the seat of a bishop. It seems likely that the original Saxon church here was founded in the year 604, and that the first bishop was consecrated by St. Augustine. If we know our history, we recall that James II, disguised, made his flight from here in 1688; and if we like literary associations, we shall remem-

"DON'T DELAY ME, I'M BUSY"

ber that Charles Dickens spent a part of his boyhood here and frequently referred to the place in his writings. It was the scene of the early adventures of the Pickwick Club, and it is the Cloisterham of "Edwin Drood." Not far away is Gad's Hill, the home of the novelist from 1856 until his death in 1870. It is an old-fashioned brick house; and, according to the story, his father took him to see it when he was a small boy, saying: "If you are clever, you can have this place or a place like it." After he had acquired Gad's Hill, the novelist built the chalet, which served as a studio, and where he did his writing. It was here that he wrote the last page of "Edwin Drood" only two or three hours before the seizure from which he died. Dickens considered the seven or eight miles between Rochester and Maidstone one of the most beautiful walks in England.

The present Cathedral of Rochester dates chiefly from the twelfth to the fourteenth century, and in some respects is a small duplicate of the Cathedral at Canterbury. It is said by many critics that the elaborately recessed doorway on the west front is the most beautiful in England. The two statues on the shafting are very old; while they are usually thought to represent King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, it is possible that they are of Henry I and Queen Matilda. The nave

of the church has six bays. Some of the painting is of the fourteenth century, and the stalls and monks' benches are thought to be the oldest in the kingdom. There is a Wheel of Fortune over the episcopal throne, and the church contains the supposed tomb of St. William. We note a brass memorial to Dickens, Rochester's most famous citizen of modern times. From St. Edmund's Chapel, a stairway descends to the crypt, one of the largest of the kind on the island.

The Castle of Rochester was completed in 1126 by William of Corbeil and consists of a square "keep" within the walls of an ancient enclosure. The walls are twelve feet thick, and as the place is in the public garden, just off the Esplanade by the river, it is easily visited.

There are many pleasant excursions from Rochester by river steamer, with interesting glimpses of castles and pic-

MARGATE SANDS ON THE ENGLISH CHANNEL

AT MARGATE, THE CONEY ISLAND OF ENGLAND

turesque scenery. Cobham Hall, seat of the Earl of Darnley, is about five miles distant—an imposing Elizabethan residence with a fine collection of paintings, representative works of Titian, Hoppner, Rubens and Gainsborough.

Chatham lies near by but it presents a lively contrast to its cathedral-town neighbor. Its bustling and wide-awake appearance is due in part to the fact that the Royal Dockyard and the chief naval arsenals of Great Britain are located here. The first to use the port for extensive naval operations was Henry VIII, and by the time of Charles II it had become the chief station. Chatham always maintains a large garrison, and it is the headquarters of the Royal Engineers.

Margate is one of the most popular of all seaside resorts close to London, and is crowded with visitors in season, altho it is no longer considered so fashionable as formerly. There is a pier; the bathing is good, and one observes the various

amusements and recreation facilities of the typical English watering-place. The more fashionable part of the town is now on the cliffs above the city and is called Cliftonville. There are delightful walks among the cliffs for excursionists. Ramsgate, not far away, is another popular resort; the harbor is formed by two stone piers, with a combined length of three thousand feet.

A much quieter resort than either of the "gates" is Broadstairs, a town of fifteen thousand inhabitants, which Dickens called "one of the freest and freshest little places in the world." The chief sight for visitors is York Gate, a flint arch in Harbour Street erected in 1540 to protect a gap in the cliffs. It is generally believed that the original of Betsy Trotwood in "David Copperfield" lived in what is known as the Dickens House in the Victoria Palace; but in the novel, the scene is transferred to Dover.

And now we arrive at the fascinating and picturesque city

MARGATE CAN BOAST AS BROAD A STREET AS ANY IN AMERICA

IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL, CENTER OF ENGLAND'S RELIGIOUS LIFE

of Canterbury, which looms mightily in the history of England and reaches back into the time of legend, while providing much of intense interest to the visitor of to-day. It is certain that it was an important Roman station called Duroverum. As early as the year 560, it was the capital of Ethelbert, King of Kent, and it seems likely that there was a Christian church here before the marriage of Bertha with the king. St. Augustine came here from Rome with the avowed intention of converting England. The king received him with friendliness and embraced the new religion, after which Augustine founded a Benedictine abbey, which became a favorite burial-place for kings and archbishops; and upon his return to England as "Bishop of the English," he founded another monastery on the site of an ancient Roman basilica. At the time of his first arrival, Ethelbert met him beyond the city gates and headed a ceremonial procession, the people singing: "We beseech thee, O Lord, that all Thy anger and wrath be turned away from this city and from Thy Holy House, because we have sinned. Hallelujah!" Augustine caused all heathen images to be destroyed. It is said that there are marks on the church to-day which show where the Devil clawed at the stone when trying to resist the Christian services.

This church became the first English cathedral; but it was not until after the murder of the Archbishop, Thomas à Becket, that the fame of the church eclipsed that of the abbey, and that the ecclesiastical supremacy of the archbishop was established and recognized. The shrine of Becket, following his canonization, drew pilgrims from all parts of England and from the Continent. The treasury was thus enriched, and the town assumed more and more importance. Becket became the most popular of all English saints. His

body was removed from the crypt of his church in 1220 and placed in the shrine, which was so adorned that Erasmus, who saw it in 1512, says that "gold was the meanest thing to be seen," referring to the rare jewels that adorned it—the offerings of the rich and powerful. It was destroyed by Henry VIII, however, and the treasure taken away, so that all re-

NORMAN STAIRWAY, CANTERBURY

maining to-day is the "exact spot" and the worn pavement to mark where hundreds of thousands of believers have knelt in prayer. The long-departed saint was denounced by the iconoclastic Henry, who passed sentence upon him to the effect that "Thomas, sometime Archbishop of Canterbury, had been guilty of contumacy, treason and rebellion, and that his bones should be publicly burned to admonish the living of their duty by the punishment of the dead, and that the offerings to the shrine should be forfeit to the crown, his pictures

destroyed, and his name erased from the list of saints." Some idea of the popularity of the shrine may be obtained from the fact that in one year at the cathedral, three pounds were donated to God, sixty-three pounds to the Virgin, and eight hundred thirty-two pounds to Becket. In another year, nine hundred fifty-two pounds were left at the shrine, four at the altar of the Virgin, and none to God. Not all offerings were in money, because people sent "Christ Church Letters," valuable jewelry and silver images.

The Cathedral of Canterbury is a majestic pile over five hundred feet in length. Its central tower is two hundred thirty-five feet in height. The exterior and interior are equally impressive. In architecture its general style is that known as English Perpendicular. The principal entrance is by the south porch. The design is stately, but almost immediately after passing the portal, one regrets that the win-

RUINS OF AN ANCIENT ABBEY AT CANTERBURY

ST. MARTIN'S, "MOTHER CHURCH OF ENGLAND," CANTERBURY

dows have lost most of their original stained glass. The northwest transept is known as the "Martyrdom," because here was the scene of Becket's murder in 1170. The four barons approached by the west door of the transept leading from the cloisters, when vespers were being sung. The saint was cut down by the murderers, when standing between the chapel of St. Benedict and the passage to the crypt. The window of this transept shows Edward IV and his queen, who presented it. The modern window at the left shows the life and death of Becket. St. Nicholas Chapel is now called the Deans' Chapel, from the number of deans that lie buried in it. The choir, one of the longest in England, is elevated above the nave, the two divided by a splendid screen that is the work of the fourteenth century and has statues of the English Kings. At the north side of where the shrine formerly stood is a monument to Henry IV, the only king buried in the cathedral. The chapel known as the "Corona" or "Becket's Crown," is said to have a fragment of his skull. The crypt is the earliest part of the church and has a wall that probably is a part of St. Augustine's church. The body of Becket lay here for fifty years, and the place was the scene of the penance of Henry II in 1174.

The Archbishop's palace is modern and situated northeast

of the cathedral. East of the church is the Kent war memorial. The King's School was founded by Henry VIII, but it usually claims descent from the monastic school of the seventh century. The approach to the upper hall is by an exterior Norman staircase with open arcades, which is the only one of its kind in England. East of the Cathedral is St. Augustine's College, founded in 1844 for the training of missionaries. The building includes some of the remains of the original monastery and is open to visitors. It is interesting to recall that this institution ranked as the second Benedictine house in Europe down to the time of Becket, and that King Ethelbert, Queen Bertha, and St. Augustine were buried here. The modern buildings include a library that contains a fine Oriental collection.

St. Martin's church doubtless is upon the site of a building used for Christian service previous to the coming of St. Augustine, and it is possible that Ethelbert was baptized here.

THE WEAVERS, CANTERBURY

GRAY FRIARS MONASTERY, NEAR CANTERBURY

The hill upon which it stands was occupied by Roman villas as early as the fourth century, and a portion of one of these is included in the church walls. Restorations conceal the ancient part of one of the oldest Christian churches in Europe. St. Martin of Tours, owing to the strong French influence, was popular in England, and many churches were dedicated to him. Once a contest was held by the people between him and St. Germain. At Auxerre, the relics of the two were set out, side by side, and a paralytic was placed between them. The sick man was healed on St. Martin's side; but the St. Germain devotees said their saint was merely showing courtesy to a visitor.

Among other things that should be included in a visit to Canterbury is the House of the Weavers, a quaint old building, picturesquely situated on the banks of a tiny stream which penetrates the city. Once the home of the guild

of weavers, it retains its original form. To the lover of antiquities it is one of the most interesting structures in Canterbury.

I would also suggest a brief pilgrimage to a side street where there is an old gate. We ring the bell; shortly the gate swings open, and we walk through a lovely little garden to the Gray Friars monastery, another fine old building with a curious history. Once occupied by monks, it was abandoned and later sold to a brewer and converted into a brewery. Subsequently rescued by purchase, it is now being maintained as a national monument.

BOROUGH ROAD LIBRARY, SOUTHWARK.

VI THE CORNISH RIVIERA

LIGHTHOUSE AT LAND'S END, THE WESTERNMOST POINT OF ENGLAND

VI

THE CORNISH RIVIERA

ARMCHAIR travelers have a privilege which not even a Lindbergh can enjoy—they can flit in the twinkling of an eye to any distant spot they choose. By this magic we find ourselves now in the southwest corner of old England, on the coast of Cornwall, and rapidly approaching a region that many experts consider one of the most beautiful in the world. Traveling southward along the coast, we obtain a glimpse of Bude, which is increasing in favor each year as a watering-place, and which offers many pleasant excursions that abound in scenic beauties; of Boscastle, which is associated with the life and novels of Thomas Hardy (he was employed here as an architect, and the Valley of Valency figures as Endestow in "A Pair of Blue Eyes"); and of Tintagel, which is the heart of the district that is the scene of the Arthurian Legend.

The celebrated story of King Arthur and his Knights could have had no more appropriate setting than that of Tintagel. The almost inaccessible castle or fortress, which was almost an island in itself, probably rested upon an ancient foundation, perhaps of the twelfth century, as it was in ruins as early as 1540. It is believed that an ancient British or Saxon stronghold existed here at an earlier date. It is well, if pausing at Tintagel, to go about the place after having read Sir Thomas Mallory's "Morte d'Arthur," Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," and F. J. Snell's "King Arthur's Country," all of

which add to one's interest in the place and give an additional association to "exact spots." The parish church of St. Materiana is an early Norman (perhaps earlier) edifice, which probably was erected before the Conquest. In the south transept is preserved what is said to be a Roman milestone, besides many ancient crosses and other relics. In this town also is an ancient stone-roofed house, which has now become national property. About three miles away is what is known as Slaughter Bridge, which is said to have been the scene of battle between King Arthur and Mordred, when the former was mortally wounded; also of a battle between Britons and Saxons in the ninth century.

Such is our introduction to the "Delectable Duchy of Cornwall, the English Riviera," the southernmost and westernmost county of England, with its long seacoast and unrivaled coast scenery. More than once the visitor will be re-

STURDY FISHER TYPES OF THE CORNISH COAST

LAND'S END, WITH THE "FIRST AND LAST" HOUSE IN ENGLAND

minded of Italy as he travels through these Cornish towns, so it is a curious coincidence that, like Italy, Cornwall is boot-shaped—the toe at Land's End, the heel at the Lizard, the sole at Mount's Bay, the instep at St. Ives, and the leg the rest of the territory. It is well to become intimately acquainted with the region—to see and know it in all its moods, in sunshine and shadow—and not to form an estimate of it from a quick observation. Cornwall improves upon acquaintance, and one who knows it well, will be fascinated if not enchanted by the variety of what it has to offer. Max Müller, in "Chips from a German Workshop," says: "It is impossible to spend a few weeks in Cornwall without being impressed with the air of antiquity which pervades that country, and seems, like a morning mist, half to conceal and half to light up every one of its hills and valleys. It is impossible to look at any pile of stones, or any wall, or pillar,

RETURN OF THE FISHING FLEET AT LAND'S END

or gate-post, without asking oneself the question, 'Is it old or is it new? Is it the work of Saxon, or of Roman or of Celt?' Nay, one feels sometimes tempted to ask, 'Is this the work of nature or of man?' "

It has been asserted that only the Aran Isles, off the west coast of Ireland, offer such various and interesting antique remains. Even in remote times, Cornwall seems to have considered itself a thing apart and different from England. Not very long ago it was common to hear a Cornish native speak of "going to England" when starting out for the journey across the county line. There is every reason for the county to be proud of its past, as there is a possibility that its civilization is the oldest in England. Land's End and the Lizard caught the attention of long-ago seafarers; they came ashore and, like travelers of the present, liked the place and desired to remain. It is likely that when the remainder of England was peopled by semi-savages, Cornwall was carrying on a prosperous trade with enlightened nations of the East—on account of its deposits of tin. Diodorus, a contemporary of Julius Cæsar, speaks of the tin of Cornwall and tells how it was mined. Herodotus mentioned it in 440 B. C. There are students who believe that Cornish tin is referred to in several places in the Bible, notably Ezekel, xxvii: 12.

It is interesting to recall that Cornwall once had a language of its own—a Celtic tongue; but it has disappeared, and there has been no propaganda for revival, as in Ireland or Wales, altho it was related to their languages. In the parishes of Paul, Sennen and St. Just, as in Land's End, it was almost universally spoken as late as 1650, by fishermen, market-women and tinners. The last sermon preached in Cornish was in 1678, and the miracle plays continued it for some years; but in 1768 an investigation revealed only one person, Dolly Pen-

OFF FOR A DAY'S FISHING

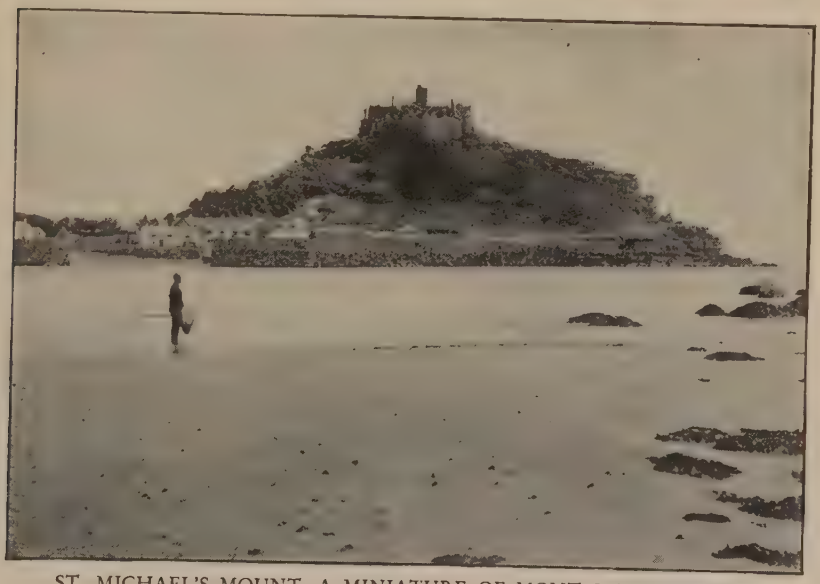
treath, who could speak it fluently. She was buried in old Paul's Church in 1777, and a monument was erected that still bears an inscription to the effect that she "conversed in Cornish" and that "this stone is erected by the Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte and the Revd. John Garrett." There are a few Cornish manuscripts in the British Museum and in the Bodleian Library, but it may be said truthfully that the language is dead and forgotten.

It is quite possible that the tin mines were worked by the Phenicians long before the rest of England was known to the world, so Cornwall has ample cause for revering its past; but doubtless it thinks of its glorious present and future. Perhaps its climate was the same in ancient days as it is now; and climate is a greater asset to-day than tin. The traveling world is looking for sunshine, and as the numerous coast resorts can guarantee abundant sunshine, they have become a profitable rendezvous for excursionists.

Wadebridge, a pleasant little town on the estuary, which is crossed by a bridge of seventeen arches, dates from 1485. A pretty excursion from here is to Padstow, a fishing village, which, like so many of the others, is evolving into a favorite resort for bathing and boating. Motor-buses run along the coast from here to Newquay.

Newquay has become one of the chief seaside resorts of the country. The climate is mild and dry, and the several miles

of sandy coves provide excellent bathing facilities. As the beaches face the Atlantic, the surf is unrivaled in England. The walks and drives of the district are fascinating, and there are several villages in the vicinity that have a historical background which makes them interesting to visitors. South of Newquay is the resort of Perranporth, with splendid sands and a background of cliffs that resemble the spires and towers of churches. From this place, an interesting excursion takes



ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT, A MINIATURE OF MONT SAINT-MICHEL, ACROSS THE CHANNEL

us to Perran Round, an ancient amphitheater, one hundred thirty feet in diameter. And beyond the Round is the ancient church of St. Piran, once completely hidden by the sand that had blown over it, but now protected by a concrete shell. It is considered the oldest building for Christian worship in England. Redruth is an important mining town, but it will not detain us long; for, if we have the time, we shall

prefer to inspect the Druidical remains at Carn Brea, not far away, or go to what is called Gwennap Pit, a natural amphitheater with excellent acoustics that once carried the voice of John Wesley to several thousand miners. On a clear day it is possible to see both the Bristol and the English Channels from Carn Brea.

Having arrived in this vicinity, however, we are only following a natural inclination if we hurry along to St. Ives, which one knows before arrival must be a beautiful place,

AT LAND'S END: THE LAST HOUSE ON THE WAY TO AMERICA

owing to its great popularity with artists and writers, who have sung its praises. One's first impression of the town is that every one must climb stairs to go home, as most of the houses have outside stairways. And the truth is that a typical house consists of a fish-cellar with two, three or four rooms for living quarters above it.

Credit for the modern discovery of St. Ives must go to the artists, who were first attracted to the place by the quaint and foreign-looking streets, as well as by the sunshine and

light. Some one counted eighty-seven studios in this former fishing village not long ago; and now that vacationists have followed in the wake of the painters, one suspects that there will be—or is already—a falling off in the fishing industry. This industry, nevertheless, is the principal means of livelihood of the villagers, owing to the vast schools of pilchards that visit this coast, concerning which we shall make further observations during our visit to Sennen. Near the outskirts of the village is a huge mass of what appears to be solid tar. This unusual substance has been noted in few places on the earth's surface (there is a similar mass near Karlsbad), so that geologists and other scientists have been studying it and commenting upon it for a century. Now it is said to contain one and one-one-hundredth grains of radium to the ton, and it may prove to be a source of future wealth instead of a somewhat unsightly blot in the scenic picture. As for the old nursery rime about "going to St. Ives," it is a bit disappointing for the seeker after "sources" to find that this did not have its origin here and has no connection with the place.

GETTING READY FOR THE NEXT CATCH

One should walk along the coast at St. Ives to appreciate the scenery, and go to Whitesand Bay, noted for its shells. St. Just is a small town with a fifteenth-century church, which has Irish tracery and one of the oldest Christian tombs in

HARBOR OF ST. IVES SEEN FROM THE BLUFF

England. Near by is St. Just Round, an amphitheater, in which miracle plays were performed. Near Cape Cornwall is the Bottalack Mine, which extends four hundred feet under the sea. At Morvah is a large dolmen, and there is another at Lanyon Quoit (or Cromlech). The Ding-Dong Mine is said to have been worked before the Christian era, and the Nine Maidens, part of a huge stone circle, are among the antiquities of the region that interest visitors.

We are close to the end of England, or, as some prefer to have it, close to where England begins. Penzance, a town with about thirteen thousand inhabitants, lies in a fine situation on Mount's Bay and usually is considered the capital of the "Cornish Riviera." It is the headquarters of mackerel fisheries and has large market gardens, where great quantities of early vegetables are grown. It was only a fishing village in the fourteenth century and had no distinction as a port

until the sixteenth, when it was granted special privileges from the crown. In 1595 it was practically destroyed, when four Spanish galleys landed their troops, and the inhabitants, unable to offer defense, saw their houses go up in flames. The Spaniards ascended to the top of the hill, held a solemn service, and made a vow to found an abbey there after all England had surrendered. This surprize attack had far-reaching effects in England, and delayed the sailing of Drake and Hawkins for the West Indies. But Penzance arose again, as presumably it had done on several previous occasions, and the charter of 1614 makes special mention of the services of the people in rebuilding and fortifying their town. Among the things to see here are the Royal Cornwall Geological Museum, the Penzance Library—which has some rare Cornish manuscripts—and the coast-line from various points on the heights.

Gilbert and Sullivan found their theme in this village for the tuneful operetta, "The Pirates of Penzance." The pirates are gone, if they ever existed, but the hardy fisherfolk who probably suggested the story for the operetta are still there.

Newlyn, a fishing village one mile distant, is becoming an artists' rendezvous, like St. Ives, having already given its name to a school of open-air painters. St. Peter's Church has some murals by the Newlyn artists.

VETERAN FISHERMEN OF ST. IVES

It is about ten miles from

Penzance to Land's End, and the motor-buses usually cover the ground in one hour. But that is a route that one does not care to cover too hurriedly, as there is remarkable scenery and something to attract and hold attention every yard of the way. An author has spoken of Land's End as "the land of the wild, the picturesque and the imaginative." It is the land of giants and romance, the birthplace of

A QUAINT NOOK IN ST. IVES

stories and children's tales which have achieved imperishable fame. One's first impression is that all here is stones. Stones instead of trees; stones for markers, hedges, walls and stiles. Stones of all kinds from pebbles to monoliths and pillars. Little wonder that artists are attracted to such a place, if only on account of the unusual. And the great thrill comes

when one looks out over three thousand miles of water—appearing always to be rough water—beyond which lies America!

From Penzance we go to Sennen, the last and the first town in England. Along the way we observe fine Celtic crosses; but they are only the first of many ancient wonders that we are to admire upon this excursion. The crosses show the "Greek" influence, revealing unmistakable contact with the Eastern world at the time of their erection. It is certain also that Ireland had a great influence here in the days of St. Patrick. All who have read of this locality will observe the inn which has a sign on one side of the building: "The Last Hotel in England" and on the other, "The First Hotel in England." Sennen, which has one main street, lies four hundred feet above the sea. The churchyard is walled in and seems to be set in solid rock, so that it is necessary to chisel

SOME OF THE INLAND PRODUCTS OF CORNWALL

WAITING FOR THE TURN OF THE TIDE AT NEWLYN, CORNWALL

the graves. The name was derived from an abbot who had been at Rome with St. Patrick.

Sennen was famous for its mutton as early as 1758, when a writer declared: "The sweetest mutton is reckoned to be that of the smallest sheep," and mentioned "Senan-green near the Land's End" as one place that produced them.

The chief industry of the place is the catching and preservation of pilchards—fish that are said to be French coast sardines grown to maturity. They were well known by the present name in Shakespeare's time, as we find in "Twelfth Night:" "And fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings; the husband's the bigger." Fishing at Sennen, however, is not a poor man's recreation or industry. Schools of pilchards, it is true, come to these shores; but they come infrequently, and must be speedily caught on a huge scale, or the profit disappears. Thus an expensive outfit is required: nets, boats and barges for carrying the catch. In season a lookout waits upon the cliff and scans the sea and the horizon for "symptoms," such as the sudden arrival of water-fowl from all directions. One might think that natural instinct had prompted these birds to assemble at a certain place; but they have seen from afar and hasten to the banquet. Large fish are chasing the pilchards, and the latter, fleeing, rush to the surface, causing the sea to appear to "boil." If the pilchards sink, they will be a prey to their sea enemies; if they come too close to the surface, the birds will get them. Panic follows, with the result that a third enemy, man, sees and pursues them.

The lookout sounds the alarm. The boats and nets are ready, so the fishers hurry to man them—and out in the deep water they surround the fish and capture them in almost incredible quantities. One unacquainted with the facts might

believe that after a single season's catch, the sea would be depleted of pilchards, so vast is the slaughter; but experience has taught the fishermen that their prey will return the following year in the same great quantities. In 1851, a certain portion of the catch was measured and counted in receptacles, and from this an estimate was made that one net had caught sixteen million five hundred thousand fish, filling five thousand hogsheads, and with a probable value of fifty-five thousand dollars. A great business it is, when in operation, and of vast importance to the community; therefore, fishing is protected by many laws, and several bequests have been made for the purpose of encouraging the industry.

We go back to Penzance for other rambles around the attractive place, which we now observe has beautiful gardens hidden away, with a vegetation that truthfully may be

STREET IN PENZANCE, WITH STATUE OF SIR HUMPHRY DAVY IN THE DISTANCE

described as semi-tropical. Sometimes the breezes are cool, but the sun is warm and bright. The locality is protected from the cold winds of the Atlantic, and fuchsias grow to a height of ten feet, as do hydrangeas, which often become trees and not shrubs. There is a tradition that Sir Walter Raleigh smoked his first pipe of tobacco at Penzance, after returning from America.

LITTLE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

A popular excursion from Penzance is the steamer ride to the Scilly Isles, which takes about four hours. On the way, one obtains fine views of the Cornish coast, which I consider more attractive than the islands. An island, however, always is alluring to travelers, and it will not be amiss to cross over to these islands of gardens, whence come many of the flowers that are sold in the London markets. Here is a treat for garden-lovers: beautiful fields of flowers that flourish in this climate as tho they were under glass. The islands are also celebrated for the shipwrecks along their rocky coasts. Sir Walter Besant wrote: "There is a shipwreck story told of every rock in Scilly, and to many there are several shipwrecks; as there are about as many rocks of Scilly as there are days in the year, the story would take long in the telling."

Here we are in the land of Lyonesse of the Arthurian Legend. Probably the islands are the *Cassiterides* of the ancients; certainly they must have been familiar to the antique world.

judging not alone from their position, but from the large number of prehistoric remains that are visible to-day. There are about two hundred of them, of various sizes, from small protruding rocks to St. Mary's, which has a circumference of nine miles, and of which Hugh Town is the capital. There is a sixteenth century castle here. Tresco has the remains of an abbey and unusually beautiful subtropical gardens. All worth seeing; but the truth remains that the Scilly Isles are something of an anticlimax to one who leaves the Cornish coast to visit them.

VII THE CHANNEL "MOUTHS"

PLYMOUTH BAY SEEN FROM "THE HOE," WITH DRAKE'S ISLAND AT THE LEFT

VII

THE CHANNEL "MOUTHS"

A FEW miles from Penzance, as we follow the coastline of the English Channel, is Marazion, a town of considerable importance in the Middle Ages. At that time it was the principal station for the pilgrims to St. Michael's Mount, which is a miniature of the famous island of the same name—Mont St. Michel—off the coast of Normandy. Marazion probably derives its name from *Market Jew,* altho this supposed derivation has occasioned considerable controversy. It has been claimed that the ancient Jews worked the tin mines, and from coins found here it has been inferred that the great market for trading with other countries was at this point in Flavian times. The name is Marghas-Jewe in an old charter, and later it changed to Markesion or Markasion, apparently combining market and Zion. There is even a tradition that at one time the ancient Jews gained a monopoly of the tin market and carried on extensive operations.

Max Müller, the German Orientalist, made a careful examination of all the evidence at hand, however, and gave it as his opinion that this was not conclusive proof that the Jews were here at all, and his findings seemed to point to the contrary, as he finished a chapter on the subject with "thus vanish the Jews from Cornwall."

There is a persistent legend that St. Michael's Mount was

SUTTON POOL, PLYMOUTH, WHENCE THE MAYFLOWER SAILED IN 1620

once a huge rock in the middle of a great forest that extended to the mainland. This theory may have originated in the fact that, upon ancient maps, the region around Marazion is marked with the words "Submarine Forest," which makes it easy to assume that the land between St. Michael's Mount and Penzance sank beneath the water within comparatively recent times. In fact, the date has been placed at the year 1099, when it is said that the whole district was swept by a great tidal wave. This, however, like the whole Arthurian legend, is not substantiated by any historical evidence. Carew has spoken of St. Michael's Mount as "both land and island twice a day," which probably comes nearer the truth of ancient times, as well as of the present. The rocky islet projects from the sea over two hundred feet. It is connected with the coast by a natural causeway, which remains un-

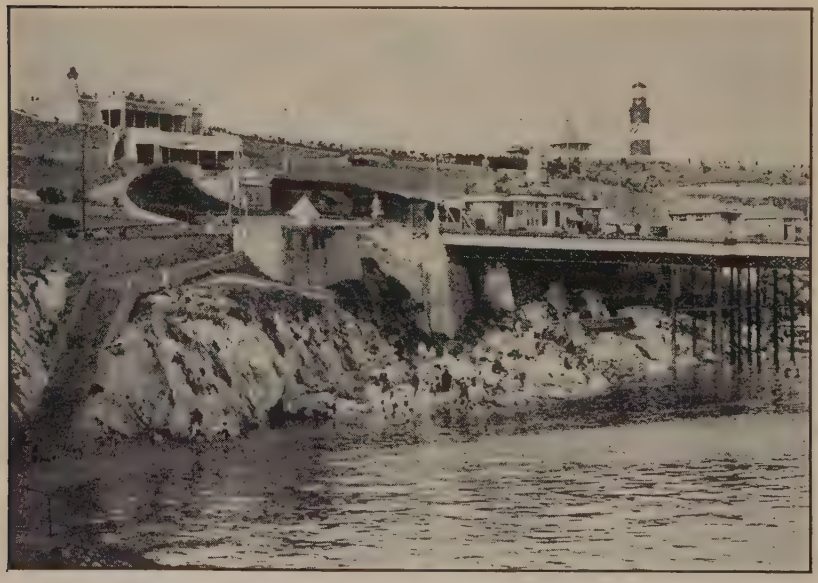
covered for about three hours at low tide—a fact which naturally gives rise to all sorts of romantic stories.

It is likely that some kind of religious establishment existed here at an early date, and that it was strongly fortified, owing to its exposed position. The charter of Edward the Confessor, dated 1047, to the Benedictine monks, mentions its *castella* and other buildings. The island was spoken of by Ptolemy, and it may be the "Ictis" noticed by Diodorus Sicubus as the place to which tin was brought by the ancient Britons for exchange with the Phenicians. There is now a fishing village at the base of the rock. Visitors are permitted to inspect the principal rooms of the castle when the family of the St. Aubyns is not in residence.

From this interesting region around Mount's Bay, we go to Helston, an attractive little town that is becoming popular

IN PLYMOUTH, LOOKING TOWARD GUILDHALL SQUARE

with tourists. From here to Lizard Town there is a coast drive of eleven miles that makes a novel appeal to pedestrians, altho there are frequent motor-buses in summer. Helston is built upon two hills that rise from the Looe Valley, and has an ornamental lake that affords good boating. It is the southernmost railway station in England, and easily reached. It is coming to be considered almost a paradise for disciples of Izaak Walton. A curious ancient festival survives here and attracts the crowds each year. It is called "Furry Day," and doubtless dates back to celebrations in honor of the goddess Flora. Every one in Helston is supposed to participate, and all the streets and houses are decorated with flowers and green branches. There is dancing in the streets, and the doors of all houses are left open so that the dancers may circle in



WATERFRONT OF PLYMOUTH AT THE BASE OF "THE HOE" OR POPULAR PROMENADE

and out. The music of the Furry dance is a sprightly tune that may be heard also in Wales and in Brittany.

Falmouth, a foreign-looking town, was once a harbor of considerable importance; but, like so many other "mouths" of the Channel, it is now noted as a watering-place rather than as a port for the arrival and departure of ships. The vegetation is subtropical and the bathing is excellent. The Fal estuary is picturesque, and many water excursions are

THE SPOT ON BARBICAN QUAY, PLYMOUTH, WHERE THE PILGRIM FATHERS WENT ABOARD THE MAYFLOWER

available to the visitor. Pendennis Castle, at the end of the peninsula, was built by Henry VIII. The place is almost surrounded by water, yet there is a peculiar absence of fogs, and the air is bracing. The Marine Drive is considered one of the best along the Cornish coast.

Truro is an ancient town at the head of the Truro River,

the southernmost of the English cathedral cities. In 1876 it became the resuscitated Cornish bishopric. Truro deserves a visit on account of its historic past. The cathedral was the first built in England in post-Reformation times. From St. Austell, near to which are several pleasant seaside resorts, we go to Fowey, a quaint seaport, famous for its china-clay.

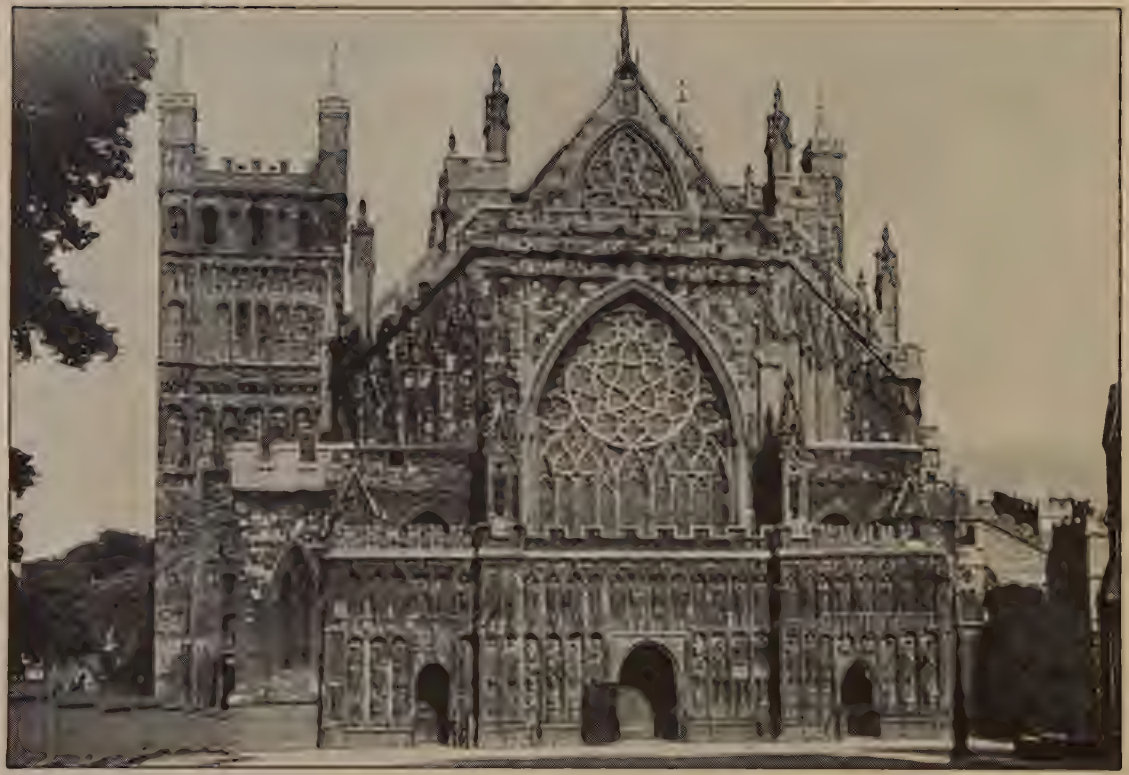
Fowey lies in a beautiful situation at the side of a land-locked estuary. Readers of Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch will recognize it as the "Troy Town" of his novel. He has written: "The visitor, if he be at all of my mind, will find a charm in Fowey, over and above its natural beauty, and what I may call its holiday conveniences, for the yachtsman, the fisherman, or for one content to idle in peaceful waters." There is a delightful walk by cliff trails and country lanes from Fowey to the small fishing village of Folkerris, which

ON "THE HOE" AT PLYMOUTH, WITH SMEATON'S ORIGINAL EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE IN THE BACKGROUND

overlooks St. Austell Bay. At one time Fowey was considered the chief port of Cornwall, holding rank with Plymouth and Dartmouth. The ancient chronicles have many references to the piratical seamen of the place. In the Siege of Calais by Edward III, the town mustered a fleet of forty-seven ships to add to the blockade. After Edward IV had concluded peace with France, the men of Fowey declined to cease to attack the French coast; and this so displeased the king that he ordered the ringleaders executed. A fine was levied on the town and its ships were handed over to Dartmouth. The port regained some of its importance under the Tudors, and in the reign of Henry VIII the town was fortified. The church has one of the highest towers in Cornwall.

COMING TO THE CHIEF ATTRACTION OF EXETER

American tourists are familiar with the harbor of Plymouth, as many of the great Atlantic liners discharge their London passengers here; but these passengers, like those landing at Liverpool and elsewhere, have a habit of passing from the steamer to a special train, which conveys them to London without more than a mere glance at one of the most important harbor-towns in England. Plymouth has been strongly fortified since the fourteenth century. From its rather monotonous streets the newcomer is likely to gain the impression that it is a prim and dignified town; but it is a



THE MAGNIFICENT WEST FRONT OF EXETER CATHEDRAL

pretty spot in which to have a first peep at England. For centuries, Plymouth has been a favored naval base, as well as a mercantile harbor, as it witnessed the departure of the fleets of Raleigh, Drake, Cook, and many others that loom big in history; and it was here that the *Mayflower* set sail for America in 1620. Devonport, west of the city, lies at a higher elevation and contains the military and naval establishments, with the use of one of the best bays along the entire south coast. The Hoe is Plymouth's fashionable promenade, at the front of the town, commanding a good view of the water.

Here we are on the edge of Dartmoor, once a royal hunting preserve, but now a huge wild area covering two hundred square miles. It is barren in the higher spots, but there are several streams, and the outskirts of the moor are heavily wooded. The streams afford trout fishing, and there is hunting; but the place is not likely to make a strong appeal to foreign visitors, unless they want to inspect the stone circles, stone rows and bridges of rough stone, which are chiefly of interest to the antiquarian. The books of Eden Phillpotts and S. Baring-Gould have done much to familiarize readers with this wild region. The best headquarters from which to explore it is Princetown, which owes its beginnings to a prison for French war captives. Much of the land belongs to the Duchy of Cornwall and other parts belong to various parishes. Baring-Gould says that it remains "just what it was thousands of years ago, boulder-strewn ravines, through which rush impetuous streams; rocky high ground with huge blocks of granite, so weather-worn and piled up as to suggest to the stranger that some Titans had so placed them to serve as castles or to add a romantic touch to already wild scenery."

The ancient town of Tatnes has a picturesque situation, its

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fine old houses with piazzas and projecting gables seeming to hang from the hillside. There is much in the place to hold the attention of the visitor: an ancient church that possesses what have been called the finest old screens to be found anywhere, and "butter-walks" which are almost the counterpart of the "rows" of Chester. Both sea and moor are easily and quickly reached from here, so that Tatnes attracts many visitors, who make it the headquarters for excursions in all directions.

Dartmouth is a quaint seaport with seven thousand people, and with a harbor that was important at one time. It is a romantic spot, the earliest mention of which is by Chaucer. In older days, the natives protected their harbor and town with a chain which was stretched across the narrow inlet. The chain is no longer used, but the small towers, to which

THE BATHING-BEACH AT WEYMOUTH IN MIDSUMMER

it was fixed, remain at the sides. The sailors of Dartmouth attacked the coast towns of Brittany and naturally suffered serious counter-raids by the Bretons. But there are fine old houses remaining, despite all the local warfare, and the church should be visited for its wooden screen, stone pulpit, and fine brass in front of the altar.

IN WEYMOUTH'S BUSY HARBOR

The whole coast-line hereabouts, looking toward Lyme Bay, seems literally strewn with seaside resorts, all of which are highly esteemed by vacationists. Perhaps the best known is Torquay, located on Tor Bay. Here again, as further west in Cornwall, the winter climate is bracing but mild, and the spot is looked upon as an all-year watering-place. The town is spread over a number of hills that abound in gardens where a subtropical vegetation flourishes. Bathing, boating and other amusements abound, and the great yachting station holds an annual regatta in August that is an important social event. Torquay is looked upon as the capital of the English Riviera. There have been many testimonials to the beauties of the place, perhaps none of them more interesting than that of Napoleon, who, obtaining his first glimpse of England, saw it as a prisoner on the *Bellerophon* and exclaimed: "Oh, it is beautiful! It is like Porto Ferrajo. I should delight to live there." There are numerous places that may be visited from Torquay, providing pleasant excursions for many days or weeks.

DORCHESTER, THE "CASTERBRIDGE" OF HARDY'S NOVELS

Going northward along the coast, we reach Newton Abbot, another convenient gateway to Dartmoor. Teignmouth, at the mouth of the Teign, has enjoyed more than a century of popularity as a watering-place. There are fine walks in various directions, all of them leading to scenic beauty. Dawlish consists of an old and a new town. The cliffs here are picturesque and the bathing is good.

We may go to Exeter, which is of ancient origin and possesses much that is of special interest to the visitor. The Romans called it Isca, and it never has ceased to be a city of importance from the time of the Roman occupation to the present. Queen Elizabeth referred to it as "the ever-faithful city." It has been an episcopal see since 1050, and the present cathedral, while small, is one of the best examples of the Decorated style in England. The oldest parts date to the twelfth century. Its north porch niches are filled with statues of saints, and the Minstrels' Gallery has figures of angels with musical instruments. There is a monument to R. D. Blackmore, the novelist; at the end of the south aisle hangs Captain Scott's sledge flag, and the font was made for the baptism of Henrietta, daughter of Charles I, who was born at Exeter. Perfect symmetry prevails throughout the cathedral. The Guildhall, a massive Elizabethan structure, is said to be the oldest municipal building in Great Britain. The public park of elms is surmounted by the Norman

castle of Rougemont, which is mentioned in "Richard III," and which occupies the site of an ancient Roman station. St. Nicholas Priory, founded in 1080 and suppressed by Henry VIII, should be visited, and it is interesting to trace the remains of the city walls for the greater part of their circuit.

Here we know that we have arrived in the county that has prompted so much praise from visitors. Henry James has written: "For those to whom broad England means chiefly the perfection of the rural, picturesque Devonshire means the perfection of England." Exeter is a first-rate headquarters for various excursions into the region. If we are following the coast-line, there will be few cities, but several pretty watering-places along the route between Exeter and Weymouth; but if we go by train, we shall pass the Blackdown Hills and the towns of Taunton and Yeovil, certainly stopping at Dorchester, which is only a short distance from Weymouth and the sea.

Weymouth, a town of twenty-five thousand inhabitants, was a favorite resort of George III, which gave it social distinction many years ago, a fact duly memorialized by his statue on the Esplanade, or still better for the natives, by the throngs who continue to make it a favorite watering-place. It is the headquarters of the Royal Dorset Yacht Club, of which King Edward

WEST WALKS, DORCHESTER, WHERE ROMAN WALLS ONCE STOOD

"MAX GATE," DORCHESTER, WHERE THOMAS HARDY, THE NOVELIST, LIVED MOST OF HIS LIFE

VII was commodore; consequently, regattas are much in vogue and boating is a favorite recreation. The popular rendezvous of the town is the pavilion at the entrance to the pier, where, in season, operatic performances are given. From the waterfront there are fine views of the coast and the rugged cliffs of the Isle of Portland, an island that was formerly a convict settlement, and that has quarries, a fort, and a church worth visiting. A pleasant amateur sport at Chesil Beach is hunting for Spanish treasure; and it is true that relics washed ashore from the Armada are found here occasionally. The Armada was destroyed in 1588 off Portland Bill. There is fine sea-fishing in the bay.

An attractive excursion from Weymouth is to the ancient city of Dorchester, if we have not stopped there *en route* from Exeter. Dorchester is the "Casterbridge" of Thomas Hardy's novels. It is noted for its long promenades shaded by sycamore and chestnut trees, and is usually considered the capital of this farming district. On market days the country folk come here to trade, and the streets are filled with what are recognizable as "Hardy's people." The Romans called it Durnovaria, and, judging from remains, as well as from the antiquities in the local museum, it was an important station. An amphitheater, with a capacity of thirteen thousand, one of the finest in Great Britain, is not far beyond the modern city. Two miles away is what is known as Maiden Castle, the remains of a Roman hill-camp. A place for literary pilgrims is "Max Gate," home of the late Thomas Hardy.

From Weymouth it seems natural to start upon a voyage, and a delightful excursion by water is to the Channel Islands of Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney and Sark. Return tickets may be purchased, calling for return to either Weymouth or Southampton; thus the trip may be made conveniently and

A BIT OF HARDY'S RURAL "WESSEX"

comfortably. No visitor of the past has regretted the hours spent in these enchanted islands of sunshine. Crossing from the mainland in a few hours, one feels that he has plunged suddenly into far distant lands that bear only a slight resemblance to the England in which he is traveling. Sapphire seas, like those that border tropical islands. Emerald clumps of sea-moss that float about as if in a huge aquarium. And an opalescent light over all. It reminds the traveler of a bewildering extravaganza at the theater.

Each of the islands has its champions, who use only superlatives when speaking of their favorites. A compilation of testimonials from former visitors would make a small library, because every one who visits the islands is anxious to have friends and acquaintances experience the same joys, thus gladly becoming self-appointed propagandists. And all who

come are likely to become partizans. They speak of the islands collectively in enthusiastic terms; but they consider Jersey, Guernsey or Sark most highly favored, and want others to agree with them. At the present time, Jersey seems to lead in popularity. An eminent physician has written: "If you want health for the body, rest for the mind, pure air, all the gifts which go to make a terrestrial paradise, I emphatically advise you to go to Jersey." Others describe Guernsey as the "Flower Garden of the Channel," and visitors have referred to Sark as the "Gem of all Channel Islands." Personally, I cannot express a preference; each island has its delights and distinctiveness, which, it seems to me, give it a beauty equal to that of the others.

Jersey is about twelve miles long and seven miles wide. Here one finds seaside attractions of many kinds; and in the

BASKING ON THE SANDS AT PORTSMOUTH

interior there is a rural charm equal to that of England's midlands. Spring and summer are delightful here, and the long, mild autumn is a delight. Palms and tropical plants of various kinds flourish out of doors, and the visitor feels, after the first glance, that he has gone much farther south; but he finds no tropical heat to inconvenience him. There are ample evidences that Jersey was highly favored by the ancients, who

PORTSMOUTH IS JUSTLY PROUD OF ITS IMPOSING TOWN HALL

knew its charms and probably reverenced it as a holy place, as proved by the numerous Druidic remains. The port is St. Helier. Once St. Aubin's was considered a town of importance, the capital of the island; but it has declined into a sleepy village where many quaint customs survive, and St. Helier, which looms in history, but which has the present appearance of a prosperous port, has gained in popularity and assumed the metropolitan crown. While here we shall see the picturesque Elizabeth Castle, on a rocky islet to which a

causeway leads; the Royal Court-House, and the Island House of Parliament. Not least of the sights to be seen are the potato fields that produce Jersey's chief crop. They are decorative rows of green, often tended by women in pink sun-bonnets and men wearing huge white sombreros, making the scene resemble that of a comic opera built with a sole view to ornamentation and color. It will be Jersey itself, rather than any particular "sight," however, that will claim our attention.

Guernsey offers so many excursions that its partizans have said that its glories can not be fully realized in a visit of less than a month's duration. It is a triangular island containing about twenty-four square miles. It lies much nearer to France than to the English ports from which we approach it, and the French influence is noticed in many of the local

BIRTHPLACE OF CHARLES DICKENS, PORTSMOUTH, NOW A DICKENS MUSEUM

names, such as Petit Bot Bay, Moulin Huet Bay, and the Creux Mahie, the last-named being a cavern two hundred feet long, reached by a difficult descent from the cliffs above. It is pleasant, after having seen the coast, to penetrate to the narrow lanes of the interior, where picturesque scenes greet our eyes at every turning. Guernsey is washed by the Gulf Stream on all sides and is said to have more hours of sunshine than any other place in the British Isles. There is a balmy climate in winter, as in summer; and in addition to enjoying the milder temperature, the visitor feels that he has reached "foreign parts" when listening to the natives at the market, who speak Norman-French.

Guernsey is the most convenient point of departure for Sark, Alderney, Herm and Jethon. From a distance, Herm appears to be the upturned hulk of a huge whaleback, with the detached rock of Jethon at its southern end. Sark has a high coastline, and off to the south lies Alderney, with its almost unbroken tableland.

In Jersey, Guernsey and Alderney, the visitor still sees herds of the famous and distinctive cattle named for those islands, and may be urged to buy a comely heifer—at a stiff price—and take it back to America as a souvenir.

The Channel Islands have blended seasons, so that it is easy to be almost unaware of the passing of one into another. The summer is fanned by constant ocean breezes; the autumn is delightfully cool; in December the roses are still in bloom, and even in January there are camellias in the gardens, so that spring arrives before the pageant of flowers of the old year has passed.

VIII FROM BOURNEMOUTH TO BATH

A SUMMER DAY IN THE PUBLIC GARDENS OF BOURNEMOUTH

VIII

FROM BOURNEMOUTH TO BATH

BOURNEMOUTH is a fashionable seaside resort in summer and in winter. It is a large city set amid pine woods—on two hills flanking the sheltered valley of the Bourne. Here is another English resort that appeals to the visitor who remains a few hours, a day or several weeks. To the traveler who wishes to see as much of England as possible within a given length of time, and whose visit, therefore, is brief, this place will seem not to differ from the other seaside resorts of the vicinity. English watering-places have a certain formula of amusements and entertainments, so that the difference between them is chiefly one of locale, scenic environment and climate. Bournemouth is just another, and little more can be claimed for it, altho it is beautifully situated and compares favorably with the others.

To voice a personal preference, I would rather spend only a day at Bournemouth and give a whole week to the Isle of Wight. Here again, however, one may make the choice of a quick glance or a leisurely ramble, either of which brings its rewards. The chief thing is to be certain of seeing the island—of not missing it altogether—because it is a most attractive vacation spot and makes a varied appeal to all natures; it has power to please both those who prefer the swirl and rush of social events, and those whose idea of a proper excursion is to rest as much as possible. The island is sixty-five miles in circumference, and it may be seen from boats

LOOKING TOWARD EAST CLIFF AT BOURNEMOUTH

that make the circuit of the pretty coastline. It is the Vectis of the Romans, and seems to have been a favored place with visitors ever since their day.

Probably the world knows the Isle of Wight best on account of Osborne House, the residence, here, of Queen Victoria, where she died in 1901 and naturally focused the world's attention upon the place. Queen Victoria always referred to it as her "marine residence," and here, with her husband and children, she forgot the splendors of court life for family life and the training of the young members of the family. She and Prince Albert took pride in the fact that it was their private property—a home in all senses of the word. She purchased the estate in 1845 from Lady Isabella Blackford, and built the present edifice, which is surrounded by five thousand acres of park and grounds, with a seafront of nearly two miles. It has been said that one of the most

impressive spectacles of modern times was the passage of the royal coffin from Osborne House to the mainland, the yacht being followed by others bearing the royal mourners and slowly passing between lanes of the warships of all nations, somber minute-guns breaking the silence. The property was presented to the nation in 1902 by King Edward VII and has become a museum and a convalescent home for officers.

Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, is a Victorian watering-place with a long esplanade on the seafront and a pier one-half mile in length. There are many attractive walks in the environs of the town, during which one comes upon ruins of abbeys and churches of no particular historical value, but interesting to find unexpectedly. Shanklin is a picturesque and well shaded watering-place, where Longfellow stayed in 1868 and

WHERE STEVENSON LIVED WHEN HE WROTE
"DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE"
(On Alum Chine Road, Bournemouth, which ascends the hill to the right)

BOURNEMOUTH'S LONG STRETCH OF BATHING-BEACH

wrote verses for the fountain at the Crab Hotel. Ventnor occupies a series of cliffs and terraces. The pier commands a fine view of the town and coast, and of Steephill Castle, one mile distant, formerly occupied by the Empress of Austria. Carisbrooke Castle was occupied by the lords of the island in olden times; now it is occupied by members of the royal family during the summer months. It occupies twenty acres on what is said to be the site of an ancient Roman fortress, and the whole area is enclosed by a wall. Charles I was confined here, and the small window is shown, through which he tried to escape, causing him to be more carefully watched afterward.

Yarmouth, an ancient and picturesque town, lies at the mouth of the Yar and is headquarters of the famous Solent Yacht Club, which holds a regatta in August that is an important social event. There is a castle here that was erected

by Henry VIII. Freshwater is noted for its pretty walks; one along the cliffs to Alum Bay being particularly popular. Probably the best-known of the island towns, however, is Cowes, which has a population of ten thousand. It is the chief yachting center of Great Britain, and the annual regatta in August, known as "Cowes Week," attracts international attention, being aristocratic, fashionable and expensive. The castle at Cowes was built by Henry VIII and is headquarters for the Royal Yacht Squadron, called the most expensive club in the world.

Returning to the mainland, we arrive at the fine harbor city of Southampton, which has a noble history and a prosperous present. It is a city of one hundred and sixty thousand inhabitants, and hither come thousands of American visitors each year. As at Liverpool and Plymouth, the vast majority do not linger long enough to have more than a glimpse

WHERE FIVE ROADS INTERSECT AT BOURNEMOUTH

HUNTING PERIWINKLES AT LOW TIDE ON THE ISLE OF WIGHT

TAKING A STROLL ON THE ISLE OF WIGHT

from the steamer-deck and the car-window, but pass from the ships to special trains that whisk them off to London, with barely a stop *en route*. Southampton and its neighbors repay a visit, however, and will be enjoyed by tourists who have the time and are able to resist the lure of the metropolis.

HIGH STREET, COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT

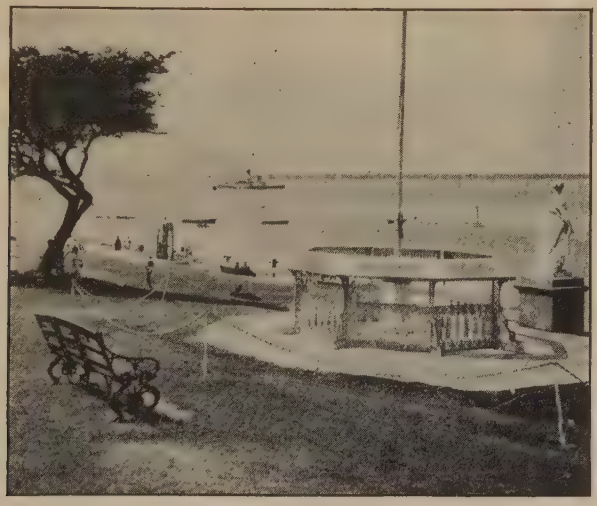
The city has a fine situation overlooking Southampton Water, and it seems to have attracted attention as far back as Saxon times. It was the place of embarkation of the Crusaders, and the armies of Edward III and Henry V sailed from here for France. The main body of the Pilgrim Fathers returned here from Holland and hired the *Mayflower*, in which the famous voyage was made from Plymouth. John Alden, hero of "The Courtship of Miles Standish," was a native of Southampton. The place owes its importance to its sheltered harbor, which has docks covering an area of two hundred acres. There are many interesting things to see around Southampton and several attractive walks, one of which leads eastward about three miles, where is situated Netley Abbey, a Cistercian monastery that dates from the time of Henry III.

If one be traveling by private motor (or by train to the station of Alton), one can enjoy the ride out to Chawton, the little village which was the home of Jane Austen when she was producing some of the best works of her life. A small

ESPLANADE AND ROYAL YACHT CLUB AT COWES

GOING OUT TO THE PIER AT COWES

brick house by a pond is the place of literary pilgrimage. It is now the home of a club, but when it was Chawton Cottage, Jane Austen wrote in it several novels that are held in much higher esteem to-day than they were at the time of publication a century or more ago. She had a lonely and uneventful life, leaving home infrequently, and then usually for an excursion to Bath. Not far away is Chawton Park,



EGYPT POINT, COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT

which doubtless served as the model for her "Mansfield Park." Within walking distance, literary pilgrims will like to know, is Gilbert White's home at Selborne.

A short distance southeast of Southampton is Portsmouth, the strongly fortified port and chief naval station of England. This has been an important harbor since the time of Henry VIII. Portsmouth has a fine situation overlooking Spithead, which separates it from the Isle of Wight. At the George Hotel, in High street, Nelson spent his last hours in England, as recorded by a tablet. George Meredith was born at 73

THE ROYAL PIER AT SOUTHAMPTON, VIEWED FROM THE TOP OF THE YACHT CLUB

High street. One should visit the Thomas à Becket Church, which is the pro-cathedral of Portsmouth and Wight, and where Charles II married Catherine of Braganza in 1662. There is an interesting esplanade at Southsea, where there is always a colorful blending of society and officers of the army and navy, an interesting sight not to be seen elsewhere in England.

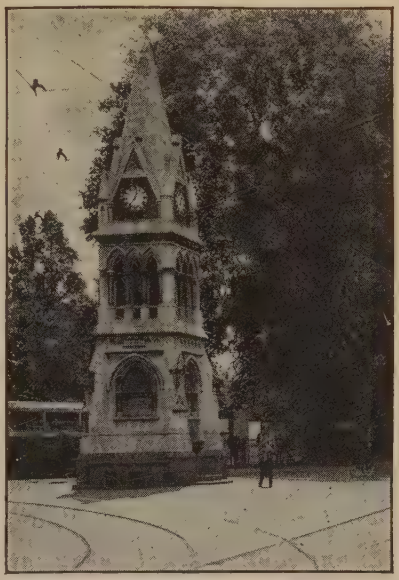
Along the coast is Chichester, a small town that is a fascinating relic of the ancient Roman occupation. Its four streets meet at Market Cross. It is the Regnum of Roman days, and the old city walls may still be traced. It has been said that the cathedral spire is the only one in England that can be seen from the open sea. The cathedral dates from the twelfth century, and has many monuments and a detached bell-tower. Chichester derives its name from Cissa, who captured it in the fifth century. There are several attractive excursions in the environs—one to "Goodwood," seat of the Duke of Richmond, where there is a fashionable race-meet at the end of July. The residence contains a fine collection of portraits, which the visiting public is permitted to see on certain days.

Worthing is a seaside resort with a good bathing-beach and a pier; but visitors along the coast are likely to give it scant notice, so that they may pass along to Brighton, the largest and probably the most popular seaside resort of the British Isles.

Brighton has become a favorite residence of London business men, corresponding in that respect to Atlantic City in America. Back in 1754, Brighton was only a poor fishing village of no consequence; but the place gained a reputation for its fine bathing-beach and health-giving powers, so that a veritable boom was started, and the place has grown and

LOOKING UP HIGH STREET IN SOUTHAMPTON

A TUDOR HOUSE AT SOUTHAMPTON, ONCE OCCUPIED BY HENRY VIII AND QUEEN ELIZABETH



A CLOCK-TOWER IN SOUTHAMPTON

prospered since that time. In 1782, when George IV was Prince of Wales, he took up his residence here and gave the place a sensational social vogue. The Royal Pavilion is an extensive building, upon which the prince lavished money; and as he spent several months here each year, he was surrounded by the cream of London society, and Brighton prospered in consequence. The Pavilion was bought by the municipality in 1850 and survives as a souvenir of Brighton's "grand period." The state apartments are lavishly decorated in what may be termed Chinese style. The stables, with a dome ninety feet in diameter, have been converted into a concert and ball room known as "The Dome," which is popular with the crowds. The Steine, paved with stones, is a square that has a statue of George IV, a war memorial, and a classical arcade with a pool. Steine House, on the west side of the square, was the residence of Mrs. Fitzherbert, the repudiated wife of the Prince Regent. The Aquarium has some fine specimens, and the four-mile promenade and drive along the waterfront is a never-failing attraction.

Leaving the coast at Southampton, we go inland to Winchester, a fascinating town that once was the capital of England, a city of great age, known as Venta Belgarum to the Romans, a community converted to Christianity by St. Bir-

inus. It was the seat of government of Alfred the Great, Canute the Dane, and William the Conqueror. It will be well remembered by many Americans, as there was an American camp here during the war that had as high as ten thousand men. The castle was erected by William the Conqueror, and it remained the royal residence until the time of James I. Henry III was born in it.

In front of the cathedral are two war memorials. The church was begun in the eleventh century, close to a Saxon minster of the seventh century. It has various styles of architecture, from the early Norman to the Perpendicular, and is of great interest to the student of English architecture. Also to one who agrees with Robert Louis Stevenson, who wrote: "I never weary of great churches, it is my favorite kind of mountain scenery." The whole building has been

MEMORIAL TO THE PILGRIM FATHERS AT SOUTHAMPTON

restored. The choir is dedicated to St. Swithin, whose body was removed here and delayed *en route* by forty days of rain. The interior is beautiful and in almost perfect proportions. Perhaps its most individual features are the chantry chapels; the bronze statues of Charles I and James I; the door of the nave, which has a seventh-century grille that formerly protected the tomb of the saint; and the west window, which

SOUTHAMPTON HARBOR, WITH THE *MAJESTIC* IN A FLOATING DOCK

contains glass of the fourteenth century. Among the important tombs are those of Samuel Wilberforce and Izaak Walton. The Epiphany Chapel has windows by Burne-Jones and William Morris. The marriage of Queen Mary and Philip of Spain took place here in 1554, and the chair in which she sat at the ceremony has been preserved. The remains of Kings Egbert, Ethelwolf and Canute are preserved in mortuary chests. The Cathedral Library has some rare illuminated manuscripts.

Winchester College dates from 1387 and is the oldest of the major public schools of England. The ruins remain of Wolsey Castle, which was built by Henry of Blois in 1138; Queen Mary lived here in 1554. About one mile out of town is the Hospital of St. Cross, the oldest of its kind in England, which was founded in 1136 and endeavors to maintain the ancient custom of giving a slice of bread and a horn of ale to all who ask for it.

In the olden days, "Mothering Sunday" was celebrated here during Lent, and the whole diocese made a pilgrimage to the mother church. One may remain here a few hours and enjoy every moment. Winchester is hoary with age; but it is a comfortable and modern city with many entertainments for visitors, and is a convenient halting-place for many excursions.

We next visit Salisbury, the county-seat of Wiltshire,

THE AVON RIVER AT BATH, LOOKING TOWARD PULTENEY BRIDGE

which I always have considered one of the most interesting of the English cathedral towns. It is a city of only twenty-five thousand, but it has one of the finest churches of England, which gives it a distinction over cities of far greater population. It is the "Melchester" of the Thomas Hardy novels, and is dominated by the spire of the cathedral, which rises to a height of over four hundred feet, making this the highest church in England.

The cathedral is pure Early English in design, due to the fact that it was constructed in the thirteenth century, when forty years were spent in its erection. There was an old custom here of electing a choir-boy bishop on the day of St. Nicholas, December 6, and he held the exalted position until Holy Innocents Day, December 28. The interior of the church has been much restored and there are many monuments to hold the visitor's attention.

Less than two miles north of Salisbury is "Old Sarum," a British entrenched camp of twenty-seven acres in area, which was known to the Romans. Quarrels here with the military authorities led to the transference of the see to the New Sarum (Salisbury), and it is said that the cathedral in the old city was razed to provide building materials for the present structure.

If we have a private automobile, a journey of ten miles in Salisbury Plain brings us to Stonehenge, the most elaborate megolithic monument of Great Britain, and considered one of the great existing relics of the antique world. If we go by rail, it is well to alight at Amesbury, where Gay wrote "The Beggars' Opera" when on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Queensbury.

There have been many legends, speculations, and conjectures concerning the foundation of Stonehenge. One is that

THE OLD ROMAN BATHS THAT GAVE THE CITY OF BATH ITS NAME

it dates from the fifth century; but another guess—and all are guesses—is that it dates from the Neolithic Age, and it is notable that only stone tools have been found in the neighborhood. Some scientists have considered it a temple of the Bronze Age. Others declare it a monument over graves of kings or priests, and it has been maintained that it was the chief place of worship of the Druids. It has been observed that on Midsummer Day, the sun rises in line with the avenue of stones; and this fact has given rise to the theory that it was a temple built by sun-worshipers, one estimate placing its construction in 1680 B. C. The small blue stones in the center are believed to have come from the Continent, which is said to establish the fact that this part of England was in communication with the mainland at an exceedingly early date.

Stonehenge, when complete, consisted of two circles, en-

closing two stone rows in a horseshoe position. The outer circle of huge stones is slightly over one hundred feet in diameter and consists of thirty upright stones (sixteen of which are still in position), each having huge lintels. The inner circle, nine feet distant, originally consisted of thirty smaller stones, nineteen of which remain in position. Within this circle there is still another horseshoe, formed of five detached trilithons, one still standing and measuring twenty-two feet. The innermost circle is of smaller stones, and there is the so-called "altar stone," which has been identified as from Milford Haven. The whole structure is surrounded by earthwork, probably of ancient date, and outside the circles are isolated stones called "slaughtering stones."

One is inclined to the belief, after a visit, that the place was made for religious service of some kind, probably for sun-worshipers or observers of the sun, and we leave it with no more positive knowledge than we had before our visit. Still, all who find themselves within a convenient distance from Stonehenge, during the tour of England, should avail themselves of the opportunity to see it. It arouses the imagination, like the Sphinx in Egypt; and, having seen it, one never forgets it, because it is so old that it may be still older than we imagine, and may have played a vital part in history. At any rate, it is a riddle unsolved and apparently defying solution.

The town of Bath combines archeological, historical, scenic and social interest. It is a city of terraces, lying one above the other to a height of six hundred feet, in the sheltered valley of the Avon. Tradition ascribes the discovery of the springs to a British prince named Aladud. He contracted leprosy and was exiled by his stern father, Hudibras, eighth king of the Britons. He became a swineherd, and his pigs

contracted the frightful disease. He observed, however, that the suffering of the swine that passed through the water of a spring (the place is called Swineford to-day) were cured, so he bathed in the waters and was restored to health. Returning to his father, he was well received, and when he became king himself he built a temple by the waters, and the place became the royal residence.

One about to visit Bath will find it of great interest to read "Beau Nash," by Harrison Ainsworth; "A Nest of Linnets," by Frankfort Moore, and "A Bath Comedy," by Agnes and Egerton Castle. Fanny Burney describes fashionable life at Bath in her "Evelina." Defoe, in a rather ponderous manner, refers to Bath as a valley surrounded "with an amphitheatrical view of hills," and speaks of the city as "a place that helps the indolent and the gay to commit that worst of murders, that is to say, to kill time." The water, he adds,

THE ROYAL CRESCENT, BATH, JUST OFF THE CIRCUS

THE ABBEY CHURCH OF BATH, SOMETIMES CALLED "THE LANTERN OF ENGLAND"

is "admirably grateful to the stomach." About 44 A. D., the Romans built an extensive watering-place here, with notable baths and temples, several of which have been discovered within recent years. The Roman name for the place seems to have been Aqua Solis, or Sulis, a tribute to the local deity, Sul, whom they identified with Minerva. The Saxons destroyed the ancient city; but it appears later as Aet Bathum, and during the twelfth century it was the seat of a bishop. Chaucer mentions it in the "Wife of Bath's Tale."

This all relates to the distant past, however; the beginning of the town's modern reputation dates from 1650, altho the height of its popularity was not reached until a century later, when it was acknowledged to be the most fashionable watering-place in the country. People who traveled much, visited it; and those who seldom left home, made it their only holi-

day ground. Richard Nash, commonly known as Beau Nash, brought order to the amusements and customs, and attracted much attention to himself by his elegant manners and by what to-day would be considered foppish clothing. Bath is mentioned in "The Rivals," "Pickwick Papers," "Monsieur Beaucaire," "The Virginians," and "The Passionate Elopement."

Queen Elizabeth paid one visit to Bath—a visit long remembered by the natives, who resented her comments upon their fair city. It has happened many times that the visit of royalty to a resort has done much to stimulate interest in it, and has even given a sudden vogue to a spa that had never known great public favor. So, in anticipation of the visit, the city was decorated, the streets were cleaned, that the royal eyes might be delighted. Elizabeth rode in state through the principal thoroughfare, and was noticed to sniff and make a wry face whenever she caught the odor of the curing waters, upon which the fame of Bath rests to-day as it did in her day. At the termination of the festivities, she was asked what she thought of the city, and she replied simply: "It stinks!"

In the fifteenth century, the place showed an inclination to revive some of the glories of ancient Rome, and the bishop issued an edict of excommunication against all persons who bathed without clothing. Memorial tablets mark the houses that have sheltered famous residents and visitors; Sir Walter Scott, Nelson, Wordsworth, Edmund Burke, Sheridan, Fanny Burney, Livingston, Walter Savage Landor, Dickens, Mrs. Siddons, Jane Austen, and many others.

The three hot springs are said to be the only natural ones in England. Their daily yield is half a million gallons; and the water is less offensive to other nostrils than it seems to have

been to the royal Elizabeth, because it is considered odorless and is drunk as well as used for bathing. The Grand Pump Room, a chief rendezvous for visitors, is a large edifice in classical style with Pindar's "Water Is Best" on the portico. There is a statue of Beau Nash at one end. In the Roman Baths are concert, reading and smoking rooms, and beyond is the popular Promenade.

The Abbey Church was originally on the site of a convent of 676 that later became a Benedictine monastery. King Edgar was crowned here in 973. The present building dates from the fifteenth century and is much ornamented. Defoe called the façade "almost blasphemously decorated with the figures of God the Father, and saints and angels, the work of superstition." He omitted mention of the angels on Jacob's Ladder, a piece of carving said to have had its inception in the dream of a bishop, which the sculptor tried to "immortalize in eternal stone."

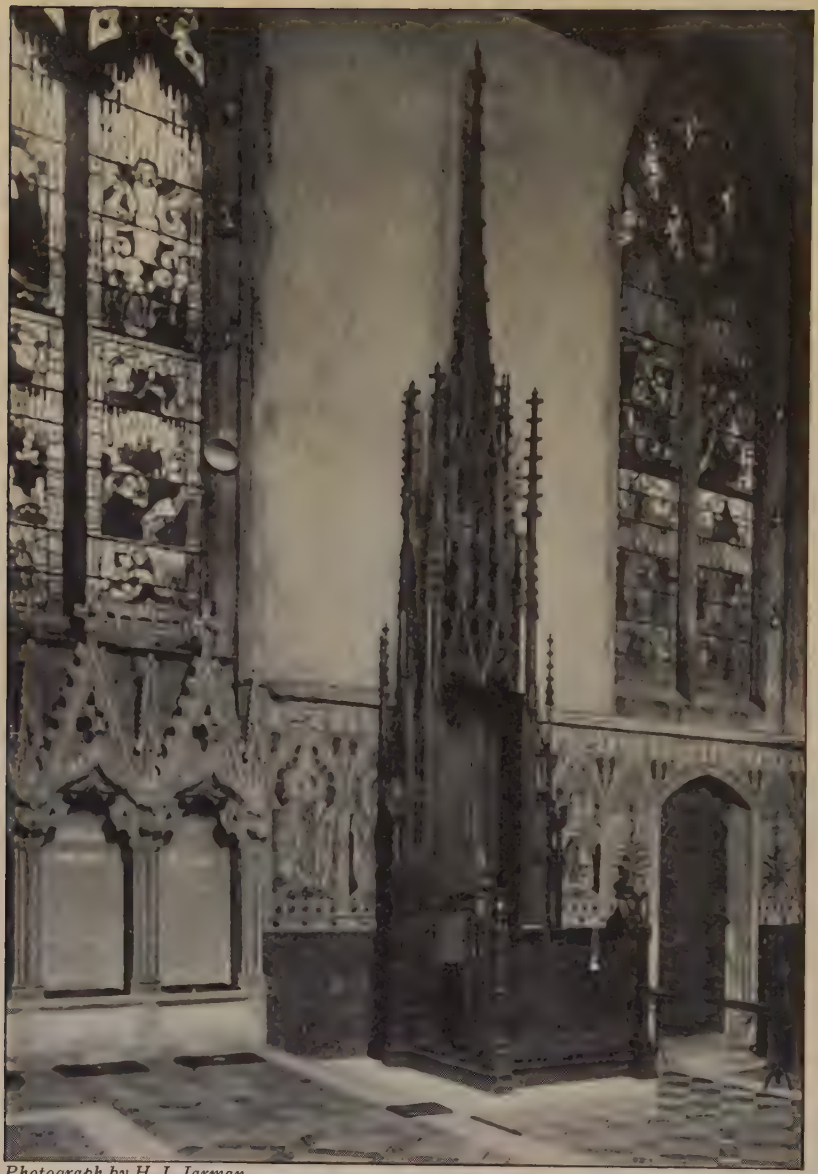
There are several pleasant excursions to near-by towns that will be of particular interest to visitors traveling in private automobiles. For example, it is worth the ride to Sherborne to see its Abbey Church; and there is much else of archeological interest. There was no Roman town here, so far as is known; and it is possible that the place was founded no earlier than the seventh century. In 705, however, it became the see of a bishop, and the first occupant of the chair was St. Aldhelm, earliest of English authors and scholars. The Abbey Church is of Norman origin, but it has been much restored in the last century. The exterior, with its low central tower, is not particularly impressive or picturesque; but the interior has splendid fan tracery, adorned with gilded bosses and heraldic designs "unsurpassed anywhere," to quote one critic. Henry VIII granted the abbey to Sir John Hars-

ley who sold it to the parish for about twelve hundred dollars.

Another trip, if we did not stop on the way from Salisbury, is to Bradford-on-Avon, which has the oldest complete Christian church in England. This church, according to the specialists, shows the analogy between the late and early imitations of Roman architecture. It was founded by St. Aldhelm and dedicated to St. Lawrence. As St. Aldhelm died in 709, it probably dates from the late seventh or early eighth century. Its nave is only twenty-six feet long. The first baptism in the church in eight hundred years took place in 1916.

IX SEEING EASTERN ENGLAND

BOROUGH ROAD LIBRARY, SOUTHWARK.



Photograph by H. I. Jarman

BISHOP'S THRONE IN THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH
AT BURY ST. EDMUNDS

IX

SEEING EASTERN ENGLAND

AGAIN we set out toward the sea, this time toward the east, a route familiar to American tourists bound for points in the north of Europe. Instead of rushing along on a steamer-train from London to Harwich, however—for the purpose of making a quick transfer to boats for Flushing or Hook of Holland—let us pause at Colchester, a city that doubtless was in existence at least two centuries before the beginning of the Christian era, and which has had a notable chronicle that dates from some of the important Roman emperors. It was captured by Claudius in A.D. 44, and thereafter became the first Roman *colonia* of England.

Perhaps we know Colchester best by name on account of its oysters. The London waiter is likely to have said, "Colchesters, Sir?" when he observed that we hesitated about ordering bivalves. Assurance that they came from the Colne is thought to be sufficient guaranty of their quality. The beginning of the season in September is marked by a quaint ceremony, and the municipal "oyster feast" in October is always a function of importance. We may, too, have heard the florists of the metropolis praise their "Colchester roses," because these products of the nurseries of the town are famous in that part of England.

There is much about Colchester to fascinate the visitor, and he should spend at least one day in the exploration of ancient relics in this busy city. It has over forty thousand

inhabitants, and is the largest town of Essex beyond the London area.

According to tradition, St. Helen, mother of the Emperor Constantine, was the daughter of "Old King Cole" of Colchester, whom we all know so well from the nursery rime. If we want to see his residence, we follow the city walls, which still form a rectangle about two miles in extent, and arrive at the Balkerine Gate, near St. Mary's. Any native of the place will assure the visitor that here dwelt the "merry old soul," with what appears to have been a jolly court. The city walls are thought to have been erected during the reign of the Emperor Vespasian, but to have been extended and strengthened at a later date. The city was stormed by the spectacular Boadicea, Queen of the Iceni, whom we see in her chariot of bronze on the Thames Embankment in London,

Photograph by Oscar Way

COLCHESTER CASTLE, THE LARGEST NORMAN KEEP IN ENGLAND

near the Westminster Bridge. Historians agree almost unanimously that Cunobelin (Shakespeare's Cymbeline) moved his capital to this city when leaving Verulamium (St. Albans) in the first century.

Colchester Castle was erected in the eleventh century. The keep is the largest in England, resembling somewhat the White Tower in the Tower of London. A free use of Roman materials was made in the construction, the walls being from

Photograph by Oscar Way

ST. BOTOLPH'S PRIORY CHURCH, COLCHESTER

eleven to thirty feet in thickness. A part of the castle is now used to house the Colchester and Essex Museum, which contains a particularly fine collection of Roman antiquities, chiefly objects found on the site or in the neighborhood. Beneath are the Roman vaults, usually called the "Temple of Claudius." In the surrounding park may be seen fine examples of Roman paving and a section of the ancient wall.

Queen street leads to St. Botolph's Priory, the first house of the English Austins, built in the eleventh century from Roman bricks—the large gate being of flint and other stone.

Photograph by Oscar Way

OLD SAXON DOORWAY

A perfect specimen of Saxon architecture—Trinity Church, Colchester

Slightly west of this is a relic of St. John's Abbey gate, dating from 1096; this gate once led to the house of mitered Benedictines. Holy Trinity Church has a Saxon tower—built of Roman bricks—and a triangular-headed doorway that should be observed. The Albert Hall gallery contains fourteen representative paintings by Constable; and, it should be remembered, we are close to the land that gave the great artist his inspiration. He was born near Manningtree. "I associate my careless boyhood," he wrote, "with all that lies on the bank of the Stour; those scenes made me a painter."

The picturesque and ancient city of Harwich is a chief naval base for submarines and destroyers on the east coast, a beautiful place with a pretty waterfront, a place from which there are many pleasant excursions by land and water. Through it, thousands of strangers pass each year; but they are mostly from the Continent, bound for London, or from London, going to Holland and Belgium. As at Liverpool, Southampton and Dover, as a rule, they pass from the railway platform to the steamer, and few if any linger even an hour in this city. Yet Harwich might very easily be turned over to the excursionists, with profit to the city and pleasure for the visitors.

As we are not among those who spend the night on the water and find themselves in the Low Countries in the morning, we pass along to Ipswich, the county-town of Suffolk, which has a small harbor and several sights that will prove of sufficient interest to warrant a delay of a few hours. In Tavern street is the White House Hotel, where Mr. Pickwick had his adventure with the lady in yellow curl-papers. Visitors are admitted to what is locally known as the "Ancient House," which has some fine ornamental woodwork. In Tacket street, the Salvation Army Citadel occupies the building in which the famous actor, David Garrick, made his professional début in a play called "Oroonoko." It was in Fore street that Sam Weller met Job Trotter. In College street is "Wolsey's Gate," the relic of a college for secular canons built by the cardinal—one of those "twins of learning, Ipswich and Oxford, that fell with him, unwilling to outlive the good that did it." Wolsey was the son of an Ipswich butcher. Cobbold writes: "Gainsborough and Constable were lovers of the scenery around Ipswich, and many are the sketches in the possession of their Suffolk friends, which speak their admiration for the beautiful landscapes which surround the river Orwell."

Photograph by Oscar Way

BASTION OF ROMAN WALL AT COLCHESTER

On our way to Norwich, let us stop at Bury St. Edmunds, which derives its

name from St. Edmund, King of East Anglia, who was martyred by the Danes. At the age of fifteen, the boy-king was bound to a tree and shot to death; and, not content with that, his murderers cut off his head and threw it into a forest, so that he might be denied Christian burial. In the year 903, however, his remains were brought here for burial in the monastery. Following his canonization at that time, the pilgrimages began, and the place became an exceedingly wealthy Benedictine Abbey, attached to which

HARWICH QUAY AND ONE OF THE CITY'S HOTELS

were several famous chronicle-writing monks. According to the legend, St. Edmund's head was recovered—found between the paws of a wolf. Charles Dickens once called London shabby by comparison to Bury St. Edmunds, which may have been an exaggeration of its importance; nevertheless, the small place looms large in English history. The Angel Hotel is mentioned in "Pickwick." It is opposite the abbey gardens and the ruined buildings which contain the graves of the abbots. Tablets here mark the spot where twenty-five barons pledged themselves before the high altar to obtain from King John demands that formed the basis of the Magna

Carta, which was granted in the following winter.

There have been many royal visits to this comparatively small city. When King John visited the shrine, it is recorded that "he gave nothing at all honorable or beneficial to the saint, except thirteen pence sterling, which he paid for a mass for himself, on which he departed from us." Queen Elizabeth drove over from Long Melford in 1578; but many years elapsed between her visit and that of Edward VII and Queen Alexandra in 1904. Edward the Confessor granted the place a mint in the eleventh century, and the miracle plays performed here were famous until the twelfth century. Pickwick stopped an elopement "in this handsome little town of handsome and thriving appearance." Defoe wrote: "Such as the town is for situation, is the neighborhood and gentry about it for politeness; and no place glories in handsomer ladies and better families." Carlyle's description in "Past and Present" is as appropriate to-day as when it was written. He speaks of it as "a prosperous, brick town, beautifully diversifying with its clear brick houses and ancient clean streets . . . the general grassy face of Suffolk, looking out right pleasantly . . . towards the rising sun," and having on its edge, "long, black and massive, a range of monastic ruins."

Photograph by H. I. Jarman

SHRINE OF BRITISH LIBERTY

Where the Barons swore to force King John to grant the Magna Carta

Being in the neighborhood, we take a run over to New-

market, particularly if it be the time of one of the famous racing events. Even at other times we shall be interested in seeing the horses in training on the heath, and in looking over the scene of famous races. In spring and again in October are the principal events, and the place is usually considered the headquarters of English horse-racing. We are told that the sport was popular here in the time of James I, and that the great events have continued with more or less regularity every season since the time of Charles I. The old Palace, built by Charles II, is occupied by the Duke of Rutland. The homes of Nell Gwyn and the notorious old Marquis of Queensbury are two other exhibits of the place.

On our way to Norwich, we pass through Thetford, a place of slight consequence to-day, but in olden times the seat of the kings and bishops of East Anglia. There are

Photograph by H. I. Jarman

THE ABBOTS' BRIDGE AT BURY ST. EDMUNDS

From a painting by A. Lankester *Photograph by H. I. Jarman*

THE RICH ABBEY OF ST. EDMUNDS AS IT LOOKED IN THE MIDDLE AGES

scanty remains of ancient monasteries. Castle Hill, an artificial mound eighty feet high and one thousand feet in circumference, is the finest example of its kind in the kingdom. Thomas Paine, author of "The Age of Reason," was born at Thetford.

Norwich is a much larger and more interesting place for visitors than Americans generally believe it to be. It is somewhat out of the routine itinerary, and seems far away to tourists who are not making a systematic visit to all the English cathedrals; so the American who comes here may not expect to meet so many of his countrymen as he does in places like Stratford, Warwick or Canterbury. But Norwich is a city of churches—some of them old and of great interest. In addition to the cathedral, there are thirty-seven of them with a history—a showing doubtless unequaled by any other

Photograph by H. I. Jarman

CHEQUERS SQUARE AND NORMAN TOWER, BURY ST. EDMUNDS

English city except London. Norwich has about one hundred twenty thousand inhabitants, and it is considered the greatest "corn market" in the kingdom.

It is the cathedral that is of greatest interest to visitors, a splendid structure of 1096 which has preserved more of the original Norman features than any other in England. The see of East Anglia was originally established in the year 630, but it was not until the eleventh century that it was permanently established at Norwich. The church has a nave over four hundred feet long, and it is one hundred seventy-eight feet across the transepts. There are fourteen bays and sixty-two choir-stalls with quaint misericords. The dean's chair is of ivory and is believed to have come from Bavaria. In the south aisle of the presbytery is the tomb of Sir Thomas Boleyn, grandfather of Anne Boleyn. On the north side

of the altar lies Sir Thomas Erpingham, the "good old knight" of "Henry V." The church has spacious cloisters and many tombs of interest. Edith Cavell's body is interred in Life's Green, near the apse of the cathedral.

It is related that when King George—then still Prince of Wales—visited the Cathedral with Kaiser Wilhelm, he called attention, among the corbels, to the heads of Saxons with long mustaches twirled up at the ends. He spoke of its war-like appearance and is supposed to have remarked, "Look at history repeating itself"; and the Kaiser is reported to have had a good laugh at the joke.

The Castle of Norwich dates from the twelfth century and at the present time contains rooms illustrating "Norwich Through the Centuries." From the top of the Castle a fine

Photograph by H. I. Jarman

WHERE MARY TUDOR IS BURIED—ST. MARY'S CHURCH, BURY ST. EDMUNDS

view of the city may be obtained. The Guildhall in the market-place retains many Tudor fittings and has Nelson's sword. Back of this is the Library, which was founded in 1608. St. Peter Mancroft Church stands at the south end of the market-place. There is some fine glass in the east window, and the sacristy has fine old plate and illuminated manuscripts. Sir Thomas Browne, author of "Religio Medici" and "Urn Burial," is buried here and has a bronze statue and mural monument. Strangers Hall is used as a folk-museum. The Banqueting Hall has a musicians' gallery, and the kitchen has lighting and cooking utensils that should be observed. In Bridewell Alley is a long wall, usually considered the best example of squared flint work in England. St. Andrews Hall, once a Dominican priory, is a concert hall; opposite is Suckling House, a fine example of a burgess's mansion of the fourteenth century. "Old" Crome, the artist, is buried in the Church of St. George-at-Colegate. Borrow House is a museum that contains books, portraits and manuscripts of George Borrow. A famous view of the city, described by Borrow in "Lavengro" and often painted by "Old" Crome, is obtained from Mousehold Heath, northeast of the town. Three miles outside the town is Hingham church, which contains a bust of Abraham Lincoln, placed there by the Lincoln Ancestors Memorial Association. Robert Lincoln, the earliest known ancestor, was buried in this church in the sixteenth century. About three miles south of Norwich is Colster St. Edmund, the site of an ancient Roman camp.

From Norwich we go to Yarmouth, the favorite seaside resort of the East Coast and a busy fishing port, which lies upon a narrow strip of land between the Yare and the sea. A marked feature of the city, which has over sixty thousand inhabitants, is the so-called Rows, a series of narrow lanes,

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NORWICH CATHEDRAL, BUILT SOON AFTER THE NORMAN CONQUEST

which run at right angles to the river and the sea, giving the place the appearance of a huge gridiron. This unusual street arrangement will prompt visitors to make a closer inspection, and of particular interest are the widest, Broad and Market Rows (about six feet in width) and Kitty Witches Row (not quite thirty inches in width). There are one hundred forty-five of these thoroughfares, in which one has a view not duplicated in England.

The parish church of St. Nicholas is one of the largest in the kingdom, having an area of nearly twenty-four thousand feet. It was founded in the year 1101, but little or nothing remains of the original structure. Among the treasures are: a revolving reading-desk of the sixteenth century, a "Breeches" and a "Vinegar" Bible, two canopied tombs, and an elaborate pulpit. A window memorializes Sarah Martin, a

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NORWICH CASTLE VIEWED ACROSS THE SHEEP-MARKET

Photograph by A. & S. Yallop

A TYPICAL YARMOUTH "ROW"

dressmaker, who was a noted Sunday-school teacher and prison-visitor. Number four Quay street is a refronted Tudor house, in which the Parliamentary leaders met to decide the fate of Charles I. The Old Tolhouse is now a local museum. It is of fourteenth-century construction, and has an exterior staircase and dungeons. Near it are the remains of the old Grayfriars' Cloisters, with rude but somewhat interesting carving. In summer and autumn the tourist should visit the river and see the extensive fishing industry operating to capacity on account of the mackerel and herring catch at that time. The smoking or "blowing" of herrings has given their name the "Yarmouth bloaters," which are known around the world. In St. George's Park is the war memorial to the Yarmouth mine-sweepers. Edward FitzGerald wrote: "Went to Yarmouth and took a great fancy to it. The sands are very good, I assure you, and then, when one is weary of the sea, there is the good old town to fall back upon."

We have arrived in the "Broadland," the district of the Norfolk Broads, which has an area of about five thousand acres, with two hundred miles of navigable waterways. These waterways have become extremely popular with yachtsmen and are the scenes of many regattas. The district is a triangle of land, the apex at Norwich, and the base the

Photograph by A. & S. Yallop

ROCK GARDENS AND PARADE AT GREAT YARMOUTH

coastline between Lowestoft and Palling. One's first impression is of the striking resemblance to the Dutch landscape—the windmills, lagoons and canals, bordered by vast expanses of reeds, and lacking only the great numbers of cattle to complete the picture of Holland. The villages of Broadland are picturesque and the inhabitants have many quaint customs. Here the tourists with leisure will hire wherries, the characteristic boats of the district, enjoy good angling, and make voyages of "discovery" in the small and seldom-used channels.

If we follow the coastline, as we have done so frequently in these excursions, we shall come to Boston, a seaport of about sixteen thousand inhabitants, which makes a particular appeal to Americans, because it is the mother-town of one of the largest of American cities. The chief point of interest to

the visitor is the large parish church dedicated to St. Botolph. It has a huge tower that rises nearly three hundred feet from the ground, topped with an octagonal lantern, which contains chimes of thirty-six bells. Owing to the tower's blunt appearance, it is known as the "Boston Stump"; its base probably is much older than the rest of the edifice, and is believed to occupy the site of an earlier church. At the west porch of the church there is a chapel—restored in 1857 by means of subscriptions in Boston, Massachusetts—in memory of John Cotton, who was vicar here before he went to America.

The church is dedicated to one of two boys, Botolph and Adolph, members of a noble Saxon family, who were converted to Christianity. They were sent to school at Utrecht, where Adolph became an abbot; Botolph returned to East Anglia and asked the king for land upon which to erect a

Photograph by A. & S. Yallop

CENTRAL PARADE, GREAT YARMOUTH, ON A BRIGHT DAY

Photograph by G. E. Hackford

BOSTON, ENGLAND, LOOKING ACROSS THE HAVEN TOWARD ST. BOTOLPH'S CHURCH

building for Christian worship. The site of Boston was given to him, and he organized a brotherhood, which vowed to produce everything that it used. The place prospered; but in 1287 there was a mock tournament between monks and canons in which people from Boston and everywhere were invited to participate. A large number of enemies thus gained access to the city in disguise, looted and burned much of the town, and caused general havoc. The May Fair, which dates from an even earlier period, however, survives and is celebrated annually.

Grimsby, usually considered the largest fishing port in the world, has no relics of antiquity, but is believed to be very old. Its chief interest to the visitor is the busy scene of the docks and the fish-market. The fishing fleet that calls it the

home port consists of fully seven hundred steam-trawlers, and the catch of fish in a normal year is one hundred seventy-five thousand tons. Visitors are interested in the landing of the huge catches, the sorting, dressing for the market, auctions, and the distribution to waiting trains, which carry the fresh product to all parts of the land.

Photograph by G. E. Hackford

CHAPEL IN ST. BOTOLPH'S CHURCH, BOSTON

Restored by New England Bostonians in memory of John Cotton, once vicar here

X CAMBRIDGE AND POINTS NORTH

MAIN ENTRANCE TO KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, AND ITS BEAUTIFUL CHAPEL

X

CAMBRIDGE AND POINTS NORTH

CAMBRIDGE, a country town of sixty thousand inhabitants, is known to the world as the seat of one of England's two greatest universities. It has little of the natural charm of the Oxford scene, being situated on a flat plain; but it is made attractive by its splendid college buildings and its avenue of trees and gardens. There is always a rivalry between the two university towns, and there are enthusiasts for each; and perhaps the visitor finds as much to please him in one place as the other. As at Oxford, it is likely that extravagant claims are made in regard to the age of the place as a seat of learning. The local legend is that Cambridge was founded by Prince Cantaber of Spain, and that the school was here three centuries before the beginning of the Christian era. As at Oxford, the colleges may have been the outgrowth of monastic institutions; but the first college, as we understand the word, was Peterhouse, which dates from the last quarter of the thirteenth century. The ancient Castle Hill, north of the town, seems to indicate an early British earthwork, and there are remains that probably are of a Roman settlement of some kind.

Commencement Week in June is considered the liveliest time of the year at Cambridge, when the boat-races, balls and entertainments are given, altho it is likely that tourists who desire to visit the colleges would find other times more agreeable. One who desires merely a comprehensive glance at

WHERE STUDENTS DAILY CROSS THE CAM ON THEIR WAY TO QUEENS' COLLEGE

the chief places of interest will find it possible to crowd this into a day's sight-seeing; but to visit Cambridge as it deserves to be seen, when fully appreciated, will require several days.

There are seventeen colleges in the university, fifty-seven professors, twenty-five readers, many lecturers, four hundred fellows, and over four thousand undergraduates.

First of all, let us go to the Fitzwilliam Museum, which contains notable collections of art works. Entering the West Gallery, we see the splendid representation of the foreign schools, notably Paolo Veronese's "Hermes, Herse and Agraulos"; Palma Vecchio's "Venus and Cupid"; Titian's "Venus and Cupid" and "Tarquin and Lucrece"; Murillo's "Vision of Fra Lauterio"; sketches by Rubens; Franz Hals's "Portrait of a Man"; Jan Steen's "Drawing Lesson"; and canvases by Ruysdael. At the north end of the room are paintings

by Hogarth, Gainsborough, Morland and Wright of Derby. Here are also fine illuminated manuscripts. The north dome room contains the work of Reynolds, Hogarth, Gainsborough, Highmore, Herkomer, Sargent, John and others. The north gallery contains chiefly British pictures—by Romney, Rossetti, Millais, Augustus John and Prout. The south dome room has a fine Rembrandt, "Man in a Plumed Hat"; an unfinished Raeburn, works by Canaletto, drawings by old masters, and illuminated manuscripts. In the south gallery, besides a collection of watches, ivories and enamels, there are drawings by J. M. W. Turner. The sculpture gallery in the basement has Roman and Greek antiquities and Etruscan vases. The library has a rich collection of engravings, prints and woodcuts, several musical scores by Bach, Beethoven, Händel, Haydn, Purcell and Blow; also a collection of old

QUEENS' COLLEGE COURT, GALLERY, AND CLOISTERS

KING'S COLLEGE BRIDGE, CAMBRIDGE, WITH A GLIMPSE OF THE CHAPEL ON THE RIGHT

coins. Among the autographs are works by Blake, William Morris, Rossetti, Thomas Hardy, and many documents and letters of Kings and Queens from Henry VI to the present day; Sir Joshua Reynolds's ledgers, Romney's diary of his tour in Italy, Samuel Butler's "Psalm of Montreal," and Rupert Brooke's "Grantchester."

The New Museums contain fine archeological collections, the Sedgwick Museum of Geology, the Squire Law Library, a botanical collection, the anatomical, physiological and zoological museums, and several laboratories. From here we go (visitors must be accompanied by a graduate) to the University Library, which contains one million books, one hundred sixty-five thousand maps, and over ten thousand manuscripts. This collection is considered second in importance in England to the Bodleian and British Museum.

Peterhouse, or St. Peter's College, dates from 1284 and is the oldest of the colleges. Altho its appearance is not antique, it contains portions of the original building. It has some good stained glass by Madox Brown, Burne-Jones and William Morris. Pembroke College, founded by the Countess of Pembroke in 1346, is almost entirely rebuilt. The chapel was erected by Sir Christopher Wren and is said to have been his first complete building. Pembroke has been called the "College of Poets," for Spenser, Gray and many others are among its members. Queens' College was founded in 1448. It glories in the fact that Erasmus taught Greek here and has an Erasmus Tower and Erasmus Court to commemorate that fact. The library of Corpus Christi College has a remarkable collection of manuscripts: a copy of Gospels used by St. Augustine, a chronicle written for King Alfred; and in the hall are paintings by Reynolds and Romney.

King's College was founded by Henry VI in 1440. It is

IN THE PRINCIPAL COURT OF KING'S COLLEGE

notable for its chapel, which usually is considered the finest piece of architecture at the university. Its noble interior inspired three sonnets by Wordsworth. It has twenty-five stained-glass windows of the sixteenth century, and its roof commands a fine view of the surrounding country—on a clear day, of Ely Cathedral. It has had many famous pupils, including Horace Walpole and Rupert Brooke. Clare College, founded in 1326, is only younger than Peterhouse. The treasure of silver-plate contains a famous poison cup. Tradition associates Chaucer with famous Clare students. Gonville and Caius College is the leading medical college of the university.

Trinity College, dating from 1350, has seven hundred undergraduates and was formed by Henry VIII, combining several foundations. The great gate has statues of Henry VIII, James I, Anne of Denmark and Charles I, and leads

into a great court. The library, which has one hundred thousand volumes, was built by Wren. Thorwaldsen's statue of Lord Byron was intended for Westminster Abbey, but was refused admission. Here are also rare manuscripts and books: autographs of Milton, Tennyson, Byron and Thackeray, and relics of Sir Isaac Newton. Trinity has had many famous pupils.

St. John's College was founded in 1511 by Lady Margaret Beaufort, replacing the hospital of St. John. The first court has a fine gateway that shows a statue of St. John and the Tudor portcullis and rose. The second is a good example of Elizabethan brick work, praised by Ruskin as the finest in the whole university. The third court has the library, which contains many old books and manuscripts. The "Bridge of Sighs" leads across the Cam river to the fourth court, whence

IN THE HEART OF CAMBRIDGE—THE GREAT COURT OF TRINITY COLLEGE

GATEWAY TO JESUS COLLEGE

the college grounds are entered.

Magdalene College (here pronounced "Mawdlin" as at Oxford) is built upon the site of a hostel for Benedictine monks. Its beautiful gardens, that run down to the river, are open to visitors. Samuel Pepys bequeathed his books to his old college, and the prize of the collection is the cipher manuscript of his famous "Diary." The books are said to be upon their original shelves, exactly as arranged by Pepys. Charles Kingsley, Parnell and Pepys are among the famous pupils of Magdalene.

Jesus College was founded by a bishop of Ely on the site of a suppressed convent. It retains much of the original structure, consequently is of great architectural interest. The stained glass of the chapel is by Madox Brown, Burne-Jones and William Morris. The library is interesting for its books and manuscripts. Sidney Sussex College was founded by the will of a Countess of Sussex in the sixteenth century on the site of a Franciscan priory. Its most celebrated pupil was Oliver Cromwell, whose portrait hangs in the hall; this portrait, tho attributed to Cooper, may be the one painted by Lely, the artist whom Cromwell told to include "all these roughnesses, pimples and warts." Christ's College was established in 1505. Visitors should see the beautiful gardens and

the mulberry tree that is associated with John Milton, who was a pupil here. Other famous men who attended Christ's College are Darwin, Walter Besant, and General Smuts.

It is a pleasant ride from Cambridge to Ely, the pretty cathedral town of about eight thousand inhabitants, which derives its name from "Eel Island," where large numbers of eels are found in the river. The town is situated upon an eminence, and the history of its cathedral is the history of the place, as the site of the present edifice was occupied by an abbey, founded in 673 by St. Etheldreda and reorganized by Benedictine monks in 984. The cathedral, as we see it, one of the largest in England, was begun in 1083. On the exterior, the most striking feature is the West Front, including the West Tower, the Galilee Porch and the arm of the West Transept.

IN THE CLASSIC SHADES OF CAMBRIDGE—THE BACK COURT OF JESUS COLLEGE

We enter the doorway that leads to the nave, which is over two hundred feet long and has twelve Norman bays. The nave ends at an octagon, which is a unique feature of Ely and has been called "perhaps the most beautiful and original design to be found in the whole range of Gothic architecture." It is formed by four large and four smaller arches, and the lantern is so set as to have its angles opposite the faces of the stone octagon. The roof is called "the only Gothic dome in existence." In the choir there are many monuments and at least the substructure of the shrine of St. Etheldreda. Behind the altar screen is the tomb of a bishop, with a slab of Alexandrine mosaic made of materials once intended for Napoleon's tomb in Paris. The Lady Chapel is now used as the parish church and is elaborately ornamented with statuettes, all of which (save one) have been headless since the Reformation period.

ENTRANCE TO THE MASTERS' LODGE, JESUS COLLEGE

We seem to have arrived in a cathedral-town neighborhood, and our next stop is at Peterborough, an ancient town and to-day much larger than Ely. The cathedral here is dedicated to Saints Peter, Paul and Andrew, and is one of the most important Norman relics in England, dating from Penda, a sub-king of Mercia, who died in 656. The monastery here, with its church, was destroyed in the ninth century. The eight hundredth anniversary of the present struc-

FRONT COURT, JESUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

ture was celebrated in 1917. The whole interior was sacked by Cromwell's soldiers, and glass, woodwork, sculpture and monuments mutilated or destroyed; but it has now undergone complete restoration. The wooden panels of the ceiling of the nave are probably the oldest of the kind in the country. Near the west door is the portrait of "Old Scarlett," the sexton who buried Catherine of Aragon and Mary Queen of Scots. In the north choir aisle is Catherine's grave, demolished by the Puritans, and in the south choir aisle is a slab supposed to mark the resting-place of Mary, who was buried

here in 1587, but whose remains were removed to Westminster Abbey by her son James I. Tablets for the two queens were subscribed for by Marys and Catherines and placed near the graves. On a nave pier, there is a tablet to Edith Cavell, who once attended school at Peterborough.

A pleasant excursion by motor bus is to Crowland, about eight miles away, where is situated Crowland Abbey, which was founded early in the eighth century. This abbey early became a center of learning and supplied Cambridge with some of its teachers. The monastic buildings are gone, but enough remains of the church to make the trip worth while. It is also interesting to observe the triangular bridge in the town, which is now high and dry; it dates from the middle of the fourteenth century. About two miles from Peterborough is Milton Park, the woods of which have many

FIRST COURT, CHRIST'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

ENTRANCE TO CHRIST'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

pleasant paths for pedestrians. Another excursion is to Stamford, an ancient town, mentioned as early as 660. For a time it was a serious competitor of Oxford. Here are four fine churches, each worth a visit. In one of them lie several members of the Cecil family, and near St. Martin's, visitors may like to know, lies Daniel Lambert, who died in 1809, weighing seven hundred and thirty-nine pounds. Beyond here is Burghley House (seat of the Marquis of Exeter), set in a beautiful park and usually considered one of the finest examples of English Renaissance architecture. It contains a collection of paintings, with examples of the work of Van Dyck, Hobbema, and portraits by Lawrence of the Exeters, who were the subjects of Tennyson's ballad, "The Lord of Burleigh." Visitors are admitted to the residence on certain days of the week.

Before going north to Grantham, let us cross to the manufacturing town of Northampton, which is very modern in appearance, yet has an ancient history of which any city might be proud. Its chief industry at the present time is shoe-making, which has prompted a wit to remark that it "stands principally upon other men's legs." The castle was built here soon after the Norman conquest and became a favorite of the Norman and Angevin kings; thus many historic events transpired here. It was the scene of the trial of

SECOND COURT, CHRIST'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

Thomas à Becket, and Shakespeare laid the first scene of his "King John" in the great hall. In 1460, one of the great battles of the War of the Roses was fought just outside the walls; and one of the first acts of Charles II was to order the castle and walls to be razed. Off the market-square is the Church of St. Sepulcher, one of the four round churches in England. It resembles the Church of the Holy Sepulcher at Jerusalem more closely than the others in the country; but there is no evidence that it was erected by Crusaders or Hospitallers.

At Grantham we arrive in a fine hunting center, and it is a town with large engine-works. St. Wulfram's Church, of the thirteenth century, is worth a visit, and in the market-place is an ancient cross, re-erected in 1910. At the church are seventy chained books. At the Angel Inn, King John is

said to have held court in 1213, and here Richard III is believed to have signed the death warrant of the Duke of Buckingham in 1483. About seven miles away is Belvoir Castle, the seat of the Duke of Rutland. Splendid collections of paintings and tapestries are open to the public on certain days of the week. In the chapel is an altar-piece credited to Murillo, "The Holy Family."

Sherwood Forest, once a royal demesne of one hundred thousand acres, still contains many fine trees, and has interesting walks and drives. It is famous as the haunt of the mythical outlaw, Robin Hood. The northwest corner of the district is known as "The Dukeries," as here are situated the seats of the Dukes of Portland, Newcastle and others, surrounded by magnificent parks. Visitors to this district should read beforehand Ben Jonson's "Sad Shepherdess," Ten-

WHERE THE LAZY RIVER NENE FLOWS THROUGH PETERBOROUGH

PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL, ONE OF THE FINEST NORMAN CHURCHES LEFT IN ENGLAND

nyson's "Foresters," and stories of James Prior. There is what is popularly known as the "dukeries drive," which may be made in a single day, and lovers of woodland scenery are certain to enjoy it.

Nottingham is a city of about three hundred thousand people. It is the metropolis of the lace and hosiery industry, and is situated on sandstone hills that slope down to the Trent. General Booth, founder of the Salvation Army, was born here; and Lord Byron lived here while he was attending school at Newstead House, which bears a tablet to that effect. The castle sits upon a rocky summit and commands a fine view. It has been restored and now serves as a museum and art gallery. There are important classical antiquities from the Temple of Diana at Nemi; sculptures, a collection of Wedgwood ware, armor, iron-work, lace and textiles. The collection of water-colors and paintings includes English, Dutch and Flemish works. Here is shown "Mortimer's Hole," a subterranean passage by which the young Edward III is said to have gained access to the castle to arrest his mother, Queen Isabella, and her lover. In the grounds is a statue of Captain Albert Ball, who destroyed forty-three airplanes and one balloon in the Great War. The market-place is the largest in England and occupies more than five acres. Most of the houses around it have projecting upper stones and pillars. The first week of every October, the "Goose Fair" is an event, when the whole city turns to merrymaking.

Between Nottingham and Mansfield is Newstead Abbey, the ancestral home of Lord Byron, who resided here at infrequent intervals. The abbey was founded in 1170 by Edward II as a part of his expiation for the murder of Thomas à Becket; and at the dissolution of the monasteries, it was given by Henry VIII to Sir John Byron. After a few alterations,

the latter made it his residence, but permitted the church to fall into ruins. Before leaving the place, the monks hid the charters in the lectern, which they threw into the lake. It was recovered about one century ago. Byron succeeded to the estate when a boy, and he loved it so well that when in great need of money, he declined to part with it; but when in 1817 he was obliged to part with it, he sold it to an old school friend. After the loss of the abbey, he left England and died six years later. Altho the abbey is chiefly in ruins, it is considered a fine example of early English work, and it is interesting for having a room where Charles II slept on a bed, the coverlet of which was hand-embroidered by Mary Queen of Scots. Edward I also stayed here. Lord Byron's room remains much as he left it, with his school pictures on the walls, his writing-table, and the bed in which he slept when he left

MARKET DAY IN DELIGHTFUL OLD PETERBOROUGH

Newstead for Cambridge. Visitors are admitted on certain days of the week. In the grounds is an oak planted by the poet.

Hardwick Hall, about six miles west of Mansfield, is an Elizabethan mansion built by "Bess of Hardwick," the Countess of Shrewsbury, who had four husbands. It is now the seat of the Duke of Devonshire, and in the absence of the family is shown to visitors on certain days of the week. The residence contains a fine collection of tapestry and art objects. Here, as at Newstead, is embroidery made by Mary Queen of Scots. The place is famous for its windows—"more glass than wall." In the deer-park are the remains of an earlier hall, and on the edge of the park is a little church, in which Thomas Hobbes, author of "Leviathan," is buried. Here we come upon two more estates of "The Dukeries": At Worksop, the chief sight is Welbeck Abbey, seat of the Duke of Portland. It contains a series of underground rooms and tunnels and is well known for its riding school, picture gallery and ballroom. The park is ten miles in circumference. Clumber Park is the seat of the Duke of Newcastle and a palatial structure, to which the public is not admitted. In front of the house is a lake, upon which there is a ship at anchor.

From Nottingham we go to Derby, a silk and cotton city of about one hundred and thirty thousand inhabitants, which had the first silk mill in England, established in 1715. The Roman station of Derventio was on the opposite bank of the river. It was one of the "Five Boroughs," and during the Anglo-Saxon period was a town of importance. It is the Stoniton of George Eliot's "Adam Bede" and the birthplace of Joseph Wright, the artist, usually known as "Wright of Derby." All Saints Church is the cathedral of the new dio-

cese of Derby, and contains the tomb of "Bess of Hardwick."

It is a pleasant excursion from here to Haddon Hall, an almost perfect specimen of the baronial mansion, residence of the Duke of Rutland. The hall passed to the Vernons in the middle of the twelfth century, by marriage, and was held by them for four centuries. Toward the close of the sixteenth century, Dorothy Vernon married Sir John Manners, ancestor of the present owner. The story of the elopement of Dorothy is a fabrication. It is believed that the hall was once a fortified enclosure, but it "showed a tendency from an early date to rid itself of a military character." The old house, long uninhabited, is now, I believe, being restored for occupation by a member of the Duke of Rutland's family. The bailiff's accounts of one Christmas celebration here, long ago, give an idea of the hospitality that was dispensed. During the 1600's, each year there were slaughtered here thirty to forty oxen, four hundred to five hundred sheep, and eight or ten swine, proving that beef and mutton were as popular in England then as they are to-day. It is recorded in these accounts that the steward "paid George Wood, the cook, for helping in pastry all Christmas, three shillings; paid W. Creswick for pulling fowls and poultry all Christmas, three and six; paid Thomas Shaw, the piper, for piping all day ditto two shillings"; and we learn from the same source that Otto Bramwell and his kinswoman were paid for their dancing. Henry James wrote: "As I stood in the luminous dusk, weaving the romance of the spot, I divined a Dorothy Vernon and felt very much like a Lord John."

The interesting chapel dates from the twelfth century and has a Norman fort, a fourteenth-century vestment chest, and some old glass. Other points of interest about the place are the banqueting hall, the drawing-room tapestry, the long

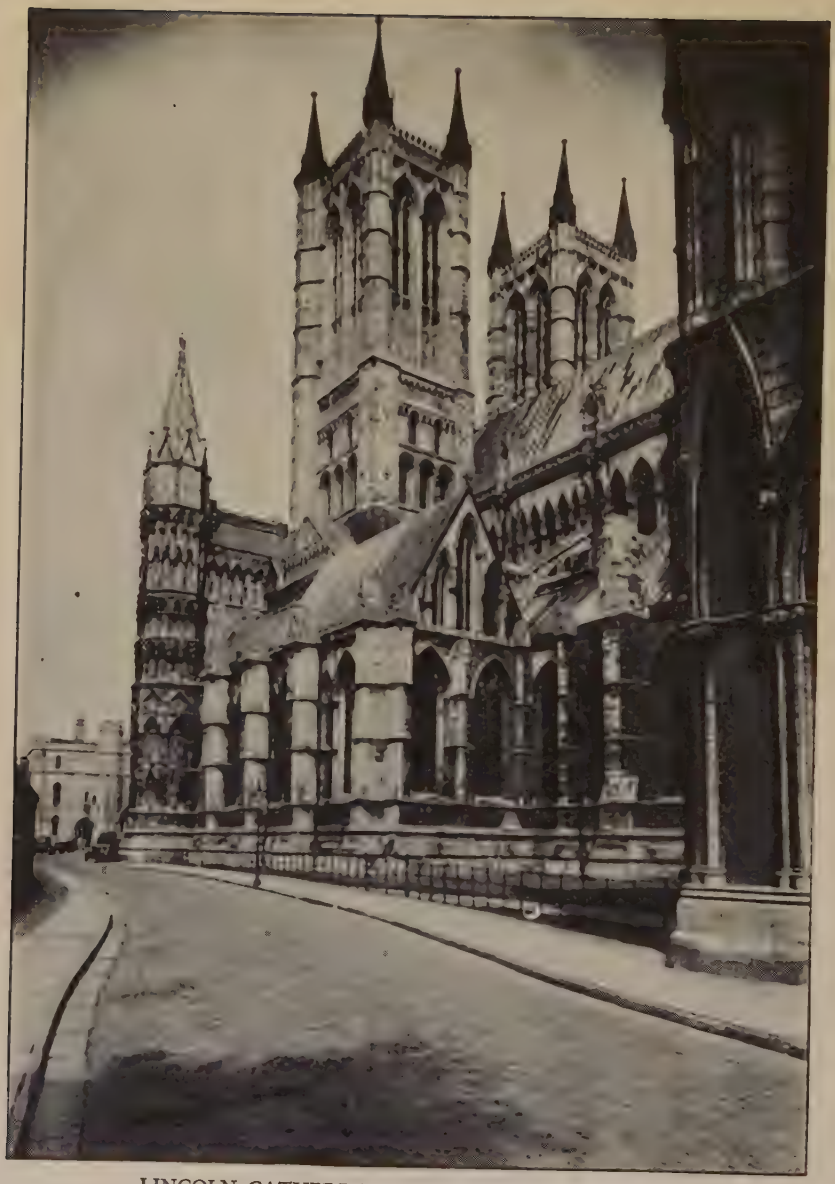
gallery, paneled from floor to ceiling, and the anteroom with stone steps, by which Dorothy is supposed to have started on her famous elopement.

About seven miles from Derby is Chatsworth (seat of the Duke of Devonshire), a stately mansion nearly six hundred feet long, built by the first duke. It is another magnificent example of the English country estate, developed upon a scale that is exceedingly rare or non-existent to-day. The park is open to visitors at all times and is historically interesting and very beautiful. Here, for example, is what is known as "Queen Mary's Bower," said to have been a favorite retreat when she was held a prisoner here. At the western limit of the park is Edensor, a model village, in the churchyard of which are buried the Cavendishes, who were occupants of Chatsworth for centuries. The gardens of the great estate may be visited upon payment of a small fee. They are formal in character, French behind the residence and Italian in front of it; and the fountains are as beautiful as some of those in the palatial gardens of the Continent. There is a grand flooded stairway, and the "Emperor" throws a jet of water nearly three hundred feet high.

The residence has a painted hall, upon the walls of which are representations of great events in the life of Julius Cæsar. The chapel is decorated with carved pear-wood and fine marbles. In the Sketch Gallery is a rare collection of drawings, formed by the second duke, containing works of Michelangelo, Raphael, Leonardo, Titian, Correggio, Rubens, Rembrandt, Holbein, Andrea del Sarto, Guido Reni, Veronese and Van Dyck. In the China Room is Jan Van Eyck's famous "Consecration of the Archbishop Becket." The state bedroom has a ceiling painting of Aurora chasing away the night. On we go through one gorgeous apartment after an-

other, which it is not the purpose of this volume to describe. Some of the rooms have been dismantled; but the foregoing doubtless conveys an appropriate idea of the state in which the owners of these great English country residences live.

XI AROUND MANCHESTER



LINCOLN CATHEDRAL, REGARDED BY MANY AS
ENGLAND'S FINEST CHURCH

BOROUGH ROAD LIBRARY, SOUTHWARK.

XI

AROUND MANCHESTER

THE tourist does not look forward with keen relish to his visit to Manchester or any of the manufacturing towns in the great industrial heart of England. "One of the reasons we came to the countryside of England is to get away from turning wheels, smoke-laden air and the busy life that we know at home" is the usual excuse of Americans who do not pause in this region. "We see enough shops and factories, enough machine laborers at home; what pleases us more are the pretty hawthorn-bordered lanes, the country folk of the villages and towns, the old timbered houses and ancient, ivy-covered chapels and churches." It is advisable, however, for the American visitor to obtain at least a glimpse of these great manufacturing centers of the north, to contrast them with similar cities in our own country; and one who approaches them with an open mind, eliminating all recollection of the somewhat exaggerated report of their smoke and activity, will find much of interest; and he will have the satisfaction of knowing that he has not only *seen* England, but that he is in a position to understand it better than would otherwise be possible.

Manchester may prove to be a delightful city to see, and a day or two will not be misspent in "Cottonopolis," as it is called on account of its vast cotton products. It is the fourth largest city in England and is surrounded by twenty-seven densely populated towns, all lying within a radius of fifteen

miles from the heart of the city. It is a bustling modern city and seems to be a creation of modern times, yet it has an ancient history and as far back as the fourteenth century was noted as a center for the manufacture of woolen and linen goods. This industry received an impetus from the large number of Flemish immigrants who came over in the time of Edward III. The advent of steam was another boon, as were also the moist climate and the coal supply; and then came the great Ship Canal, making the place one of the most prosperous in England. But the town of the Mancurians (as they are still called) dates far back to the days of the Roman occupation, when it was known as Mancurium. The Saxon town that followed it was situated around the present cathedral.

The city has many famous sons and daughters, including

Photograph by Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

THE EXCHANGE, MANCHESTER, WHERE LANCASHIRE MILL OWNERS COME TO BUY COTTON

Photograph by Judges, Ltd.

MANCHESTER'S IMPOSING TOWN HALL, IN THE CITY'S BUSIEST CENTER

Thomas De Quincey, who wrote his "Vision of Sudden Death" here; Harrison Ainsworth, the popular novelist; David Lloyd George, who was born in New York place; and Ann Lee, the former Manchester factory girl who founded the American Society of Shakers. Mrs. Gaskell described factory life here in her novel, "Mary Barton," and again in "North and South," while living at 84 Plymouth Grove. The place appears in Dickens's "Hard Times," and Charlotte Brontë began "Jane Eyre" while in the city.

Manchester has several good hotels and restaurants. Tramways cover the chief thoroughfares, and a rapid survey of the principal points of interest may be made. The Royal Exchange is an imposing building in the heart of the city and should be visited on cotton-market days, when the buyers

and sellers conduct themselves in a manner similar to the brokers of New York's Wall Street. Visitors are permitted to view the scene from balconies. The Town Hall is a triangular Gothic building with a high tower, from the top of which a good view of the city may be obtained.

The Cathedral of Manchester was the old parish church and was raised to its present dignity in 1847. The interior is not particularly impressive, considering the glories of larger churches in many smaller English towns. The choir contains splendid stalls that have won perhaps extravagant praise from their admirers. One of the brass chandeliers, which are constantly illuminated from Christmas eve to the Epiphany, is considered the oldest in the country. The church music is unusually good and it is interesting to know that, in addition

Photograph by Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

MANCHESTER ART GALLERY, WHERE ANNUAL EXHIBITIONS ARE HELD

Photograph by Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

ALBERT SQUARE, MANCHESTER, WITH STATUES OF GLADSTONE, BRIGHT, AND PRINCE ALBERT

to its modern organ, the old organ erected in 1682 remains in position. In front of the edifice is a statue of Oliver Cromwell.

The John Rylands Library, built and endowed by the widow of a Manchester merchant, contains a quarter of a million volumes, including forty thousand collected by the second Earl Spencer; splendid early editions, Bibles in over three hundred languages, works on art, travel and architecture, and many fine engravings. A collection of ten thousand manuscripts was purchased from the Earl of Crawford. The library also possesses the celebrated Grafton portrait of Shakespeare.

At the corner of Princes street is the City Art Gallery, an impressive building in the Greek style, which contains a

notable collection of paintings, bronzes and porcelain. At the entrance we first come upon Ford Madox Brown's "Ideal Portrait of Shakespeare"; and at the landing are portraits of persons associated with the city, by Lely, Reynolds, G. F. Watts and Archer. The first room contains works by British artists, including Romney, Crome, Gainsborough, Cox, Raeburn, and there are two notable works by J. M. W. Turner. Room II is devoted to modern paintings. An outstanding work in Room III is Watts's "The Good Samaritan." Room IV is devoted to the Barbizon school and the Impressionists, having fine examples of Corot, Troyon, Moret, Fontin-Latour, Orphen's "Homage to Manet." In this room are two paintings by Constable and an example of Sargent. Room V, known as the Long Gallery, is chiefly devoted to the Pre-Raphaelite school, with the following: "Work" and "Manfred on the Jungfrau," by Ford Madox Brown; "Astarte Syriaca," by Rossetti; "Stella" and "Autumn Leaves," by Millais; and paintings by Burne-Jones and Holman Hunt. Rodin's "Eve" and "Age of Bronze" are in the same room. In Room VI sometimes are shown Blake's imaginary portraits of famous men.

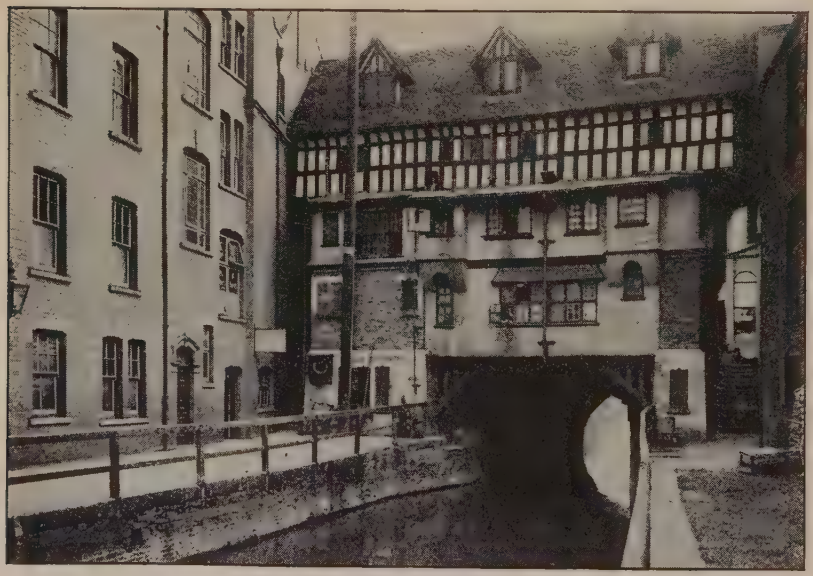
In Whitworth Park, the Whitworth Institute has a notable collection of water-colors by the most celebrated English artists, including about seventy by Turner. In Platt's Field Park is a statue of Abraham Lincoln, a replica of the George Gray Barnard statue at Cincinnati.

The famous Manchester Ship Canal, which is about thirty-five miles long, connects Manchester with the river Mersey (the harbor of Liverpool), and thus gives the inland city direct connection with the sea, which makes it the third seaport of the kingdom. The docks have an area of over four hundred acres.

It is not a long distance to that other great manufacturing city, Sheffield, which has shared the unhappy reputation of Manchester as an unattractive city for the visitor. And here again the whole truth has not been told, even by Horace Walpole, who called it "one of the foulest towns of England, in the most charming situation." Sheffield is the chief English center for the production of steel, and its goods are known throughout the civilized world. It has about half a million inhabitants, and always is disputing with Leeds as to which of them is the largest city in Yorkshire. It is a smoky city, but has many attractive features, one of which is that it is close to the Peak District. The manor of Hallam, which embraces part of Sheffield and near-by territory, came into the possession of the Howards in the seventeenth century, and the present representative of the family, the Duke of Norfolk, is still the largest landowner in the city. Mary Queen of

VIEW OF LINCOLN ACROSS THE BRAYFORD

Scots spent many years here in the custody of the Earl of Shrewsbury, part of the time in the Norman castle and part at the manor lodge. The town has been famous for its cutlery for centuries—at least since the time of Chaucer—altho the product is chiefly from Swedish ore. The Church of Saints Peter and Paul has been the cathedral since 1913; but, as at Manchester, the edifice compares unfavorably with similar piles in many small English towns. Across from the church is Cutler's Hall, where an annual feast is held in November. The Mappin Art Gallery contains a collection of interesting water-colors and oil paintings. In the southern suburb of Heeley is Meersbrook Park, where the Ruskin Museum was founded by John Ruskin in connection with the Guild of St. George. It contains a "selected series of objects representing various branches of the truly greatest



THE GLORY HOLE, LINCOLN, ONE OF THE FEW ENGLISH BRIDGES ON WHICH HOUSES STILL STAND

art at the periods of highest development from those countries where they flourished." Sheffield was selected for the site of this museum because it had itself "achieved the highest development in its own special industry."

From Sheffield we cross to the attractive city of Lincoln, situated on the edge of what is known as the Ten district.

LINCOLN IS STILL DOMINATED BY ITS OLD CATHEDRAL

It is a county town that is dominated by its cathedral, which is one of the best in England. It was Lindon or Lindum during the Roman occupation, and was one of the nine privileged "Colonies." The Saxons also left their traces. Christianity was introduced here in 627, and the bishopric dates from 1072, when Remegius transferred his seat from Dorchester to this city. Lincoln was outranked only by Winchester and York at the time of the Norman conquest. The castle was built by William I. Henry II had a second coronation here

ANCIENT GATE IN LINCOLN

in 1158. It is usually credited with having been the birthplace of "tanks" during the Great War.

Lincoln Cathedral is a mighty edifice with three huge towers, which rise majestically over the red roofs of the town. Ruskin wrote: "It is worth more than three other cathedrals put together," and he declared it to be representative "of the only art work that England has nobly done." It has often been called the leading church of England, which may have resulted from its majestic location as well as its beautiful design. Parts of the original eleventh-century structure remain, and altho it was shattered by an earthquake in the twelfth century, it was promptly restored, and the choir and east transepts are thought to be the earliest examples of Early English architecture. The west façade is splendid Norman work, with eleven statues of kings from William I to Edward III. The west towers are two hundred and six feet high, and in the central tower is the bell known locally as "Great Tower of Lincoln," which weighs five and one-half tons. Among the interesting gargoyles is "The Devil Looking over Lincoln."

Upon entering, we are impressed by the perfect proportions of the structure, which are absolutely harmonious. The splendid rose window retains its original glass and is known

as the "Bishop's Eye." Perhaps the most striking feature is the screen, which runs up without buttresses or projections to the parapet, hiding portions of the towers of the west front, which are Norman. The center-aisle tomb is that of Little St. Hugh, who is said to have been crucified by the Jews in 1255. The canopied choir-stalls are among the best in England. The presbytery or Angel Choir, of five bays, has been called "one of the finest of human works, exhibiting in every part a refinement and elegance, as well as a delicacy of finish in its minutest details, to which it would be difficult to find a parallel."

Of course, you will want to see the famous "Lincoln Imp" in the Angel Choir. It is at the top of the last column. The legend is that the wind and the devil were on a friendly tour, when the devil said at Lincoln Minster: "Just wait outside while I go inside and have a chat with my friends, the can-

LINCOLN CATHEDRAL AND CHAPTER HOUSE

PROBABLY THE OLDEST INHABITED HOUSE IN ENGLAND
The "Jew's House" in Lincoln, built about the year 1180

ons." The devil was turned to stone when he reached the inside of the church, and there he remains, grinning to amuse all who see him.

Formerly there was a wooden spire on the central tower; but it was blown down in the sixteenth century and the others were taken down in 1808. The western portion of the choir is believed to be the first example of painted architecture in England.

Evelyn, the diarist, wrote: "Lincoln is an old confused town, very long, uneven, steep and ragged, formerly full of good houses, especially churches and abbeys. The minster is almost comparable with York itself, abounding with marble pillars and having a fair front." This description of the present town is fairly accurate—long, uneven and steep. But there is much in the "old confused town" to hold our inter-

est, in addition to the cathedral, which naturally is the magnet that draws all visitors soon after their arrival. It is another place in which to stroll leisurely and without schedule, coming upon unexpected relics of the past, which are set among the buildings of the present in a manner that seems to make each a "discovery." Opposite the Exchequer Gate is the entrance to Lincoln Castle, one of eight Norman strongholds known to have been built by William the Conqueror. It retains its ancient characteristics and affords an excellent opportunity to study the architecture of the period. Going north from the castle, we enter the Bailgate, which is thought to mark the center of the ancient Roman city. Circles in the roadway mark the bases of Roman pillars, and there are remains of a large building that may have been a Roman basilica. Newport Arch is the north gate of the Roman city,

Photograph by J. W. Smith Silsden

HAWORTH OLD CHURCH, BENEATH WHICH IS THE BURIAL VAULT OF THE BRONTE FAMILY

Photograph by J. W. Smith Silsden

PONDON HALL, HAWORTH, THE "THRUSHCROSS GRANGE" OF EMILY BRONTE'S "WUTHERING HEIGHTS"

and is one of the two best preserved Roman gateways in England. It dates from the beginning of the Christian era. The City and Country Museum has a good collection of local antiquities and natural history specimens. To the south is St. Swithin's Church, which has a Roman altar; and in the district are several interesting timbered houses. What is known locally as the "Jew's House" dates from Norman times and probably is one of the oldest houses in England still inhabited.

From this lovely old town we go to Leeds, center of the cloth industry and a bustling city of half a million. It seems that a tour through England offers constant contrasts such as this: one day the sleepy, beautiful and ancient; and the next day, engines, turning wheels of industry, and all that goes to make present prosperity and suggests future development.

This city will not prompt us to remain long, because we are on the threshold of York, and the visitor will have a natural impatience to reach that city and others of the neighborhood that claim the world's attention for their romantic past. At Leeds, however, one may spend a few hours profitably, visiting the museum, which contains Roman antiquities, and the City Art Gallery, which has a good collection of modern English paintings as well as examples of Raeburn and Gainsborough.

A pleasant excursion for all lovers of towns that have literary associations, is to Haworth, an ugly village that has one street of gloomy houses facing a lonely valley. The parsonage of the church was the home of the Brontës, one of the notable families of literary history. Charlotte Brontë and her sisters, however, seemed to have a devotion for the dreary surroundings. "Jane Eyre," published in 1847, caught the fancy of the reading world; but the world was unaware that the author was a sad person who lived almost alone, with her two sisters and a brother who was a victim of drink. She was known as "Currer Bell," and her sisters were "Acton" and "Ellis Bell." The sisters and brother died and left Charlotte alone with her father—a pathetic ménage. The town has a Brontë Museum, in which are preserved the almost microscopic manuscripts of the sisters, and the articles of crockery and clothing that belonged to them.

WHAT DOES YORK'S ANCIENT MINSTER THINK OF THE STRANGE VEHICLES PARKED IN ITS SHADOW?

XII

FROM YORK TO GRETNA GREEN

OUR anticipations are high, and we shall not be disappointed as we pass through the fertile Vale of York and arrive in the ancient capital of Yorkshire, the city of York, whose minster is the largest of England's medieval cathedrals and one of the famous churches of the world. Even with vivid recollections of Canterbury and some of the other mighty ecclesiastical edifices that we have visited, we again experience the shock of surprize, and our admiration knows no bounds as we gaze upon this mighty architectural gem that is nearly five hundred feet long and over one hundred feet high at the choir. Irrespective of the magnificent church, however, York is a city of vast historical importance and unusually pleasant to see "in its green old age, unconscious of decay"; and a ramble about its streets suggests only one thing to which any visitor can raise the least objection or criticism, and that is its apparent desire to transform itself into a modern industrial center for the district. This, however, is sentiment, and the city's eighty-five thousand inhabitants can not live upon sentiment or a love of the past. Perhaps this civic ambition is what has caused York to survive through the centuries and still to raise its head high among English cities, instead of passing to decay and displaying a few relics of her glorious past.

York was a city of importance in ancient Roman days, and perhaps before the Christian era, when it was known as Caer

Ebrauc. The Romans called it Eboracum and it was their chief station in the province of Britain; from 120 A. D., at least, the Sixth Legion of Rome was stationed here. The Emperor Hadrian, a great traveler—he to whom the Colossus of Memnon sang as he was camping beside the Nile—was the first of the emperors to visit it; but he was followed by Severus and Constantine Chlorus, both of whom died here. Constantine the Great was proclaimed Roman Emperor here, but

OLD ROMAN TOWER IN THE WALL AROUND YORK

probably was born elsewhere. York was important in the time of the Saxons as a center of Christianity. Then it was considered a center of learning under the Danes. Edward III was married here, as were the daughters of Henry III and Alexander of Scotland. Each wall of stones and each foot of ground seems to have had its great hours.

Very naturally, after arrival in the city, we quickly make

ALONG THE OLD WALL

our way to the cathedral, seat of the Primate of England, an official title second only to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who is Primate of All England. The site was never that of a monastic establishment; but upon it, as early as the year 627, there was a wooden building erected for the baptism of Edwin, King of Northumbria, and his court by Paulinus, the first Bishop of York. This was soon replaced by a stone church, which was burned in the eighth century. Then followed the ordeal through which most of the famous churches have passed: victims of wars, conquests and vengeance; laid low, rebuilt, burned and then built again and again; sometimes restorations, and then an enlargement of the area covered. As the great structure now stands, its oldest parts date from the thirteenth century; but the process of construction continued for nearly one hundred years. The central and west towers required over two centuries to complete. What strikes us first about the exterior to-day is the west façade, with its splendid window and carved portal.

It has been said that the chief glory of York Minster is the remarkable collection of stained-glass windows, some of them containing what is thought to be the oldest glass in England. There are one hundred and nine of these windows, which exceeds the number in any other church in the kingdom. It is to be recommended that the visitor begin his tour of the church at the west end. The transepts have aisles west and

east, and the lantern is the largest in England. We particularly note the wonderful "Five Sisters" windows, with lancet lights of grisaille glass. It would take many hours, even days, to examine all the ornate tombs, monuments and architectural features; but it is also possible to gain an intelligent idea of the place by passing along as we have in so many of the other churches, pausing only at the points of greatest interest.

It will be well to observe closely the splendid choir, which is separated from the nave by a fine Gothic rood-screen, with life-size statues of the English Kings from William I to Henry VI. The great east window is the largest expanse of medieval glazing in England. It dates from the first years of the fifteenth century. The miracle-working shrine of St. William of York is said to have stood behind the high altar.

SIDE VIEW OF YORK MINSTER, SHOWING ITS EXTRAORDINARY LENGTH

In the choir-aisle is an effigy of a little son of Edward III. In the south choir-aisle is a war memorial, and in a niche of the altar is a fragment of the Virgin and Child that dates from the Saxon Minster.

The Chapter House is approached by a vestibule. In the crypt is herring-bone masonry that probably belonged to the pre-Norman church. The Vestry has the Saxon "Horn of Ulphus" and other relics. The Chapter Library has about eight thousand volumes, some of which are exceedingly rare and valuable, and a splendid collection of manuscripts. Here are Latin Gospels of the tenth century, a copy of the cartulary of St. Mary's Abbey, thirteenth-century Bibles, fine Caxtons and other literary gems.

MICKLE GATE, THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO YORK

The city walls of York are about three miles in circumference; and it is possible to mount them, as at Chester, and obtain an excellent bird's-eye view of the city. The gates are said to be the finest surviving examples in Europe of medieval city-fortification, and while they are not Roman, it is likely that they follow the line of previous Roman constructions. Close to Lendal Bridge we visit the ruins of St. Mary's, a Benedictine foundation that dates from the eleventh century. The Hospitium, or ancient Guest House, contains a fine collection of Roman pavements, altars, coffins, and pottery.

The points of interest in and around York are almost with-

THE PICTURESQUE RUINS OF ST. MARY'S ABBEY AT YORK

out limit. There are twenty-one city churches, each of which deserves a visit. Baedeker reminds us that more than half of the fine stained glass in England is in York. No visitor can expect to see it all, as he would like.

A pleasant excursion of about twenty miles from York is to the pretty village of Coxwold. At the top of the hill is the church to which Sterne was appointed vicar in 1760; the house he lived in, close by, he called Shandy Hall. A tablet over the door records that he wrote "Tristram Shandy" and "A Sentimental Journey" here; but this is probably incorrect, as "Tristram" had been published before he moved here. It has been remarked that the vicar liked his books better than his parish.

With impressions of York deeply engraved upon our minds, we proceed to Harrogate or Scarborough for an absolute change of scene. Harrogate, a city of about forty thousand people and dozens of good hotels, remains perhaps the most fashionable summer spa in England. It is in a bracing location on the edge of the Yorkshire moors, and the air is particularly enjoyed from July to October, altho it is also good in the winter months. Springs were discovered here in the sixteenth century, and early in the seventeenth the place had already attained a vogue as a resort. Readers will recall an account of Harrogate in Smollett's "Humphrey Clinker." There are many bathing establishments, as there are eighty-seven mineral springs within a radius of two miles.

Or perhaps we prefer to move eastward and northward to Scarborough, the leading seaside resort of the north of England. Scarborough is situated on two bays and commands an attractive view of land and water; its chief attractions are the gardens on the sides of the cliffs, a picturesque castle built by

Henry II on a promontory between the bays, and a marine drive that skirts the base of the cliffs.

There are many attractive drives and walks in the region: to Oliver's Mount, with its war memorial; to Forge Valley, Filey, Bridlington, with its priory church that dates from 1114; to Robin Hood's Bay, and to Whitby. The last, a town of about twelve thousand inhabitants, is a popular summer resort, famous for St. Hilda's Abbey. At the east end of the promenade is a statue to Captain Cook, who served his apprenticeship here and circumnavigated the globe in the Whitby-built *Resolution*. Jet ornaments are a specialty of the place, being manufactured from a hard black lignite found in the neighborhood. St. Hilda, first abbess of the ancient abbey here, was the daughter of a nephew of the first Christian king of Northumbria. She was converted prob-

PASSING THROUGH YORK'S ANCIENT WALLS

BOOTHAM BAR GATE, YORK

ably at the time of the ministry of Paulinus to the north. The abbey was a double one —for men and for women. During her rule the poor cowherd Caedmon, while sleeping among his cattle, had a wonderful dream. An angel appeared to him and told him "to sing the beginning of created beings." In the morning, the cowherd went to Hilda and sang his song—becoming the first English poet of whom there is any record. Even in its ruined condition, the abbey is a fine example of early English work.

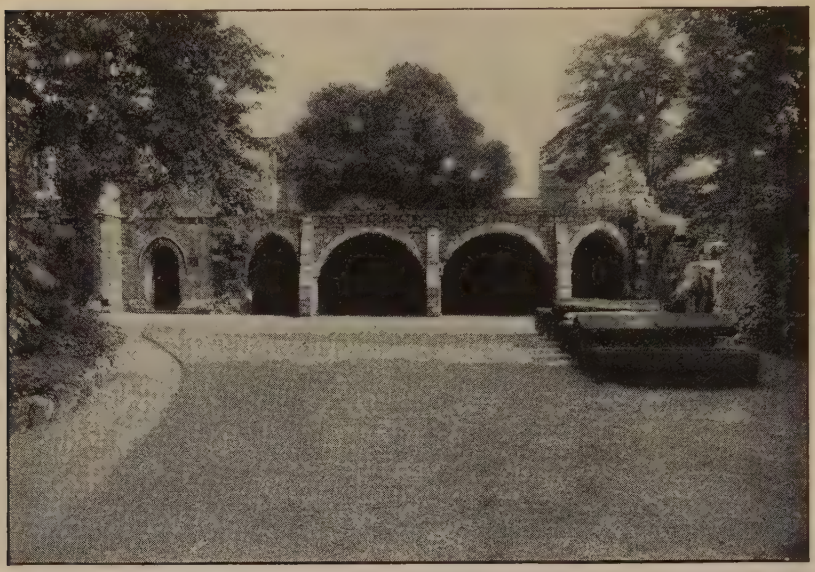
Another interesting trip from York is to Beverley, about thirty miles away, where there is another minster that is larger than some of the English cathedrals. It is on the site of a monastery founded by St. John of Beverley as a college for secular canons. There are two outstanding features: sixty-eight choir stalls that have misericords and canopies—the largest collection in any church in England—and an ancient *fridstal,* or choir of peace, which indicates that the church once enjoyed the privilege of sanctuary. It is believed that the town stands upon the site of what Ptolemy called Petuaria; but it plays no conspicuous part in history until John of Beverley resigned his see at York in 718 and retired to spend the remainder of his life in the monastery.

From York we go to Ripon, where a monastery dependent

ONE OF THE GATEWAYS THROUGH WHICH THE MEN AND WOMEN OF YORK HAVE PASSED FOR SIX CENTURIES

upon Melrose was founded about 660, and where a church, built here soon afterwards, became a bishop's see. Thus the town shares with York and Beverley the honor of having been one of the three original centers of Christianity in Yorkshire. The Minster was originally built by St. Wilfred, Archbishop of York, who made splendid gifts to it. Bede mentions a gold-plated cross and reading desk, and the Gospels bound in gold. This structure was pulled down, and the present church—one of the shortest in England, tho very wide—was erected. The choir contains some fine carvings, and there are thirty-four misericords and canopies. Worthy of note is the elephant before the bishop's seat. Only four miles away is Fountains Abbey, believed to be the most extensive monastic ruin in England. It was a Cistercian monastery for the monks of York, and one of the richest in the country before the dissolution. Its believed origin is that the monks became dissatisfied with the laxity of the rule at York and desired a sterner discipline, which was accorded in their own monastery. This state of affairs was not at all pleasing to the abbot of their former home; but they appealed to the archbishop, who permitted them to buy land in what was known as Skeel Dale, a beautifully wooded valley. They endured considerable hardship for a time; but what they had done so pleased Hugh, Dean of York, that he left a fortune to Fountains Abbey, after which splendid benefactions flowed in from many sources.

Even the approach to Durham is inspiring. The city, almost surrounded by a great loop of the river, is perched on top of elevated land, well wooded, and above the green rises the great Norman cathedral and the castle of the prince-bishops. Durham Cathedral is often referred to as the finest Norman building in England; and the most casual observer



ALL THAT IS LEFT OF ST. LEONARD'S HOSPITAL AT YORK

has some such superlative for it when it is first seen. Freeman, the historian, tells us that the Bishop of Durham possessed world franchises, which no other English ecclesiastic was permitted to share; and from what remains of his colossal property, it is easy to believe that this was true. Dr. Johnson saw it and wrote of its "rocky solidity and indeterminate duration," referring to the magnificent site, which is so sadly lacking in many English cathedral towns.

Durham, like St. Albans, grew up around the cathedral. The bishop held his own law-courts and ruled with the authority of a sovereign; the power conferred upon him is supposed to have been a reward for defending the north marches, so that his see was called "half church of God, half castle against the Scot." The city itself seems to be merely a collection of unattractive red brick streets; and after wandering

about them one understands the appropriateness of the figure of the cow in the north transept of the great church, which perpetuates the legend that Bishop Aldhun was led about the locality by a cow when he was looking for a site upon which to found his church. There is romance about the place at every turn, and it is a delight to wander; still, the first—and probably the last—visit should be to the cathedral, for this edifice, dedicated to Christ and the Blessed Virgin, is one of the most superb of all English churches. It should be visited and revisited if one is to form an adequate opinion of its loveliness and grandeur.

Upon entering, we obtain an unbroken view of the entire structure. The nave has alternated circular columns and clustered piers, and it is possible that the "high vaulting" is the earliest example in Europe. In the pavement between the

A GOOD EXAMPLE OF JACOBEAN ARCHITECTURE:
ST. WILLIAM'S COLLEGE, YORK

IN THE YORKSHIRE PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY'S GROUNDS

second pair of piers is a marble cross, beyond which, in the old days, no woman was permitted to go. The Galilee at the west end of the nave contains the sixteenth-century tomb of the Venerable Bede, and on the east wall are paintings of St. Cuthbert and St. Oswald. In the east aisle of the transept is a memorial chapel to the Durham Light Infantry. Behind the high altar is marked the place where Cuthbert's shrine stood until it was destroyed in the sixteenth century. It is possible that the body of the saint still reposes beneath the pavement, notwithstanding the tradition (mentioned in "Marmion") that the secret burial-place is known only to "his holiest servants three." One should note particularly the Chapel of the Nine Altars.

The domestic buildings of the monastery remain in good condition, clustered around the cloisters. The library of the

chapter has some valuable early manuscripts and Roman coffins and altars; Saxon crosses; the wooden coffin of St. Cuthbert, which dates from the seventh century, and Anglo-Saxon vestments, which have been called the most exquisite and delicate work of the kind in existence.

North of the cathedral is the castle of the prince-bishops, now used as Durham University. This dates from the Conqueror, and visitors are admitted upon payment of a small fee. Some of the chief points of interest are: a doorway that has been called "the most magnificent example of late Norman Romanesque art in England," the kitchen, with a huge fireplace, and the Norman chapel.

We pass now into Northumberland, the most northern county of England. As a rule, it is a desolate region, sparsely populated, mountainous and abounding in moors, and depressingly flat along the coast, off which lie the Farne Islands and Holy Island, in the North Sea.

Newcastle, the county-seat of Northumberland, nine miles from the mouth of the Tyne, is a busy metropolis, chiefly on account of its vast shipments of coal; thus comes the old saw, "to carry coals to Newcastle." The town has nearly three hundred thousand inhabitants, and there are good hotels; still, it is not a place that makes an appeal to visitors. It was the Roman Pons Aelii, a station at the Roman wall, and the foundation of the town followed the building of the Castle by the son of William the Conquerer in the eleventh century. At the Black Gate of the Castle is preserved a good collection of Roman antiquities. The Cathedral Church of St. Nicholas was raised to its present dignity in 1882. It has a fine lantern tower, many monuments, and back of the altar is a painting, "The Washing of the Feet," that has been ascribed to

Tintoretto. The painting of St. George outside the gates of Ypres, by Louis Raemakers, is a memorial to General Riddell, who fell at the second battle of Ypres. There are many pleasant excursions in the environs; but they seem to be enjoyed chiefly by the people of the district. Visitors here are usually passing along to some other destination, and Newcastle-upon-Tyne remains for them little more than a name.

We cross England at this comparatively narrow neck of the country and arrive at the ancient border city of Carlisle, which is situated slightly to the south of the Roman wall. It is known in the border ballads as "Merrie Carlisle" and is the important county-town of Cumberland. It is the meeting-place of six railroads and quickly impresses itself upon a newcomer as a thoroughly modern town; but a glance over the pages of its history proves it to have been an important

THE QUIET VILLAGE OF BARNSLEY, NEAR YORK

Roman station, and its location so near the border made it the scene of turbulent events for many centuries. Carlisle Cathedral is one of the smallest in the country, but it has had an interesting past. It belonged to a priory of Austin canons in the twelfth century, and it is said that the greater part of the nave was pulled down to provide stone for the castle. The famous east window, unusually large, has "The Last Judgment" in the upper part. The stalls have pictures painted on their backs, showing scenes from the lives of the saints and apostles. Sir Walter Scott was married in this church in 1797. The castle is now used as barracks, but the public is admitted, when accompanied by guides; the guides point out the dungeons and relics of Mary Queen of Scots, who was held here for a time in 1568.

Only eight miles away is the small village of Gretna Green, a romantic spot celebrated around the world. At one time runaway marriages were frequently performed at the old "Toll Bar," which still remains. Readers are acquainted with various amusing and tragic stories of the place. The blacksmith here did such a thriving business, it is said, that he performed three marriage ceremonies on his deathbed and died with the fees in his hand.

About twelve miles from Carlisle is Haworth Castle, associated with "Belted Will" (Lord William Howard), who figures in Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel." Gilsland Spa is a quiet watering-place, described in Scott's "Guy Mannering." It is one of the convenient places from which to make the excursion to the Roman wall, which was constructed across the north of England for a distance of seventy-three miles. The wall is thought to be a work of Hadrian's time, altho much restored by later emperors. In the neighborhood, it is

interesting to note, the old wall has been a stone-quarry for recent centuries, so that many of the domestic buildings display ancient stones carved by Roman hands, similar to those from temple walls now in the residences of Baalbek in Syria.

Within a mile of the railway station of Humshaugh is the ancient military station of the wall, known as Cilurnum, splendidly preserved. Here are six gateways, a forum, villas and the prætorium; and in the lodge is preserved a fine collection of antiquities from all parts of the wall. Visitors desiring further information on the subject should read Jessie Mothersole's "Hadrian's Wall." There is also a sketch of it in Kipling's "Puck of Pook's Hill."

XIII SHRINES OF THE LAKE DISTRICT

LAKE WINDERMERE, MUCH SOUGHT BY BRITISH WEEK-ENDERS AS WELL AS BY AMERICAN TOURISTS

XIII

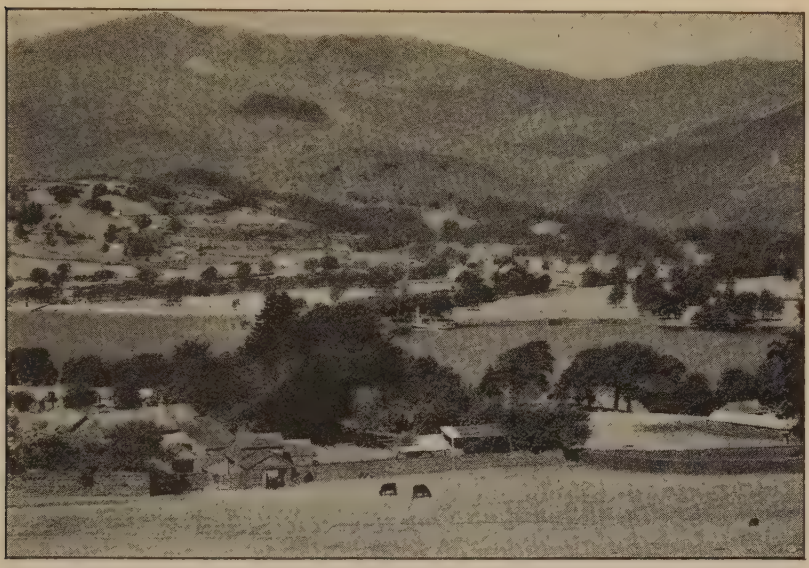
SHRINES OF THE LAKE DISTRICT

AGAIN we are confronted by a tantalizing problem as to the proper division of our time. Shall we attempt to gain an impression of the beautiful English Lake District in one day? In two days? Or can we spend a week in this region made familiar to the world by British poets? Are we to have but a fleeting glance at the lakes, hills and valleys, where famous men have been content to spend the greater part of their lives; or can we loiter among the enchanting scenes—perhaps a volume in hand—and enjoy the experience, which may be one of the pleasantest of our entire journey? These are questions that each traveler must answer for himself, suiting his own convenience, taste and circumstances. It would be a mistake, however, for any one to imagine that the tour of the lakes is made for the sole purpose of visiting literary shrines, just as it would be a mistake to expect the district to provide the diversions and amusements of large cities.

Here is a happy hunting-ground for the lover of rural scenery, of sylvan hills, pretty lakes—a retreat from the work-a-day world, a haven of peace and quiet. James Russell Lowell called it "Wordsworthshire," because Wordsworth made it his own, even more than did Coleridge, Southey and the others. It presents a scene of natural wildness and grandeur, but in miniature, at least as compared to that of the American West; no mountain much over three thou-

sand feet high, no lake more than eleven miles in length; only about sixteen of the lakes, with many smaller bodies of water that we would call not much more than ponds; and all within a district of about thirty-five square miles. And yet the English Lake District is a distinct and happy event in the life of any traveler who covers "the trail," as I have heard the excursion called by American visitors. During the summer season, motor buses run frequently throughout the territory, and there are numerous scheduled "tours" by train, motor and steamer. The district is easy to reach within a radius of seventy miles, as it is a popular center for vacationists. Even in one day, the hurried tourist may get a worth-while glimpse of it by making a choice of two very comprehensive drives. There are two-day excursions that are much superior to that of one day. And there is a well

IN THE ENGLISH LAKE REGION, BELOVED OF THE POETS



WHERE RUSKIN LIVED: CONISTON VILLAGE AND LAKE

outlined walking tour that takes a week. The roads, while frequently twisting and turning, have a good foundation and are well adapted to motoring or cycling. Hotels are numerous, and it is possible for the stranger to procure guides at all the principal resorts if their services are desired. There is sufficient climbing for all who enjoy that; good hunting in season, excellent fishing, and considerable yachting—so that all tastes are likely to be satisfied, either for the brief or for the lengthy sojourn.

Having decided upon the time that one has to spend in the district, there is always the question of the best place to arrive at. Some people prefer to plunge into the wildest parts at once, gradually emerging into the quieter scene; others like to work by degrees from views with which they are familiar to nature in more rugged forms. There are several routes from which to choose. Before we start out, however, if we

expect to have leisure for reading, let us fortify ourselves with Harriet Martineau's "Guide to the Lake District," Wordsworth's "Guide to the Lakes," Abraham's "British Mountain Climbs," and James Payn's "Leaves from Lakeland."

Let us start from Windermere, a town that has several first-rate hotels, most of which are closed in the winter season. It commands a pleasing view of Lake Windermere, where steamers run frequently, connecting with trains and motor buses. The banks of England's largest lake are heavily wooded and pretty villages and villas line the shore. It was on this lovely sheet of water that Sir Walter Scott, with Christopher North, Wordsworth, Southey and Canning, watched the regatta that celebrated his fifty-fourth birthday. The ride on the lake is attractive, the steamers making

QUIET AMBLESIDE IS A FAVORITE CENTER FOR EXCURSIONS IN THE LAKE COUNTRY

their way in channels between pretty islets, and at the head of the water is an amphitheater of mountains.

BRIDGE-HOUSE AT AMBLESIDE

Bowness, which is over one mile from the railway station, has some pleasant views, and the old parish church of St. Martin's dates from before the discovery of America. It has fourteenth-century glass windows that bear the Washington arms. At Waterhead Pier buses meet the steamer and go to Ambleside and Grasmere. From Bowness we proceed to Hawkshead, a quaint little town, where Wordsworth attended the grammar school and carved his name on one of the oak desks.

The ride from here to Coniston is very picturesque—Coniston, so indissolubly linked with the life of John Ruskin. Ruskin was born in London, the son of a wealthy wine-merchant; he studied at Oxford and attracted the attention of the world with his "Modern Painters," written to show the superiority of modern landscape painters—particularly Turner—over the old masters. He spent all his later life, when not traveling, at "Brantwood," his Coniston estate. Ruskin is buried beneath a cross in the churchyard, and not far away is the Ruskin Museum, which contains his manuscripts, drawings, note-books, and relics from his home.

The lake known as Coniston Water is slightly over five miles long, with forested shores and, at the north end, a view of the mountains. Among the pleasant walks for visitors

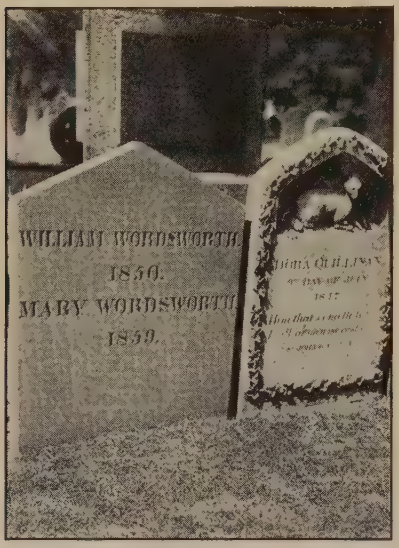
WORDSWORTH'S SEAT, NEAR GRASMERE, A FAVORITE HAUNT OF THE POET

who pause here is the one to the "Old Man of Coniston," a steep rock that may be ascended in about two hours. From Coniston to Dungeon Ghyll is a rough road of eight miles. Duddon Valley, immortalized by Wordsworth in his sonnets, is a favorite excursion for pedestrians. A few miles to the south is Furness Abbey, which was founded in 1127, waxed rich and powerful, and now is one of the most picturesque ruins in England.

Even in these surroundings, where all is beautiful, the ride from Windermere to Ambleside is notable for its landscapes. The latter is a pretty town in the valley of the Rothay, less than a mile from the head of Windermere Lake. It is a pleasant headquarters for various excursions, ranging from walks along picturesque trails to monotonous and difficult climbs, according to the choice of the visitor. In making the tour of the Little Langdale and the Great Langdale, we start from Ambleside and visit the localities of Wordsworth's "Excursion." One could spend a week here with a different walking tour each day.

Leaving Ambleside, we pass the former home of Harriet Martineau, whose writings were very popular in her day. We arrive at the pretty village of Rydal, near the end of Rydal Water, and go to Rydal Mount, the home of Wordsworth from 1817 until his death in 1850. The house in which he lived is much as we expected to find it—an attractive cottage hidden by the foliage of trees and shrubs. There are no relics of the poet here, and the house is not open to visitors. On the road we pass Nab Cottage, the home of De Quincey in 1816.

Thirlmere is bordered by picturesque crags and woods. The whole watershed is now the property of the Manchester Corporation, the water being conveyed to the city through



WORDSWORTH'S GRAVE AT GRASMERE

an aqueduct over one hundred miles in length.

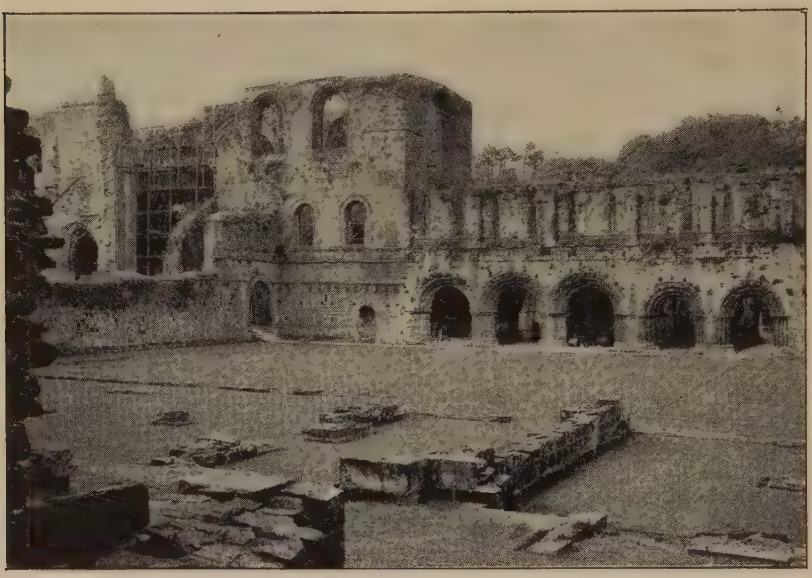
The scenery of Grasmere is familiar to all readers of Wordsworth's works. He and several members of his family are buried in the parish churchyard, and inside the edifice are several memorials. His grave is always considered a shrine by visitors who come this way. The inscription on the monument was written by Keble and notes the fact that Wordsworth was "a true philosopher and poet, who by special gift and calling of Almighty God, whether he discoursed on man or nature, failed not to lift the heart to holy things." Samuel Taylor Coleridge lived here for a time as a dependent of Wordsworth. What are known as the "Grasmere Sports"—guides racing up and down the Castle Rock—attract crowds of visitors here, as does the rush-bearing festival in August. Dialect plays are performed here in the winter months. Here, as at Ambleside, one might linger for several days and cover a different route each day in delightful excursions.

Ullswater, second in size of the English lakes, is a little over seven miles long and divides Cumberland from Westmorland. There is a rivalry between the scenic beauties of this lake and those of Windermere, each having its adherents. Boats ply on the lake at frequent intervals and reach the principal hotels. Patterdale, which means St. Patrick's Dale,

is the center of excursions to the northeastern part of the whole Lake District. Hawes Water is a solitary lake less than three miles long, which has a splendid old forest on the east bank and is entirely surrounded by mountains. This also has been acquired by the Manchester Corporation for a water supply that is piped to the city eighty-four miles away.

RYDAL MOUNT, HOME OF WORDSWORTH FOR MORE THAN THIRTY YEARS

Keswick, a town of six thousand inhabitants, has many good hotels. It is close to Derwentwater, which is set in fine mountain scenery. Greta Hall was Southey's home for forty years. He is buried in the parish church, his tomb bearing an inscription by Wordsworth. The church was founded in 553 by St. Kentigern, and the present structure dates from 1553. It has twelve interesting consecration crosses on its outside walls, and inside is a fourteenth-century octagonal font. Shelley and Coleridge were also residents of the town



FURNESS ABBEY, BUILT BY CISTERCIAN MONKS
EIGHT HUNDRED YEARS AGO

for a time. The museum contains relics of several of the Lake poets. Many visitors insist that Derwentwater is the most beautiful lake in England. Lovely green hills rise from its banks, and it is dotted with pretty islands, on one of which is the site of the cell of St. Herbert, a seventh-century hermit, whose life story is similar to that of several of the Irish saints, who likewise knew how to select an attractive scene for their retirement from the world. Around the lake by road is about ten miles, and there are many interesting hikes in the neighborhood. The usual route is to leave Keswick by the Castle Head and return on the other side of the lake. On this route we pass Lodore Falls and recall Southey's verses about how the water comes down—but to most of us his tribute seems somewhat exaggerated.

Buttermere, a village having many hotels, has a lovely situ-

ation on the lake of the same name. The lake is only about a mile long, but is connected by a stream with Crummock Water, which is twice as long. Scale Force is a waterfall of one hundred twenty-five feet, one of the best in the whole region. Here, again, are many excursions into the neighborhood, including those to Ennerdale Water and Red Pike; a pleasant side-trip is from Keswick to Thirlmere, by way of the Vale of St. John and the "Druids' Circle," which has forty-eight stones, the largest eight feet high. Wast Water is the deepest lake in England and has fine scenery. Wasdale Head should be visited for its tiny church, which measures only forty-two by sixteen feet. The eastern side of the lake is mountainous; real mountain-climbing, of a sort to satisfy even the experts, will be found here.

This range includes four real mountains, the chief of which, Scafell Pike (3210 feet), is the highest in England, tho Snowdon in Wales and Ben Nevis and other peaks in Scotland surpass it considerably. Unlike its neighbor, Skiddaw, it offers some geniune thrills for the mountain climber, and it is not wise to attempt its ascent in bad weather; when the conditions are favorable, however, one may find enjoyment and plenty of exercise in performing this pilgrimage with the aid of a guide and a pony. After leaving the ponies, the climb to the top can be completed in a strenuous half-hour. The last part of the favorite route is marked by cairns.

Standing on the summit of Scafell Pike on a clear day, one gets a splendid view over a wild-looking region of mountains and lakes, from Skiddaw and Helvellyn in the north to the Coniston Hills in the south, and from Lake Windermere in the east to the Isle of Man and the sea in the west. It is a fine memory to carry away from the famed English Lake District.

PRESTON MANOR, WHICH HAS BECOME THE
FURNESS ABBEY HOTEL

LOVELY GRASMERE LAKE AND ITS LONE GREEN ISLE

XIV LIVERPOOL, CHESTER, AND RHYL

ONE OF ENGLAND'S MOST ROMANTIC RUINS: TINTERN ABBEY

XIV

LIVERPOOL, CHESTER, AND RHYL

EVERY city, town and village in England is worth seeing, and there is a natural desire of the visitor to choose among them so as to make the best use of the time at his disposal; but this is not sufficient reason for the scant attention that Liverpool receives from travelers. It is "the demon of blind haste," we are told, that prompts tens of thousands of Americans to yield to the lure of London as soon as their steamers enter the Mersey. Steamship companies and the railroads very naturally cater to the convenience or whims of their passengers, and so these walk directly from the steamers to the railway platform, where a train is waiting for them. By a sort of magic known to pursers and shore officials, the passengers find their names upon slips of paper in the windows of car-compartments, where reservations have been made. Porters and stewards hurry and scurry with the baggage to put it aboard the train. Officials walk up and down the platform offering assistance. The whistle blows, and the majority of the passengers from steamers arriving from America pass speedily through Liverpool and are in London three or four hours later. They have overlooked the city that first extended Britain's welcome and hospitality to them. Liverpool may be busy, smoky and gray, but it deserves more consideration than this, and we shall try to make amends by pausing to appreciate its many attractions.

The city and its suburbs have close to a million inhabitants,

Photograph by Stewart Bale

LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL, WHEN COMPLETED, WILL BE THE LARGEST IN ENGLAND

and in addition to being the chief seaport of England, Liverpool is the greatest cotton market of Europe. Here come the ships from the seven seas, bringing not only cotton and hordes of visitors from all parts of the world, but strange cargoes of spice, fruit, silk, wine, and all that is known as the world's commerce. Strange ships, odd cargoes and motley crews, black, yellow and white, find a haven in the Mersey river, upon which is the great city, three miles from the open sea. It is possible that the name is derived from *lifrig*, which means muddy, referring to the sandbanks at the mouth of the river; or, as some claim, the city is named for the *liver* (pronounced lyfer), a bird that haunts the waters of the region, and appears in the city arms. Nothing romantic about the name or the place; yet there is a solidity and a substantial appearance to Liverpool that can not fail to impress the visitor who pauses long enough to gain an impression; it is a significant and appropriate gateway to one of the world's most interesting lands.

Here it was—in the twelfth century—that Henry II built a castle and founded a town. It was 1715 before the first dock was built, and the place seems to have been of minor importance until the Restoration, after which the shippers reaped a harvest from the slave trade with the Spanish Main, it being the first English town to engage in that trade. It is said, also, that smugglers prospered here in extensive operations. The town continued to grow and expand until now it aspires to the appellation of "the greatest port in the world," altho this is claimed by London, the world's metropolis. The docks are remarkable and should be seen by all visitors. There are eighty-seven of them, and one of the thrills they furnish comes from what is popularly known as the Overhead Electric. All the docks together cover a water

Photograph by Stewart Bale

TOWN HALL OF LIVERPOOL, THE CITY'S OLDEST PUBLIC BUILDING

area of 650 acres, and there are about forty miles of quays.

Ships from American ports land at Southampton, Plymouth, and London, as well as at Liverpool; and at each of these places—except London—one hears the remark, "There is nothing to see here"; but this is untrue concerning the other ports, and particularly untrue of the port on the Mersey. Even the city's Greek architecture of St. George's Hall should prompt the stranger to suspect that the city deserves at least a day's visit—a distinctive city with individuality, even if it be lacking in most of the outward manifestations of beauty.

The Walker Art Gallery, named for Sir Andrew Walker,

the brewer, repays a visit. It contains the Roscoe collection of early Flemish, German and Italian paintings, as well as a fine collection of modern works, including such notable paintings as twenty-two by G. F. Watts, Turner's "Falls of Clyde," and "Dante's Dream," by Gabriel Rossetti. The Free Public Museum has collections of various kinds, including many examples of Wedgwood. The oldest public building is the Town Hall, which was erected in 1754. On St. James's Mount is the Cathedral, which, when completed, will be the largest in England, and, while smaller than St. Peter's at Rome, will be one of the largest ecclesiastical structures in the world. In this is a colossal organ, which is a memorial to the soldiers of the Great War. Behind the altar are windows to Scotch, English, Welsh and Irish saints. The Lady Chapel,

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RUINS OF THE ANCIENT CATHEDRAL AT PEEL, ISLE OF MAN

on a lower level than the rest of the church, has windows showing the women of the Bible.

It may be said truthfully that one can easily go anywhere in England from Liverpool. Ferry steamers ply to Birkenhead, Rock Ferry, Seacombe, Egremont, New Brighton, and Eastham; not to forget Port Sunlight, center of the great soap industry of England, where there is a model city for workingmen—a city reclaimed from an unsightly swamp. Steamers ply regularly between Liverpool and the Isle of Man, Blackpool, Falmouth, Plymouth, Southampton, London, Bristol, Dublin and Belfast; and, as every one knows, to all parts of the world. It is the great place of arrival and departure. Everybody who travels much finds himself sooner or later at Liverpool.

As we may not find it so convenient again, let us take one of the steamers that go from Liverpool to the Isle of Man, which lies in the Irish Sea sixteen miles from Scotland and thirty miles from England, and which is becoming a popular vacation ground. Communication with this point is frequent now, and the journey speedily and easily made. The Isle of Man has an area of over two hundred square miles, and nearly one-half of its native population resides in the four towns of Douglas, Ramsey, Castletown, and Peel. There are many sandy beaches. The fishing is good, both in the sea and in the rivers; and in sheltered places the vegetation is almost subtropical, similar to that at Glengariff in Ireland and at several points along the Irish coast. Formerly, the herring fishery was of great importance here; but one may believe that the natives are finding it far more profitable to entertain the half-million visitors who come here annually.

It is usually claimed that the Manx were converted to Christianity by St. Patrick; but this may be a myth, as there

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HALL CAINE'S HOME, "GREEBA CASTLE," NEAR DOUGLAS, ISLE OF MAN

is no ancient Manx literature, and literature usually followed in the wake of Ireland's patron saint. The island had Scandinavian rulers, then Scotch, then Edward I, altho to the present time the acts of Parliament do not extend here, and the island is exempt from imperial taxation. There are various prehistoric burying-grounds in the island, and numerous ancient crosses, as well as ruins of Christian churches; but the early history is so interwoven with legends and myths that it is difficult to determine one from the other. What we all know is that Man, as it is commonly spoken of, is famous for a breed of tailless cats; unfortunately, these are now becoming very rare, so that genuine specimens are seldom seen, even on the island itself.

After making the short voyage, the visitor can obtain no better idea of the island than by boarding—at Douglas—one of the steamers that make the circuit of the coast in about five hours. Douglas, a city of about twenty thousand, now caters to those visitors who wish to enjoy the fine promenade skirting the shoreline. While here, it is well to visit the Manx National Museum, which contains some excellent neolithic antiquities and facsimiles of all the famous stone crosses scattered across the island. Castle Rushen was the residence of the Kings of Man, and doubtless occupied the site of a still more ancient Viking stronghold. On a clear day it is possible to see Snowdon, in Wales, from this height; and near-by is the seaside resort of Derbyhaven, where the famous Derby race was instituted in 1627, and where it was run annually until transferred to Epsom in 1780. Peel is called the most picturesque of Manx towns; Peel Castle is a grim ruin on St. Patrick's Isle. Fenella's Tower is pointed out by the drivers and guides as the scene of escape in Sir Walter Scott's "Peveril of the Peak." Ramsey is accounted a fine holiday re-

EVEN THE ORDINARY STREETS OF CHESTER ARE FULL OF INTEREST AND CHARM

sort, and in the neighborhood are several very fine ancient crosses.

Before or after the visit to Man, the visitor will be interested in the novels of Sir Hall Caine, which have the island as their locale. His descriptions of the people and the land, while sometimes exaggerated, prompt a keener appreciation of what Manx life and character were like in the romantic and yet tragic epoch before holiday-makers from Yorkshire and Lancashire began crowding the bathing-beaches.

Any one who has had the time and has failed to travel from Liverpool to the wholly delightful old city of Chester must have a troubled conscience, because to omit Chester is to be remiss in one's duty to oneself. James Boswell wrote to Dr. Johnson in October, 1779: "Chester pleases my fancy more than any town I ever saw. I have come to Chester I can not

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ON THIS OLD WALL YOU CAN WALK ALL AROUND CHESTER

tell how; and far less can I tell how to get away from it." Perhaps we may not agree with all Boswell's superlatives; but we must share his enthusiasm for the city that lies on the River Dee, seven miles above the estuary. Beautiful as it is to-day, it was both beautiful and important two thousand years ago; and it has continued to attract the admiration of visitors throughout that period. Chester succeeds in being prosperous and modern in thought, while yet holding its past in something akin to reverence.

For four centuries, beginning about the year A.D. 60, the fortress here was known as Deva, or Deva Legronis, and was the headquarters of the twentieth Roman Legion. We are certain that it was for purposes of military conquest that the Romans came here and remained so long; but one prefers to believe that the site appealed also to their esthetic natures, as seems to have been the case in several other localities of this island. There was an effort to imitate, if not to approximate, the beauties of the Eternal City at Bath, London, Silchester, and probably at St. Alban's, as there was at several places in France, and, even more notably, in the Near East. Where Imperial Rome paused for a long time, it was the custom to create villas, baths, theaters, a forum, temples and the

circus, the ruins of which have remained long after Rome has departed and the conquerors have been conquered; but Britain was a remote colony, and Chester was its remote outpost; so there are few remains to indicate anything of the effete culture that usually is credited with having been the cause of Rome's downfall. Here the Roman walls were solid. Masons and plumbers came, but not the artists.

Frankly, Chester was merely a huge campaigning base or police station, with probably a staff of about five thousand legionary soldiers, well equipped for their duty of guarding the neighbors, who were likely to require their aid at any time. In peace times—if there were any—this was, no doubt, an exceedingly dull frontier post, entirely devoted to military enterprise and under rigid discipline. No such highly spiced romance here as in other Roman colonial cities of the

WATER TOWER ON THE WALL THAT STILL ENCLOSES THE OLDEST SECTION OF CHESTER

time! Some one has said that the red sandstone of Cheshire was to Chester what French limestone was to Paris, marble to Athens, and gray peprino to ancient Rome. The founders built well, and their work remains; but Chester was a stronghold and not a city of luxurious living.

Chester was the last English city to yield to William the Conqueror, who granted it to Hugh Lupus as a county palatine, admonishing him to curb his troublesome Welsh neighbors. The earldom reverted to the crown under Henry III, and it still provides one of the titles of the eldest son of the sovereign.

We reach the ancient walls (resting upon Roman foundations) at the east gate, and climb the steps to the top; for the walls no longer serve their original purpose, but are now the favorite promenade of visitors and natives, and in making

A GOOD VIEW OF THE "ROWS" OR SECOND-STORY ARCADES IN CHESTER'S BUSINESS CENTER

BEAR AND BILLET INN, CHESTER

the circuit one derives an impression of the city that never fades from the memory. We see the pretty gardens and look out over the quaint streets with their old buildings, and we note among our fellow pedestrians many inhabitants who are easily identified by what is known throughout England as the "Chester complexion," sometimes described as "strawberries and cream," or "alabaster and coral." It is said that the mist and the dews are responsible; but, however that may be, we are satisfied with the results of living in this climate as we observe the girls, the boys, and their elders.

We arrive at the Phœnix Tower, upon which there is an inscription to tell us that here Charles I watched the defeat at Rowton Moor. In the Civil War, the citizens of Chester stood firmly for Charles, but finally they were starved into surrender. We visit the Water Tower, which dates from the time when the waters of the Dee washed against the city walls.

Among the unique features of the city are what are known as the Rows, found in four of the principal streets—arcades that seem to be formed of the second-story front rooms of the buildings. It is claimed that the timbered houses in Watergate street are the finest in England. The Bear and Billet Inn was formerly the town house of the Earls of Shrewsbury. We

CHESTER CATHEDRAL, MANY CENTURIES OLD, HAS BEEN FULLY RESTORED IN MODERN TIMES

shall profit, too, by a visit to the museum, which contains one of the best collections of Roman relics, such as altars, coins (Roman soldiers must surely have had holes in their purses), and inscribed stones.

What has attracted the most attention during our circuit of the walls, however, is Chester Cathedral, the exterior of which is best seen from a height. It is an interesting pile that represents many styles of architecture. It originated in a Saxon convent for secular canons and is dedicated to St. Werburgh, daughter of a king of Mercia, whose remains were brought here in 875. Later it became a Benedictine monastery, and the Abbey Church became the Cathedral of Chester in 1541. The building has been restored many times, but in a manner that permits its age to show itself—with a reverence for the old and no effort to make it modern. The stalls in the choir reveal as fine wood-carving as we are likely to see. We are shown a tomb in which the remains of Henry V of Germany are said to lie; but as Henry is known to have been buried at Speyer Cathedral, it is unlikely that he is here. In the Lady Chapel, we see fragments of the St. Werburgh shrine. In the south walk of the Cloisters is a memorial to Mallory and Irwine, who lost their lives on Mt. Everest in 1924. St. John's Church dates from the eleventh century, and Chester may claim two cathedrals, as the Bishop of Lichfield set up his throne here in 1075. The Choir and Lady Chapel were demolished by the fall of the tower in 1470.

We may spend several pleasant days at Chester, making excursions to points of interest in the neighborhood. American visitors always find great interest in the trip to Hawarden, which lies less than seven miles away. Hawarden Castle was the residence of Gladstone, and in Broadlane House, adjoining the modern residence, is a Gladstone Mu-

EATON HALL, HOME OF THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER, NEAR CHESTER

seum containing many personal relics of the "Grand Old Man." The castle grounds may be visited on week days, but there is a "no Sunday" rule. With several other Americans, however, I found that the prohibition was elastic. We were unaware of the rule, and as we had made the trip over from Chester on the Sabbath day, we asked for admission at the gate and were told that, as the family was at church, we might enter. Probably we remained longer than the gatekeeper expected, and as we were returning through the grounds, a carriage approached, and Mrs. Gladstone, who observed us and recognized us as foreign pilgrims who had come to pay our respects to her illustrious husband, waved a friendly greeting and smiled. The monument in the Hawarden church is to the memory of Gladstone and his wife.

Another pleasant ride is to Eaton Hall, the magnificent

estate of the Duke of Westminster. The residence and gardens are not open to the public; but the splendid park of nearly four hundred acres, with its superb collection of trees and shrubs, is available to all who come to see it. The estate lies less than five miles from Chester and may be visited by motor or by boat. The present residence, which is the fourth to occupy the site, is a tremendous structure. In front of it is a statue of Hugh Lupus by G. F. Watts.

It is pleasant to go from here by train to Knutsford, a delightful old English town, which Mrs. Gaskell made familiar to readers in "Cranford." It is worth a visit to the Royal George Hotel to see its old carvings and furniture. There is an air of richness to the whole town, which lies upon the old coach-road between Liverpool and Manchester. Mrs. Gaskell was born at Chelsea, but when young she was taken to

TOMB OF ELIHU YALE IN WREXHAM CHURCHYARD

ST. GILES CHURCH, WREXHAM, NEAR WHOSE TOWER THE FOUNDER OF YALE UNIVERSITY IS BURIED

live at Knutsford, and she is buried here. The May Day festivities attract large crowds from the neighboring towns.

After we leave Chester, there is a choice of several routes through England or to various destinations on the Welsh coast. As we are leisurely visitors, let us first travel southward toward Shrewsbury, and then return part of the way for our visit to the northern coast. Our first stopping-place is the market-town of Wrexham, which has about twenty thousand inhabitants and calls itself the "metropolis of North Wales." The parish church was built in 1472 and has a tower dating from 1506. We recall with pleasure that the hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," was written by Bishop Heber in the vicarage here, and was first sung in this church. Outside the church, near the tower, is the tomb of Elihu Yale, who gave his name to the great university in the United States. He was a resident of this parish, and his memory has been perpetuated by graduates of the university, who restored the famous epitaph, "His soul through mercy's gone to heaven." The Yale home no longer exists, but Erthig Hall, where he lived as a youth, is still standing. Plas-Yu-Yale, the ancestral home of the family, whence the father of Elihu Yale emigrated to Connecticut in 1673, is about thirteen miles west of Wrexham. The sweet-sounding bells of Wrexham church are mentioned by Beaumont and Fletcher, and it is suggested as a possibility that they may have inspired Heber's famous hymn, the original manuscript of which was found in a printing-house file—it was first published in the local newspaper—and fetched $250 when offered for sale.

An interesting excursion from Wrexham, if one is traveling by private motor, is to Wynnstay, which, toward the end of the eighteenth century, received visits from the world of

RUINS OF BEAUTIFUL TINTERN ABBEY CHURCH

fashion, including Sheridan, Garrick and Siddons, apropos of the theatrical performances at Wynnstay Hall, organized by Sir William Watkins Wynn. The grounds of the estate are attractive, and the Tower, situated about a mile from the house, commands a view of the celebrated Vale of Llangollen.

We pass along to Chirk, with its splendid castle, prompter of memories of Charles I and many celebrated men and women. It was of this castle that Dr. Johnson was thinking when he told Boswell that "one of the castles in Wales could contain all of the castles he had seen in Scotland." It was at that time, and still is said to be, the largest inhabited house in the kingdom. Another stop of a few hours on this route may be spent profitably at Whittington, on account of its picturesque castle ruins, the scene of romantic tales of the time when knighthood was in flower, and when "Sir Armice"

gained possession of the property by his prowess in a solemn tournament after rescuing "certayne ladies out of prison."

Shrewsbury, the county-town of Shropshire, is in an exceptionally beautiful part of the country, which seems to have attracted attention in very remote times, judging from the Roman relics that have been unearthed and now are deposited in the library and museum. And Shrewsbury's history has been one of romance and war. The castle was built in the eleventh century by Roger de Montgomery and consists of two huge Edwardian drums and a great hall, the latter restored to serve as the council chamber at the present time. Henry IV triumphed over his enemies here on the eve of St. Mary Magdalene, and the venerable church is dedicated to her. It has a window showing the familiar Tree of Jesse, containing English glass of the fourteenth century from the old Grayfriars Church.

Among other sights are the timbered houses of Butchers' Row; the half-timbered house beyond the Guild-hall, once occupied by Mary Tudor; and the Raven Hotel, where George Farquhar wrote "The Recruiting Officer." We cross the river to the monastery of mitered Benedictines, which was founded in the eleventh century. The abbot in charge procured the remains of St. Winifred, who died in the seventh century, and the shrine promoted vast revenues, which made it wealthy. In his last illness, Roger de Montgomery requested permission to retire to the abbey and take the vow of celibacy. His wife consented, and he died three days later in the odor of sanctity. In the tower of the abbey is a chime of bells, one of which cracked as it was being rung to celebrate the coming of age of the Prince of Wales in 1862. It has been recast, however, and now rings as before.

Naturally, at Shrewsbury we shall eat Shrewsbury cakes,

OFF FOR AN OTTER HUNT AMONG THE WELSH MOUNTAINS

which are famous. The royal family tasted them in 1495, and enjoyed them—a fact to which their celebrity is sometimes ascribed; but history records that they were well known long before they passed the royal lips.

We continue our journey southward to the vitally interesting old town of Church Stretton, the gateway to what is now known as the "British Tyrol," which we shall visit later. Here we have plunged into deep valleys surrounded by mountain peaks—scenes that have delighted visitors ever since the Roman legions came this way. Here we seem to have wandered far from all with which we are familiar, even by report, and we may regret that we have not read more about the region, because it is one that we know must have had a glorious history; but it would not require much imagination to invent a romantic past for every hill, dale, crag or cave. It has

been said that if one went exploring from this town every day in a month, he would come upon some place that would delight him: Stokesay Castle, Craven Arms, Cluniac Priory and many other places with fantastic or alluring names. The situation of Church Stretton is pleasing, and the general atmosphere reminds one of an Alpine village in Switzerland, the Bavarian Oberland or the Austrian Tyrol. The air is bracing and is particularly enjoyed by invalids.

Having gone so far from Chester, altho we expect to return northward, we pursue our way to "Lordly Ludlow," which many visitors have considered one of the most distinguished of all English country towns. It has two great magnets to attract tourists: the magnificent church and the medieval castle. After the battle of Bosworth, Ludlow arrayed itself in Tudor architecture, which gave it a "red and gray complexion" that has softened and become more beautiful with the passing of the centuries. Many ancient romances had this place for their locale, and even to-day it is a city for dreams and fancies. The castle is well preserved. It was built —after the Conquest—by Roger de Montgomery, and was considered the most important of all those guarding the Welsh border, being the seat of the council that governed the Welsh Marches—which Henry VIII turned into shrines.

King Edward V and his brother spent part of their childhood here, and Henry VII sent Prince Arthur to be sheltered at Ludlow Castle when he was an infant. The banqueting hall is sixty feet in length, and we are interested to recall that Milton's masque, "Comus," was here enacted for the first time in 1635. Another literary association is that Samuel Butler, who was steward of the castle, wrote the first part of "Hudibras" in a room over the gateway. The church has stained-glass windows showing twenty-seven scenes from the

A WELSH HOME AND HOUSEWIFE

life of St. Lawrence; and there are several sepulchral effigies that should be noticed. In the local museum, the ancient charters of the town are preserved.

We return to Ruabon and proceed to Llangollen, a favorite angling resort on the banks of the Dee, which, it has been said, has prompted more ink-slinging than almost any small place in the British Isles. Many writers have devoted their energies to attempting an adequate description of the picturesque region, leaving both prose and poetry to attest their delight; but a never-failing subject has been the "Old Maids of Llangollen," who attracted so much attention from the great world during their lives. It appears that Lady Eleanor Butler and Sarah Ponsonby swore "eternal friendship" and lived together here for about fifty years; and that they adopted masculine attire, which was more startling to their contemporaries than it would be to the present generation. In fact, Charles Matthews has left an account of his visit to them, and records with something akin to horror that "they were barely distinguished by their dress from men." The Duke of Wellington, Sir Walter Scott and Wordsworth paid them visits, and the King of France is said to have conferred the Order of St. Louis upon the elder of the two.

While the ladies attracted much gossip and comment during their lives, we are more interested in the natural beauty of the region as we find it to-day. Hereabouts, one may be fortunate enough to encounter an old harper, who will play for the money that is given him by visitors. The music will not be exactly as it was when the ancient harpers let their fingernails grow in order to pick the strings, the number of which increased until there were instruments that had as many as sixty and required considerable skill to operate. Ancient Welsh harps were strung with hair, and great households retained private performers as late as the nineteenth century. But the fashion has changed, and only a few players of the ancient instrument are encountered in the towns that are visited by tourists. The harp was adopted as the arms of Ireland, to be quartered with those of England and Scotland; but it would have been as appropriate to represent Wales in the same way. There is a legend that Edward I ordered the massacre of all Welsh bards and minstrels; but this is usually explained as a "vindictive tradition of an irritated nation."

We go to Corwen and then to Ruthin, on our way into the land of castles. We have seen several of these great fortress-residences, and we are to see many of them scattered throughout the island in which we are traveling; but, as Freeman says, Wales is preeminently the land of castles. Through these districts with which we are specially concerned, castles great and small, or the ruins of castles, meet us at every step. The churches, mostly small and plain, might themselves, with their fortified towers, almost count as castles.

It was not until the end of the eighteenth century that this section came to be looked upon as the scene of excursions, as

A FULL-DRESS TEA PARTY IN RURAL WALES

a playground for vacationists. It was not compared to Switzerland; yet, while not so colossal, it has the distinctive features of the Swiss landscape. During the first half of the nineteenth century, books began to appear, chronicling many happy experiences hereabouts, each author revealing himself as a willing propagandist, advising the traveler to follow in his footsteps. Doubtless it was George Borrow, author of "The Bible in Spain," who was first among the writers to attract universal attention by his "Wild Wales: Its People, Language and Scenery." This book enjoyed a wide circulation, and to-day it has attained almost to the position of a classic. Borrow depicted the poetic and romantic grandeur of the region as none of his predecessors had done. He saw here another and a nearer Tyrol. The visitor may not always agree with his observations, but one who visits Wales will

profit by reading that book—also "Beautiful Wales," by Fowler and Thomas, and "In the March and Borderland of Wales," by A. G. Bradley—then starting out to see what those keen observers have seen, and with the same appreciative eye and receptive mind.

In St. Peter's Square in Ruthin is the stone upon which King Arthur cut off the head of Huail. There's a romantic story, which ends with the execution. Huail fell in love with a lady, of whom Arthur was jealous. There was a battle between the two, and the king was wounded; but his rival was permitted to escape. Arthur loved a lady of Ruthin, and in order to court her, he disguised himself as a girl and mingled with her maidens. There was dancing, and as Arthur was recognized by Huail, the latter shouted: "The dance might pass muster, but for the stiff thigh"—thus referring to the wound he had inflicted. This was too much, and the king summoned him and ordered his head cut off. Any one with sufficient time and curiosity may find similar stories afloat concerning almost every town and village of North Wales. Most of them breathe the atmosphere of the place and fit perfectly into the scene.

The fine ruins of Denbigh Castle overlook the city of that name, which itself is picturesquely situated. Queen Elizabeth gave this castle to her favorite, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, whom she created Earl of Denbigh. The people rebelled against his tyranny, and in an attempt to win their favor he began the erection of the cathedral in 1579; but he died of poison before the task was completed. The castle reverted to the Crown, where it remained until after the Civil War. At Nautghyn, about five miles from Denbigh, was born Mrs. Jordan, the actress, who achieved great popularity at Drury Lane in London, and who received the tribute of

Charles Lamb in "Essays of Elia." She is often referred to as Irish, an error due, perhaps, to the fact that she made her début at Dublin. Her real name was Dorothy Bland, and she was the composer of "Blue Bells of Scotland," which immediately caught the public fancy and remained highly favored long after she had closed her London career and removed to St. Cloud near Paris, where she died at the age of fifty.

On the way to Rhyl we shall pause at the ancient village of St. Asaph long enough to visit its tiny cathedral, which is less than two hundred feet in length, being one of the smallest in the kingdom. The see was founded by St. Kentigern and derives its name from his successor. The Bishop of Asaph was the first archbishop of Wales. In the church is a collection of Bibles, early prayer-books and autographs. In the library is preserved the "Red Book of St. Asaph," which contains a biograph—or what purports to be such—of the saint who gave his name to the church. Here also is a polyglot dictionary of Dick of Aberdaron, a literary vagabond, who was said to have mastered thirty-four languages; he died in 1843 and was buried in the church.

We pass along to Rhyl, first of the Welsh seaside resorts that we are to see. British watering-places, as we have already observed, are not gay in the sense that the watering-places of France, Spain or Italy are gay; on the contrary, the English consider the holiday at such places a period of rest, and they prefer decorum and dignity to the rollicking spirit of extended festival which prevails at many of the continental resorts. Rhyl lies at the northern end of the celebrated Vale of Clwyd and is a pretty place for a vacation of several days, with enough of amusement in season to banish monotony. It is becoming more popular with the passing of each year.

XV WALES, THE BRITISH TYROL

Photograph by T. R. Hammond

BEAUTIFUL CONWAY CASTLE, WALES, AND THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE OVER THE CONWAY RIVER

XV

WALES, THE BRITISH TYROL

WE have penetrated a region that reminds us of continental mountain resorts and villages, and as we proceed further into Wales, the similarity seems even more striking. But, added to the mountains and valleys, there is a magnificent coastline, which the Alpine region does not possess. Rocky headlands, caverns and cliffs, splendid sandy beaches bordered by marine promenades and drives, sumptuous hotels bordering the strand, and, most picturesque of all and most alluring to the tourist, the colossal fortresses and ancient castles that are perched high on the hillsides, overlooking vast stretches of ocean—all of them abounding in historical interest and romantic legend.

From Rhyl we proceed along the coast to Colwyn Bay, a seaside resort that, like Atlantic City in the United States, is pleasant in winter as well as summer, with a bracing, mild temperature. Not far from the town is St. Elian's Well, now filled up, which was almost unique in the British Isles as a cursing well, a medieval convenience not unknown, however, to several places on the Continent. The old Welsh went there when they had a grudge against some one, to "throw the adversary" into the well. Here they called down the vengeance of the saint upon any one who had offended them. The ceremony was performed by an old woman, who (after she had received a sufficient fee) put the name of the accursed upon a piece of lead and dropped it into the water as she

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THE DEVIL'S KITCHEN, NEAR LLANBERIS, WALES

mumbled imprecations and prayers. The accursed sometimes came to the well and paid another fee, whereupon there was a ceremonial for removing the curse, when the "priestess" recited psalms and drank water from the well. Back in 1818 the attendant at the well was sent to jail for twelve months for receiving money under false pretenses, and the well ceased to attract devotees.

We go on to Llandudno, one of the best-known resorts in Britain and the most popular of the seaside cities of North Wales. It enjoys a good all-year climate, but is particularly patronized by summer vacationists, many of whom have private villas or spend the entire summer season at the hotels, which are numerous and many of which are to be recommended as first-class. Llandudno is situated on a peninsula between Conway Bay and Orme's Bay. Rising rocks along the coast of the latter protect it from the chilling winds of the Atlantic and render the climate delightful. The Great Orme rises nearly seven hundred feet above the sea. In the last century a cave of limestone was discovered here, in which were found remains that prove it to have been inhabited in prehistoric times. There were bones of cave-bears and skeletons of men wearing necklaces of pierced teeth of beasts. These probably were remains of men who

settled in the land soon after the Ice Age came to an end and glaciers disappeared. There is a fine and sightly promenade along the base of the cliffs, and a good view of the coast from the heights, which are reached by a cable tramway.

From the cliffs we may look ahead toward our next stopping-place, Conway, which is notable for its castle. Conway Castle, to me, at least, is one of the most entirely satisfying ancient castles in all Europe. By this I mean that it completely fulfils one's expectations and is just what we of the newer countries think a castle ought to be. It is the perfect castle of legend and history, the place of romance, exactly the spot where great events in medieval times should have taken place. It is the reality of a castle that we have dreamed about since childhood days, when we saw the familiar reproduction in school-books. The town of Conway

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GOLFING IN THE WELSH MOUNTAINS NEAR LLANDUDNO

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THE CLIFF WALK OVERLOOKING LLANDUDNO

has about six thousand people, and while it is picturesque, the great lure for visitors is the castle; without it, the town doubtless would attract scant attention, whereas it has been one of the "sights" of Britain since people began to travel in this part of Wales. Conway Castle is one of the six built by Edward I around the close of the thirteenth century, the others being at Carnarvon, Criccieth, Harlech, Bere and Beaumaris. It is now the property of the corporation and is a municipal asset, a veritable treasure. It has had a remarkable history. Other castles may make a similar claim; but in addition, Conway has beauty and distinction, even in its somewhat ruined condition. The walls are twelve to fifteen feet thick, strengthened by eight massive drum-towers. The floors are gone, and so is the roof; but the former can be traced by the fireplaces, and the great hall, one hundred

thirty feet by thirty-two feet, recalls days of ancient splendor and spectacular scenes of gaiety.

The town itself is harp-shaped. It is surrounded by walls with twenty-one semicircular towers and three of the original gates. St. Mary's Church, which dates from the thirteenth century, contains the tomb of Nicholas Hookes, who died in 1634, and who, according to his epitaph, was the forty-first child of his father, and was himself the father of twenty-seven. The curfew is still rung, as it should be in such a place as Conway. Visitors are interested to see Plas Mawr, a picturesque mansion of Elizabethan days, with crow-stepped gables, an octagonal tower, and paneled rooms with ceilings and fireplaces that have heraldic designs. At High and Castle streets is Aberconway, said to be the oldest house

Photograph by T. R. Hammond

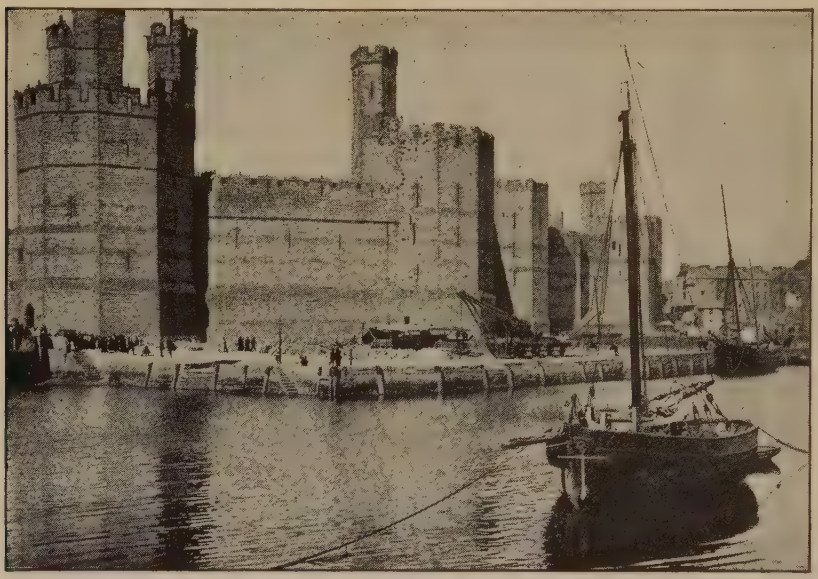
A CLOSER VIEW OF CONWAY CASTLE AND ITS CRENELLATED TOWERS

in Wales; and on the quay is what is said to be the smallest house in Great Britain.

We next visit Bangor, a town of about twelve thousand people, in which the small and plain cathedral is the chief point of interest. It is said to be the fourth ecclesiastical structure on the site, which doubtless was that of an abbey church in the long ago. At eight o'clock each night, not only the curfew, but the day of the month is rung from the tower. The cathedral was restored by Sir Gilbert Scott, who used much of the early sculptured stone that he found, and who reported afterward: "This exhuming and restoring to their places the fragments of the beautiful work of the thirteenth century, reduced to ruin by Owen Glendower, used as mere rough material by Henry VII, and rediscovered by us four and a half centuries after their reduction to ruins, is one of the most interesting facts I have met with in the course of my experience." The old Bishop's Palace is now the Municipal Building. University College, a constituent of the University of Wales on the hill above the cathedral, is the gateway to the North Wales Heroes Memorial, erected in 1923. In a large park east of Bangor is Penrhyn Castle, seat of Lord Penrhyn, owner of huge slate quarries. It is built very largely in imitation of Rochester Castle.

It is likely that we shall not cross over to Anglesey (Isle of the English) unless we are going to Ireland and go by way of Holyhead. Anglesey has an attractive coastline, however, and scattered over the island are many dolmens and other antiquities that prove it to have been inhabited in ancient times. The county-town is Beaumaris, in which the castle, like that at Conway, dates from Edward I. Here also are the remains of a Norman church, said to be the remains of a convent for Austin friars dating from the early part of the

CARNARVON CASTLE, WALES, ONE OF THE MOST IMPOSING
MEDIEVAL FORTRESSES IN EUROPE



CARNARVON CASTLE AS SEEN ACROSS THE SEIONT

seventh century. Anglesey was called Mona by the ancients and is believed to have been the chief seat of the Druids. The island has about fifty thousand inhabitants.

Much more attractive to the visitor is Carnarvon, to which we are likely to go from Bangor. This town is a good starting point for several interesting excursions. Its irregular streets are interesting to one who sees them for the first time. Of outstanding interest, however, is the castle, which is considered one of the best-preserved fortresses of medieval Europe. It had three periods of construction and is a beautiful example of ancient architecture. We enter the King's Gate, which is surmounted by a figure of Edward II. Perhaps the most interesting part is the Eagle Tower, in which, it is said, the first Prince of Wales was born—altho the event probably occurred in an earlier castle on the same site. The

people of Wales demanded a Welsh prince, and Edward promised to comply with their desires, presenting his infant son, "who," he said, "can not speak one word of English." The Queen's Tower formerly was approached by a drawbridge, but the entrance is now high above the ground level. It was here that the investiture of the present Prince of Wales took place with elaborate ceremony in 1911.

Perhaps the best views of the town are obtained from the wall, which is used as a promenade as at Chester. Not far distant is the site of Segontium, a Roman fort that probably dated from the first century.

We cross the peninsula to the seaside resort of Criccieth, where there is an excellent bathing beach, a castle, and a view of the coast and the mountains. Lloyd George attended school in the neighborhood, and he has a residence on a hill

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RUINED CASTLE OF CRICCIETH, PROBABLY BUILT BY EDWARD I

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BOYHOOD HOME OF DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, FORMER PRIME MINISTER, AT CRICCIETH, WALES

behind the town, called "Brynanelon." Criccieth was the home of Sir Howel y Fwyal, the gallant officer who attended the Black Prince at the Battle of Poitiers, where, it is said, with only a pole-ax, he performed such brave acts that the king knighted him on the battlefield and commanded that a mess of meat should be served every day before the famous ax. The king also gave him for life the rent of Dee Mills at Chester, with the appointment of Constable of Criccieth. The mess of meat was delivered to the constable and then conveyed to the poor, a custom that was kept up until the time of Elizabeth. There were eighty "Eyomen of the Crown" who received eighteen pence a day for guarding the mess. Referring to Sir Howel's bravery, there is a manuscript in the Harleian collection which says that he dismounted the French king, cutting off his horse's head with one blow of the ax and taking his majesty prisoner.

Portmadoc owes its existence to a huge embankment, which reclaimed about seven thousand acres of land. We shall not pause here; but if we have the leisure, we shall leave the coast and go inland to Bettws-y-Coed, a pleasant town that usually is crowded with tourists in summer. There are many scenic attractions here, crowned by a view of Snowdon, the highest mountain in Wales or England. On the way, we pass through Ffestiniog, which is another starting-point for excursions, being in the midst of waterfalls, caves and many spots that have legendary interest for the traveler. The best view of Snowdon, however, is from Chapel Curig. Despite its name and reputation, the peak is below the snow-line. A good way to visit it, is to take the tram that starts at Llanberis. This place may be reached by train from Carnarvon in about half an hour. Sometimes it is called the "Chamonix of Wales," situated as it is on the famous Pass of Llanberis,

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ON THE RUGGED SLOPES OF SNOWDON IN JANUARY

with its lakes and rugged scenery, usually considered the wildest in North Wales. The last time I was here the hills were carpeted with bluebells and it seemed to be the prettiest rural scene along the route. There are five trails that may be followed by pedestrians, and the amateur mountain-climber will enjoy the experiences of an excursion in which guides are unnecessary and a hotel is waiting conveniently on the summit.

If we proceed along the coast from Portmadoc, we arrive at Harlech, the chief interest of which is in Harlech Castle, which, like the others in this district, was built by Edward I. Like Conway, it has been called "the ideal castle of childhood—high perched, four-square, round-towered and impressively massive." The well-known Welsh national song, "The March of the Men of Harlech," relates to the defense

of the castle against the Yorkists in 1468. It was the last stronghold in North Wales to hold out for Charles I. During the Wars of the Roses, when the Duke of York defeated Henry VI, Queen Margaret fled here; but after a lengthened siege in 1468 the defenders were obliged to yield to the forces of the White Rose.

We approach the lovely seaside town of Barmouth by the coast route; another interesting approach is to come direct from Chester, by way of Llangollen and Bala. It has been said of Barmouth that it "combines the climate of the Mediterranean with the scenery of Switzerland and the picturesqueness of Gibraltar." It is claimed that in ancient times the Druids selected the site for the performance of important ceremonial rites; at the present time it is a popular resort, while not long ago it was looked upon as a thriving port. Barmouth, indeed, has attracted attention for many centuries, doubtless on account of its superb situation and climate. Its admirers like to refer to it as "Breezy Barmouth." Prince Henry of Battenberg's testimonial, often quoted, refers to it as "this beautiful place, which I can never forget." Frances Power Cobbe has written: "The deep true-blue heather and the emerald-green fern, robe these Welsh mountains in summer in regal splendor of coloring, and autumn wraps them in russet-brown cloaks." Ruskin was another enthusiast and made vivid word-pictures of the place. It is a delightful spot in which to spend an extended holiday. The beach is nearly four miles in length; there is golfing in the environs of the town, and fine walks abound in the vicinity. The town lies between the sea and the hills.

If we make the trip direct from Chester, we pass through Ruabon and Llangollen, and should arrange to stop for at least one day at Bala, where is situated the largest lake in

Wales. Borrow devotes much space to this town and lake, describing the latter as "a very noble sheet of water, stretching from north to south for several miles." It is that and more, because there is excellent fishing, for which tickets are issued to visitors. Trout have been drawn from the lake weighing fourteen pounds, and pike have tipped the scales at more than twenty-five pounds. Near by is the Tryweryn River, where there is good salmon fishing in September. In front of the Methodist Church in the town is a statue of Thomas Charles, known as "Charles of Bala," who was a pioneer of Calvinistic Methodism in Wales and one of the founders of the British and Foreign Bible Society. There are pretty mountain streams and enticing walks around Dolgelly. One who can take the time should not miss the scenery on the route between this town and Barmouth. It has been referred to by many travelers as the most beautiful in Wales.

Aberdovey is a sweet-sounding name which conjures visions of peace, and the expectations it arouses may be realized along the sands that stretch out for many miles. The climate is as mild as that of Torquay, and there is a picturesque hinterland. Aberdovey is gaining in popularity as a resort with each passing season.

Proceeding down the coast from Aberdovey, we arrive at Aberystwyth. Here is another popular summer resort on a splendid bay. From the pier one obtains a fine view of the coast in both directions, and the Marine Parade extends around the promontory, upon which is perched the castle of Edward I, now in ruins. In the castle grounds is a memorial of the Great War, erected in 1923. Between the castle and the pier stands the University College of Wales, one of the most important institutions of learning in the country. Above the town is the National Library of Wales, which

contains half a million volumes and many valuable manuscripts in Welsh and other Celtic languages, including some of the rarest to be found anywhere.

At Aberystwyth, William D. Howells relates, he was shown a small wooden bowl, the size of a coconut shell, said to be the Holy Grail, which had been entrusted to members of the family that possessed it by the monks of Strata Florida Abbey, about fifteen miles distant, when the monastery was dissolved. The story was that it had been deposited at the abbey by some one (perhaps by the Knights of King Arthur) when Henry VIII dissolved the monastery, and was carried away by the escaping monks. In the older days, the sick were wont to request to drink from it, and those to whom the privilege was granted, according to the legend, were cured of their ailments. Authorities admit, says Mr. Howells,

A GLIMPSE OF RURAL WALES: IN THE GWAUN VALLEY, LOWER FISHGUARD

that the bowl may not be what is claimed, and that instead of being the Holy Grail, it may be made from the true cross. At any rate, it is highly venerated.

There are many excursions from Aberystwyth that offer pleasant scenes: one may climb to the summit of Cader Idris and return in a single day, and there are several routes by motor-bus that are to be recommended, such as to Talyllyn Lake, Llyfnant Valley and Elan Valley, Machynlleth, Talybout, New Quay and Cardigan.

From Cardigan, which has a fine situation, there are motor drives to several interesting villages. It is a typical Welsh market-town. We follow the coast to Fishguard, which has a picturesque harbor whence steamers sail nightly for Ireland. Fishguard has a charming situation, a healthy and bracing atmosphere, deep-sea fishing, and good boating. There are

ON THE PICTURESQUE WELSH COAST—FISHGUARD BAY

hotel facilities here that encourage visitors to make the place a base for excursions and hunting expeditions. At Haverfordwest there is a pretty castle built by the first Earl of Pembroke; and here, too, are the ruins of the priory of the Black Canons. An interesting drive takes us to St. David's, which is said to be the smallest cathedral town of Great Britain, and where there are many antiquities, as well as golfing, shooting and fishing to attract the visitor and provide entertainment. The cathedral is beautiful, and there are fine ruins of the episcopal palace. There was a bishopric here from early Christian times, certainly as far back as the year 700; and church after church appeared, was destroyed and then reappeared before the erection of the present edifice, which was built in the twelfth century to replace one destroyed by pirates. It contains the tomb of Edmund Tudor, father of Henry VII; also a fine Tudor monument and chapel, and the shrines of St. David and St. Carodoc.

The ancient town of Pembroke holds one's interest, as do all the communities on this peninsula. The town is situated on a ridge of limestone rock, whose banks descend precipitously to the tidal waters of the Cleddan River. The castle is perched upon the rock, and like so many others in the region, consists of a curtain wall protected by towers. In one of the latter, Henry VII was born. The great keep was built in the reign of King John and is nearly eighty feet high, said to be the finest example of a round keep in England.

Tenby has been called the sunniest spot in "Little England Beyond Wales." Here again we see much of antiquarian interest. Neither the church nor the castle should be overlooked by visitors. There is a magnificent panorama from the heights: the waters of Carmarthen Bay, the coastline and distant highlands of Devonshire, and Caldy Island, which

is like a breakwater against the waves of the Bristol Channel. The bathing facilities here are not excelled anywhere on the Welsh coast; golf, a bowling green, and many other opportunities for amusement add to the attractiveness of Tenby.

XVI BOTH SIDES OF THE BRISTOL CHANNEL

BRISTOL IS JUSTLY PROUD OF ITS GREAT SUSPENSION BRIDGE

XVI

BOTH SIDES OF THE BRISTOL CHANNEL

CARMARTHEN is another Welsh town that serves as a convenient halting-place, where one may be comfortably lodged, and from which pleasant excursions may be made. But the shores of the Bristol Channel are calling, and so the tourist is likely soon to find himself at Swansea. This is one of the great metallurgical centers of the kingdom, having one hundred and sixty foundries for thirty-six varieties of ore-smelting. The town's eighty mills for making or using tin-plate are said to entitle Swansea to be known as the world's chief manufactory of that important specialty. There is an air of modernity and bustle everywhere, and one feels upon arrival that he must have left the land of castles and ancient churches far behind. Swansea Castle, indeed, has practically vanished in ruins. The old Church of St. Mary, however, contains a few old brasses that should be seen, and we are told that Beau Nash was born in the house at the corner of Goat street and College street. The Glynn Vivian Art Gallery contains collections of various kinds, notably the best specimens of Swansea china to be found anywhere.

Neath, a market-town, lies not far away; its most distinctive features to-day are extensive coal mines and large iron and copper works. Neath Abbey, however, founded for the Cistercians in 1130, is worth a visit. There are attractive

ABOVE IS LYNTON, WITH ITS FINE HOTELS, AND BELOW IS LYNMOUTH,
A QUAINT FISHING VILLAGE

drives into the Vale of Neath, but the distant views usually are ruined by the smoke from the collieries and factories.

Cardiff is the largest city in Wales, and is an important and attractive seaport. The castle is well preserved, and the work of restoration seems constantly in progress. It is the residence of the Marquis of Bute, and when the family is away, parts of it are shown to the public, including the library, dining- and drawing-room, where there are several interesting paintings by Romney and Van Dyck. The group of public buildings in Cathay's Park is notable. The National Museum of Wales contains Welsh inscribed stones of considerable value; also paintings by Burne-Jones, Augustus John, Frank Brangwyn and other notable moderns. The vast docks of Cardiff extend for about seven miles and enclose an area of nearly two hundred acres. The Cathedral of Llandoff, situated about two miles from Cardiff, is the seat of one of the oldest episcopal sees in Britain, having been founded at the end of the sixth century. The greater part of the present building dates from the thirteenth century. It has a splendid interior, with an altar by Rossetti and some interesting paintings. At Penarth, a seaside resort outside the city, is what is known as the Turner House, which has a picture gallery containing water-colors and prints by J. M. W. Turner.

It is an enticing inland journey from Cardiff to Hereford, a city of twenty-five thousand people, situated on the left bank of the Wye. Again we are back in England. Any one who finds himself in this part of the country, and who has a few days' leisure, can not spend it more profitably than by enjoying the scenery in this celebrated valley. What Chester and Shrewsbury were to the Middle Marches of Wales, Hereford has been to the Marches of the South; for while it is now a peaceful, lovely old town, in which it is a pleasure to

ramble and dream, it has known days when it was a center of bitter warfare. I have seen it in print that the atmosphere of Hereford "is peacefully pervaded by the odor of cider"; I must admit that I failed to detect this odor, but even without it there is enough to draw many American visitors and to hold their interest.

The Free Library and Museum has a collection of various Roman objects that should not be overlooked, notably a monolithic altar. The Cathedral of St. Mary and St. Ethelbert was founded here in the seventh century. It was the burial-place of Ethelbert, King of the East Angles, who was beheaded by Offa. It has been much restored and contains many interesting monuments and tombs. On the east wall is a map of the world that dates from 1314. In the Cathedral Library are many rare books, about three hundred of which

BUSY, LOVELY LYNMOUTH, NOT FAR FROM THE SCENES OF "LORNA DOONE"

COLLEGE GREEN, BRISTOL, FACED BY A STATUE OF QUEEN VICTORIA

are chained. Here are Caxton's "Golden Legend" and "Hereford Use." A brass plate on a garden wall in Gwyn street marks the legendary birthplace of Nell Gwyn; but the authenticity of the legend is far from certain, as there are several other places that claim the honor. Hereford enjoyed a reputation for its Morris dancers at one time, and James I is said to have visited the town for the purpose of seeing them. Many ancient customs survived here long after they were abandoned elsewhere. One was the curious custom of employing a "sin-eater" to assume responsibility for the sins of the dead. There is a rather gruesome description of the ceremony in Fiona McLeod's novel, "The Sin-Eater."

Hereford is a good center for excursions to the Wye Valley, one of the pleasantest walking trips that I know of anywhere. The scenery along the banks of the river from

Ross to Chepstow is particularly attractive and should appeal to all lovers of natural beauty. It may add to the pleasure of the excursion to take along copies of "Memorials of Old Herefordshire," by Compton Reader, and "In the March and Borderland of Wales," by A. G. Bradley, pausing here and there to read them amid the scenes that inspired them. At Chepstow is magnificent river scenery, and it is well to remember that the Wye, like the Severn, is celebrated for the quality of its salmon. On the Wye, one may see occasionally the primitive boat called the *coracle*, made of hide or tarred canvas stretched over a frame. On this route, one has a choice of boating, walking or going by railroad, the first two of which are recommended. There are many places that can be speedily covered and adequately appreciated; but this is

BUSINESS CENTER OF BRISTOL ON SUNDAY MORNING
From the basin at the right, John Cabot sailed to North America in 1497

ON THE NORTH WALK AT LYNTON, OVERLOOKING THE BRISTOL CHANNEL

not one of them, and it will make the strongest appeal to the leisurely-going traveler.

From Hereford we go to Hay, often referred to as "Welsh Hay." The town stands upon an eminence, at the summit of which are the ruins of a castle erected by William Revell about the year 1090. There persists a legend that the stronghold was built by a woman in a single night, a fanciful bit of romantic embellishment. There is drama in the history of this remarkable pile, however, even more than in some of the others of the region, all of which tell of tragedy as well as romance. In the reign of King John, it was the residence of William de Broase and his wife, Maud de St. Valerie, alias Maud de Hain, alias Moll Wallbee. The king was doubtful concerning the allegiance of de Broase, so as hostages he demanded that the latter's sons be turned over to him. The

ST. JOHN'S GATE AND SPIRE, BRISTOL

wife declined to permit the boys to leave her, declaring that she did so because King John "basely slew his nephew, Arthur, whom it was his duty honorably to protect." This so infuriated the sovereign that he ordered the arrest of the whole family and the confiscation of their property. De Broase made a safe escape to France, but Maud and her sons were delivered to Windsor Castle, where, so goes the story, they died of starvation. The Hay parish church is one of the only two in Great Britain that possess their title-deeds. This one is dated in the reign of Henry III and was discovered in the Bodleian manuscripts. Only portions of the original church remain; but the communion plate and a quaint figure of a monk near the gallery may have belonged to the ancient structure.

We return toward the south by way of Ross and Monmouth. At the latter town are the remains of the castle in which Henry V was born, the thirteenth-century gateway still remaining. It is likely that the oft-quoted chronicler, Geoffrey of Monmouth, was a Benedictine monk.

It will repay us to stop at Tintern, both to see the view of the river and to view the abbey, which dates from the twelfth century. The castle near the water has fairly complete walls and is picturesque. Near Tintern Abbey is a rock upon which it is said Satan stood when he preached immoral doc-

trine to the monks. It is known locally as the "Devil's Pulpit." Once he asked the monks to let him preach from the abbey pulpit, and thus gained admission to the holy place; but the monks turned on him and sprinkled him with holy water, so that he fled and never returned.

ST. MARY REDCLIFFE CHURCH, BRISTOL, EXTOLLED BY QUEEN ELIZABETH

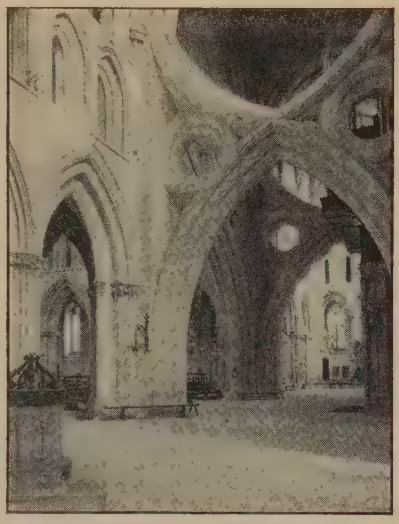
Near-by is Bristol, an attractive and important commercial city, which, however, can not trace its pedigree beyond the Norman conquest. At one time it was the second seaport of England and carried on an extensive trade with all parts of the world. It sent out the famous expedition of John Cabot, whose son, Sebastian, is believed to have been born here. Much of the seventeenth-century prosperity of the place was due to the slave trade. The ships from Bristol carried goods to Africa, and in return received a human cargo destined for

the West Indies—an exceedingly profitable business for all who engaged in it; then, to complete the third side of the triangular voyage, rum, sugar and tobacco were brought back to England. The *Great Western*, one of the first steamers to cross the Atlantic, was built at Bristol and made her maiden voyage in 1838.

The Church of St. Mary Redcliffe, in Bristol, was spoken of by Queen Elizabeth as "the fairest, the goodliest and the most famous parish church in England." It has a thirteenth-century foundation, and there is always interest in the memorials, including one to Chatterton. Both Coleridge and Southey were married here. Bristol Cathedral was begun in 1142 and probably was first an Augustinian abbey. It is three hundred feet long. The Bishropric of Bristol was founded by Henry VIII. The College Gate probably be-

WELLS CATHEDRAL, THO NOT LARGE, IS ONE OF THE HANDSOMEST IN ENGLAND

longed to the old abbey buildings. I always have found Bristol interesting as a typical English business town; but other opinions of it were expressed by travelers of an earlier day. For example, Defoe wrote: "The river is muddy and unseemly at low water; nor do fishes of any value care to inhabit so filthy a stream."



IN WELLS CATHEDRAL

A delightful watering-place on the south shore of the Bristol Channel is Weston-super-Mare, now a town of thirty or forty thousand. It is enjoying an increasing popularity as a tourist resort, and is making itself more and more attractive. Its promenades are almost three miles in length, and there are two excellent piers, one of which has a pavilion where there are high-class entertainments. The air of Weston is said to be unusually bracing and is much enjoyed by invalids. One of the chief attractions is Kewstoke Woods, and the caves and ravines of Cheddar are not far away. The town is looking forward to establishing itself as a winter as well as summer resort.

Glastonbury, tho small, is usually considered one of the most interesting towns in Britain. Strangely enough, however, Americans do not usually include it in the grand tour of England. Legend goes far back regarding the city's foundation, which is ascribed to Joseph of Arimathea, in whose tomb at Jerusalem, the Bible says, Jesus was buried. Altho

Joseph's offer of a sepulcher was entirely an Oriental act supposed to bring him merit, and not any confession of conversion to the Christian faith, it usually is held that he not only adopted the new faith, but became one of its missionaries in foreign lands, following the command, "Go ye into all the world"; and so it is claimed that he built the first Christian church in England.

VIEW ACROSS THE MOAT OF THE BISHOP'S PALACE AT WELLS

The Romans called Glastonbury the "Isle of Avalonia," meaning "Isle of Apples." Here we come into touch with the Arthurian legend, as it is claimed that King Arthur and Guinevere were buried here, probably in the abbey, which certainly dates to 601 and may have been in existence long before that time. It is the one great institution that bore up untouched through the storm of the Conquest. Perhaps St. Augustine founded the abbey. King Ina founded or refounded a monastery here, and dedicated it to Sts. Peter and

Paul. We are told that St. Dunstan, who was born at Glastonbury, introduced Benedictine rule. Henry VIII ordered the last abbot hanged on Glastonbury Tor in 1539.

What is known as the legend of the Glastonbury Thorn is that Joseph of Arimathea arrived in the place on Christmas Day; that he planted his staff in the ground, and that it immediately grew and blossomed, continuing to do so on each subsequent Christmas Day. At one time the abbey covered sixty acres and was the largest ecclesiastical institution in England; but after decay began, the houses of the town and of the causeway were constructed of the hewn stone from its walls. Legend adds that some builders hesitated to put stones with carvings into the secular structures, superstitiously believing that the curse of the founder would follow them; so the best were used as paving-blocks for the

CLOVELLY'S CLEAN WHITE COTTAGES ARE A LARGE PART OF ITS CHARM

WHERE YOU COME WINDING DOWN THE MAIN STREET TO THE HARBOR OF CLOVELLY

roads, where it was thought they could convey no curse from the saint.

Being so close, we drive over to Wells, merely a typical cathedral city. The cathedral itself dates from the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Freeman says that "the peculiar charm and glory of Wells lies in the union and harmonious grouping of all." Henry James has written: "The interior is vast and massive, but it lacks incident; the incident of monuments, sepulchers and chapels." Defoe calls it "one of the neatest cathedrals in England," and he speaks of the west front as "a complete draught of imagery." And it is true that we rarely come upon any buildings so elaborately decorated with arcades and statues. It has been asserted that these are the best unrestored examples of medieval carving in England, as they stand in eight horizontal tiers. The "Golden Window" has a "Tree of Jesse" design of thirteenth-century glass.

We return to Bridgewater and continue our tour along the south shore of the Bristol Channel, coming next to Minehead, once an important seaport, but now a small watering-place. The neighboring Forest of Exmoor is the only part of England in which the red deer is wild. The Exmoor stag-hounds still attract large meets. Probably there is no more fascinating coast-drive in all England than that from Minehead to Porlock.

Pedestrians are naturally delighted with the path from the latter to Ilfracombe, which affords an ever-changing panorama of delightful views. Baedeker refers to Lynmouth as "one of the loveliest villages in England." Southey described the town as "the finest spot except Cintra and the Arrabida that I ever saw." Shelley was here for a period and liked it. From here a convenient excursion is to the Doone Valley, in

LOOKING UP CLOVELLY'S ONE STREET, TOO STEEP AND NARROW FOR MOTOR-CARS

THE "LITTLE WHITE TOWN OF BIDEFORD," MADE FAMOUS BY KINGSLEY'S "WESTWARD HO!"

ANOTHER GLIMPSE OF CLOVELLY

which is the stream that suggested Blackmore's stirring romance, "Lorna Doone." It is thought that probably there was a band of outlaws and desperate brigands here in the seventeenth century, a legend to that effect having survived into the nineteenth; but it is more likely that in his story Blackmore transplanted to Exmoor one of the bands that were known to have terrorized South Wales. The novelist was not very accurate in describing the real scenery of the valley; but it was his privilege, as a romancer, to exaggerate its features for artistic effect.

Ilfracombe lies at the mouth of the Channel and probably is the most popular of the Devonshire summer resorts. There are many fine walks in the environs, besides several longer excursions that may interest the visitor. The town itself is protected by rocky headlands, which help to make its climate mild. A place for rest, recreation, and one that offers excellent fishing.

From Barnstaple we take another excursion that brings us to the rather picturesque fishing-town of Bideford, whose name (pronounced Biddyford) means by-the-ford. It is situated three miles above the mouth of the Torridge and is well described in "Westward Ho!" a part of which was written at the Royal Hotel. There is a statue of the author facing the quay. Motor buses run from here to Westward Ho! a

ROSE COTTAGE, CLOVELLY

watering-place named for Charles Kingsley's novel.

Clovelly, a unique little resort lying about eleven miles from Bideford, is regarded by many as the quaintest village in Devonshire; it has a large number of visitors and wisely remains as distinctive and primitive as it was in the long-ago. It is situated in a long, wooded "combe" that descends rapidly to the sea. The main street is composed of steps, similar to those in the hill-towns of Italy, and donkeys are the principal means of transport. The general effect of the town is foreign, the houses being whitewashed as a rule, and having green doors. The place has been "discovered" by the artists, and so many of its scenes have been represented on well-known canvases that one feels acquainted with it before actually paying it a visit. There are several interesting excursions into the neighboring country for the visitor who spends a few days here. One is to Hartland Point, where there is a lighthouse, and where the scenery is rugged and fine. Out at sea from the headland is Lundy Island, where Kingsley placed two of the important scenes in "Westward Ho!"

XVII THE CANNY SCOT

EDINBURGH'S FINE MONUMENT TO SIR WALTER SCOTT ON PRINCES STREET

XVII

THE CANNY SCOT

THE typical Scot has two traits that stand out above all others—his bravery and his thrift. We have often heard the expression, "the fighting Scot," and this appellation came deservedly, as we all know, from his deeds on the field of battle. Throughout the ages the Scot has been known as a wonderful soldier. It is a reputation first gained in the wars between the clans, then emphasized in battles fought against English soldiers, and later confirmed in battles fought side by side with the English. The Scots played an important part in the Crimea, in Africa, in the World War, and in the many intervening conflicts waged in behalf of the empire, always performing splendidly and proving themselves worthy of their reputation as fighting men.

As to his other outstanding trait, if we know Scotland we can better understand why the Scot is thrifty. He lives in a country which is beautiful, but much of which is rugged and barren, so that life is hard and opportunities few. To get along he must be careful with his available funds. The world smilingly charges him with being penurious, but it is more accurate to say that he is thrifty and not ashamed of it—thrifty because for untold generations only those possessing that quality could survive.

No one enjoys the many stories told about the "saving qualities" of the Scottish people more than does the Scot him-

self. There is nothing that pleases Sir Harry Lauder more than a joke about the manner in which he saves his money. Tell him that he still has the first penny he ever earned, and it causes only amusement. One hears many ridiculous stories about the Scot—most of them palpably untrue and intended only to create a good-humored smile—such as the tale about the Scot who left Aberdeen by train, getting out at each station to purchase a ticket to the next town. When he had done this several times, the conductor asked why he was buying tickets from town to town. He replied that before leaving Aberdeen his doctor had told him he had heart disease and might die at any moment, so he did not want to pay for a ticket beyond his possible destination.

There is another absurd story about the Scot who went out of his home on Christmas Eve, fired two shots into the

BEAUTIFUL MELROSE ABBEY, WHERE THE HEART OF ROBERT BRUCE IS BURIED

air, and then came in and told his children that Santa Claus was no more—that Santa had committed suicide. This compares with another tale—about the Scotchman who sent a Christmas card with the message, "If you dinna use it, return it. I have ither friends." There are thousands of these jokes, nearly all intended as jibes about the thriftiness of the Scot, but generally accepted as merely good-natured inventions.

YOUNG SCOTS AT REST—BUT NOT FOR LONG

It has been due largely to this inherited trait of thrift that Scots have risen to places of great responsibility, becoming the heads of trusts, financial institutions, and vast business enterprises. It was a Scot, Patterson, who founded the Bank of England, and others are heads of many of the largest banks in England, Canada, the United States, and the Far East. Their innate honesty and ability to conserve the assets of a corporation have been largely responsible for their being chosen to positions of such importance.

One may travel throughout Scotland with an assurance that he will not be cheated in any shop, hotel or place of business. Honesty is an inherent quality of the people, almost a religion. I had occasion to hire a motor-car to travel extensively through Scotland. My agreement was that I should pay twenty-five cents a mile and the garage charges each night. I not only found the mileage turned in by the chauffeur scrupulously accurate, but he fought many

NO WONDER EDINBURGH CASTLE WAS IMPREGNABLE IN THE MIDDLE AGES!

a night to get the garage charge reduced. It meant nothing to him, as I had to pay the charge anyhow, but it was against his nature to see me pay more than he thought was reasonable. This has been my experience in all my dealings with the Scots.

I recall meeting a Highland boy on a P. & O. steamer when I was bound for India about five years ago. Because jobs are few and a living hard to make in the north of Scotland, many of the Highlanders emigrate; and this lad of nineteen was leaving home for the first time. He was bound for the Philippines, where he was to remain five long years. His parents saw no chance for him in Scotland, and so they were denying themselves the pleasure of the company of their only son to give him an opportunity in the Far East. I was struck by his simple, unaffected manner, his religious training, and his profound respect for his father and mother. He told me that when he signed the contract to go, his mother placed in his hands a Bible, which she asked him to read every night; and if, in his long stay away from home, temptation came to him, he promised his mother that he would seek his Bible and read it. It was a brave and praiseworthy thing for the boy to do.

Since that time I have received several letters from that young man, who wrote that he was employed on a sugar plantation on the island of Luzon. He told me of his early struggles, of his hard work and his effort to save, so that when he left the island he would at least have something for his exile. A later letter informed me that he had earned promotion and was made overseer of a large estate owned by the same company. As time passed, he met and fell in love with an American girl, the daughter of an American army officer. In his boyish enthusiasm he wrote of her charms

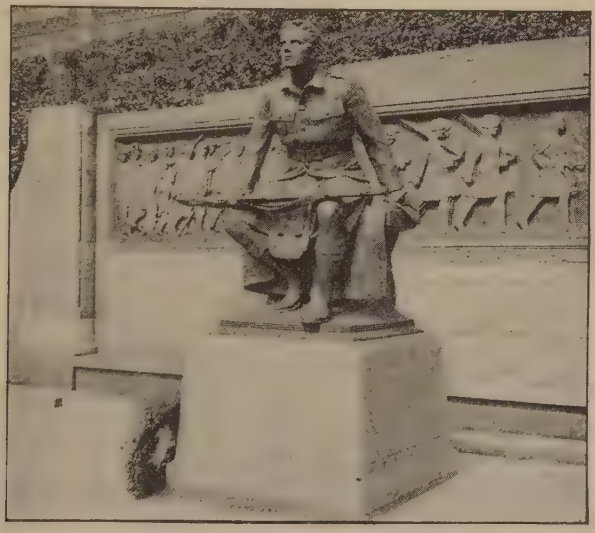
and how he had saved and planned to provide for her and give her a comfortable home. Then the girl's father was suddenly recalled, and she returned to America, promising that she would soon come back and they would be married. Two months afterward he received an announcement of her marriage to another man. It was a terrible blow, a tragedy for the young man who had stinted and saved, sacrificing everything for the time when he was to be married. The shattering of his dreams may have changed his outlook on life, but his sturdy Scotch character can be trusted to pull him through unharmed.

It is not uncommon to meet Scots in the most remote corners of the world. I have come upon them far in the interior of China, where they are engineers on the river steamers. I have seen them in the jungles of Africa, at times living alone, engaged in hunting or trapping. A number of

IN THE PARK AT THE BASE OF CASTLE-ROCK

them work in the mines of the Belgian Congo, where they are engaged in some official capacity. Wherever man can live, the Scot has roamed and found a temporary home.

His fighting qualities serve him in good stead. Combating the fevers of the jungle or ferreting out the minerals in an unknown land, nothing daunts him on the road to success. He has helped in the building of the railroads in South



WAR MEMORIAL IN EDINBURGH
A gift from Scottish-Americans in honor of Scots who fell in the World War

America; at times he has joined in the revolutions there, fighting for or against the Government. It is only after one has met the sturdy Scot all over the world, and then visits him both in the Highlands and in the Lowlands of his own country, that one fully appreciates the man. His traits, which one may have derided, appear more understandable, and it becomes much easier to praise than to condemn the qualities that one finds among the people of bonny Scotland.

TOLBOOTH PRISON, EDINBURGH

The Scots are a religious people. Not many years ago, street-cars did not run on Sunday in their cities, and no newspapers were published. In recent years the people have become a little more worldly, but the Sabbath is still the Lord's Day in Scotland.

One of the first things that the traveler observes, after he crosses the Scottish border into the region of "Cheviot's mountains lone," is that he has arrived in the country of Sir Walter Scott. It is true that Scott's pen has described the north of England; but Scotland is his country, the land that he loved best, and it is associated with him—at least in the mind of the American who loves this borderland for its romantic beauty. Some one has written very truly: "You must know your Scottish history, you must be filled with Scottish romance; above all, you must know your poetry and ballads, if you would rebuild and refill the country, as you go. Not only fair Melrose has the moonlight of romance, making the ruin more lovely and more complete than the abbey could have been in its established days; but over the entire land there lies the silver pall of moonlight, making, I doubt not, all things lovelier than in reality."

For example, we arrive at Hawick, a woolen-mill town,

which might hold slight interest for the visitor, were it not for the fact that Branxholme Castle is only three miles away, and that it presents much of the appearance described in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." It still belongs to the Buccleuch family; and while visitors are allowed to visit the grounds, the interior is not open to the public. Not far away is Minto House, seat of the Earl of Minto, to which tourists obtain admission by applying to the estate agent at Hawick.

If we are traveling directly northward toward Edinburgh, however, we are likely to make no stop until we arrive at Melrose, which is prettily situated on the Tweed. Melrose Abbey is usually considered the finest ruin in Scotland and is always a favorite with tourists. It was founded in 1150 for the Cistercians, and has some fine sculpture on the exterior. The body of Alexander II and the heart of Robert Burns

A SUMMER DAY IN THE HEART OF EDINBURGH

LINCOLN MONUMENT, EDINBURGH
Erected as a memorial to the Scots who fell in our Civil War

are said to be buried near the high altar. Near Melrose, St. Cuthbert was born. He entered Melrose as a novice and became its prior in 664; so, altho he is buried at Durham, his life is closely associated with the place. Edward II destroyed the existing structure; but the Bruce built it again. Richard II caused it to be pillaged and burned; and the final dissolution came during the reign of Henry VIII.

On the right bank of the river is Abbotsford, the home of Sir Walter Scott, which is a shrine visited annually by thousands of American visitors. It has been claimed that Scott would have liked to possess the entire border; but he purchased only one hundred acres at Clarty Hole, changed the name, planted trees, and built the mansion in which he resided until his death. In 1811 he wrote to James Ballantyne: "I have resolved to purchase a piece of ground, sufficient for a cottage and a few fields." So began the splendid castle. "My dreams about my cottage go on," he wrote to Joanna Baillie; "but I can not relinquish my border principles of accommodating all the cousins and duniwastles, who will rather sleep on chairs and on the floor and in the hay-loft than be absent when folks are gathered together."

Ruskin called Abbotsford "perhaps the most incongruous pile that gentlemanly modernism ever designed"; but the

celebrated novelist was devoted to the place, and here he loved to dispense hospitality. The rooms shown to visitors are: the study, with his chair and desk—at which "Waverley" was written; the library, with his reading desk, the bust by Chantrey, and a collection of twenty thousand books still on the shelves; the drawing-room, with Raeburn's famous portrait; the armory and entrance hall. Scott was a great collector of personal relics, and in the rooms we see such things as Napoleon's blotting-book, the crucifix at which Queen Mary prayed, the tumbler from which Robert Burns drank, the purse into which Rob Roy cast his plunder, Scott's gun, Rob Roy's gun, a pistol that belonged to Napoleon, and the hunting-flask of James III.

One day, after his return from Italy, Scott wanted to write, so he was wheeled to his desk and lifted up his pen; but it fell. Lockhart writes: "It was like Napoleon resigning his empire. The scepter had departed from Judah; Scott was to write no more."

Abbotsford is now in the possession of the great-great grandson of the novelist. Sir Walter, his wife, son, and son-in-law and biographer, Lockhart, are buried in the church at Dryburgh Abbey, the latter a picturesque and extensive ruin that was founded in the twelfth century. The place may be reached by motor bus from Melrose.

Galashiels is a busy town with about thirteen thousand inhabitants, known as a producer of tweeds and tartans. It is not of interest to the traveler, except as a central point for several excursions: notably to Selkirk, which has a good statue of Scott; to St. Mary's Loch, passing, on the way, Newark Castle, scene of the opening of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel"; and to Innerleithen, a small spa with mineral

PUBLIC GARDENS OF EDINBURGH, LOOKING TOWARD PRINCES STREET

springs—the original of St. Ronan's Well—and many places of minor interest along the route and in the vicinity.

If we have the leisure and inclination, it will be interesting to go from here to Berwick, glimpsing on the way "Norham's castled steep," so vividly pictured in the first lines of "Marmion." From Berwick there is a delightful trip to Edinburgh by motor bus or private automobile, passing through Dirleton, a pretty Scotch village; seeing Bass Rock, a breeding-place for sea-birds; Tantallon Castle, the stronghold of the Douglases, mentioned in "Marmion"; and Haddington, the birthplace of John Knox and Jane Welsh Carlyle, the latter of whom is buried in the churchyard of the parish church. Berwick has been called the capital of the Debatable Land, the Key of the Border. The city walls, which are now a public promenade, having been dismantled in 1820, are no older than Queen Elizabeth's time, as Henry VIII ordered their destruction. It was at this town that David, son of the Bruce, and Joanna, sister of Edward III, were married. Another famous wedding here was that of John Knox, aged fifty, and Margaret Stuart, aged sixteen, of the royal house. It is claimed that the appearance of the place is about the same to-day as it was in Elizabethan times.

Dunbar is a fishing port and summer resort, with the remains of a castle on rocky heights above the harbor. Three miles from here was found the Traprain Treasure in 1919, with remains of a walled town, believed to date from the early Iron Age. The treasure is now displayed at the Edinburgh National Museum of Antiquities, and consists of nearly two hundred pieces of silver plate—probably pirates' loot—Roman, early Christian, Visigothic, Gallic and Alexandrian art of the fourth and fifth centuries.

And now we arrive at Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland,

STATUE OF SCOTT IN THE MONUMENT WITH WHICH EDINBURGH HAS HONORED HIM

JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE—THE HOUSE WITH THE STAIRWAY AND PROJECTING FRONT

and immediately we agree with Baedeker that "perhaps no fairer or more harmonious combination of art and nature is to be found among the cities of the world." To get a first impression that always will remain with us, let us climb immediately to Castle Hill, which has been called "immortal," and from there behold the city!

ON GUARD AT HOLYROOD PALACE

The history of Edinburgh Castle is the history of Edinburgh, and the history of Edinburgh may be looked upon as almost the history of Scotland. The castle and its rock bear almost the relation to the city and the country that Mount Moriah and Omar's Mosque bear to Jerusalem and Palestine. This high-perched stronghold was the great historical pivot, always inhabited by royalty, and probably a keep for princesses before Christian days. There never was a castle that more strategically guarded a city. Perhaps it could be shattered to-day by a shell from a cruiser, perhaps destroyed by a bomb from the air; but it was built for times before the invention of shells and bombs, and it has stood like a magnificent sentinel through the centuries. It still remains a thing of beauty, which, the poet tells us, must be a joy forever.

Edwin, King of Northumbria, established his fortress on this rock in 617, and what we see beneath us to-day, the great

city, is the development of "Edwin's Burgh." What memories come to mind here as we gaze upon the ancient walls! Even Mary was lodged here, that James might be born royal—for the castle was famous as the birthplace of kings long before that time. Edwards, Henrys, Richards—all were here, as well as the Bruces and Douglases. Cromwell was burned in effigy here "with his friend, the Devil."

There is no fitter place than Edinburgh Castle for us to pause for a time, when beginning our rambles in the city. The historical apartments are open to the public, including the dungeons. We cross the moat by a drawbridge, which seems very fitting—exactly the way that such a castle should be entered. First we go to the Argyle Tower and to the small chapel of St. Margaret, the oldest structure still standing in Edinburgh and probably dating from about the year 1100. The large quadrangle brings us to the Crown Room,

HOLYROOD PALACE, WHERE MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS LIVED AND LOVED

which contains regalia, a crown worn by the Bruce, a sword that was a gift from Pope Julius to James IV, and a scepter made for James V, which contains a beryl said to be three thousand years old and either from Egypt or once the property of a Druid priest; Queen Mary's room, in which James I was born, and the restored Banqueting Room, with a collection of armor. The fourth side of the quadrangle is given over to the Scottish National War Memorial. A visit to David's Tower and the dungeons follows.

Grim old Edinburgh Castle towers above the city, an everlasting reminder that within its walls the only son of Mary Queen of Scots was born. When danger threatened, the infant was placed in a basket and lowered several hundred feet down the side of the cliff to the garden below, and thence was taken to Stirling Castle for safety. That little boy later became James I, King of England. The incident forms but one chapter in the tragic story of Queen Mary's life, which leads from the old Castle to Holyrood, where she was twice married, where one of her husbands was murdered, and where she was imprisoned—an imprisonment that ended in her execution by order of Queen Elizabeth.

Edinburgh is divided between the Old Town and the New Town. The former provides many interesting sights for the visitor, with its houses that are six, eight, and even twelve stories high. This part is considered no longer fashionable, and there may be more to call tourists, whose time is brief, into the newer parts of the city. So we make our way to Princes street, of which we have heard almost as much, before arrival, as of the castle itself. The Scott monument here is two hundred feet high, has a figure of the novelist and his dog, and statues of some of the characters in his poems and

BOROUGH ROAD LIBRARY, SOUTHWARK.

stories. A chamber contains relics of the national literary hero.

The American memorial to Scottish soldiers who died in the World War has been conspicuously placed in the Princes Street Gardens. It is one of the most impressive war memorials in Great Britain.

Between East and West Princes street are the gardens of the Scottish Academy and the National Gallery of Scotland.

MARTIAL MUSIC CN HIGH STREET

In the former is held an annual cxhibition, and it is used as a Diploma Gallery. The collection of paintings is good, Scottish and French artists predominating. In the gallery are, notably, Paolo Veronese's "Venetian Gentleman with Patron Saint"; Tiepolo's "Finding of Moses"; three wax models ascribed to Michelangelo; Van Dyck's "Italian Noble"; Jacob von Rusdall's "Banks of a River"; Teniers's "Playing Skittles"; Watteau's "Fête Champêtre"; Greuze's "Girl With Folded Hands"; Goya's "El Medico"; Corot's "The Goatherd"; Millet's "The Hay Binders"; Claude Monet's "Poplars

on the Epte"; Gauguin's "Jacob Wrestling with the Angel"; J. Mauris's "On the Amstel"; two Sir Joshua Reynolds portraits; John Crome's "A Heath at Sunset," and portraits by Gainsborough and Raeburn.

From here let us go to St. Giles's Cathedral, restored in the last century, but the oldest parish church in the city. It was erected on the site of a church that dated from the ninth century. The glass in the windows is modern, the window at the northwest corner of the nave being by Burne-Jones. It is possible that the old piers in the transept are from the original church. Enclosed by an iron screen is Albany Aisle, erected in the fourteenth century, during the regency of the Duke of Albany, son of Robert II, and containing several interesting memorials, among them one to Mrs. Oliphant, the novelist, and one to John Knox. In the side chapel of the nave-aisle is the memorial to Robert Louis Stevenson by Saint-Gaudens. The chapel of the Order of the Thistle, said to have been founded by James V in 1540 and renewed by Queen Anne, is a point of interest, containing places for the sovereign, sixteen knights and members of the royal family. Charles I made St. Giles's a cathedral church, and visitors will like to remember that John Knox often preached here. The chief feature of its exterior is its lantern tower, surmounted by a crown.

It was in St. Giles's that Jenny Geddes, a market-woman, incensed at hearing the Lord's service-book being read from the pulpit, threw a stool at the head of Dean Hanna, the officiating minister, an event which finally led to the establishment of religious and civil liberty in Scotland.

South of St. Giles's is Parliament Square, with an equestrian statue of Charles II. Near it is a stone said to mark the burial-place of Knox. On the south side of the square is

Parliament House, now the seat of the Supreme Law Courts of Scotland. Here also is the National Library, which is the repository for three-quarters of a million volumes, and some precious manuscripts, including Scott's "Marmion," "Waverley," and "Redgauntlet"; several by Robert Burns; the bull of Pope John XXII authorizing the coronation of Robert Bruce; letters of Mary Queen of Scots and other sovereigns.

At the foot of Canongate is Holyrood Palace, the former residence of Scottish kings, and also used in modern times as a royal residence. There is a statue of Edward VII in the forecourt. In the picture gallery are imaginary portraits of Scottish kings, painted for Charles II by Jacob de Witt; and some other portraits of more modern kings that are authentic. It is interesting to make a tour of the apartments, which contain relics of Mary Queen of Scots and some splendid tapestry and furniture. The palace is built upon the site of Holyrood Abbey, which was founded in 1128 by David I on the spot where he felt that his life was saved from a wild stag. In the vaults lie the remains of several sovereigns.

A pleasant walk is south of Holyrood to King's Park, which lies at the foot of Arthur's Seat, a crag of volcanic rock, another point from which it is possible to obtain a fine view of the city. The Queen's Drive circles about the rock. The National Gallery of Antiquities, at the end of Queen's street, has Celtic crosses, Mary Queen of Scots' jewels, relics of Prince Charlie, John Knox's pulpit, a Scottish guillotine, Selkirk's sea-chest, Roman antiquities, and much ancient silver plate. The Scottish National Picture Gallery, in the same building, has a statue of Robert Burns, and statues, drawings and paintings of national celebrities, including Mary Tudor, Mary Queen of Scots, Sir Walter Scott, Carlyle, and Robert Louis Stevenson.

About two miles away is Leith, now incorporated with Edinburgh. It is a busy seaport with extensive docks. About two miles west of Leith is Newhaven, popular for fish-dinners, and entertaining to visitors on account of the picturesque fisherwives, who wear unusual costumes. A pleasant walk outside Edinburgh leads to the Pentland Hills. Beyond here, about four miles, is Swanton, where Robert Louis Stevenson spent many summers in his youth.

"YE BANKS AND BRAES O' BONNY DOON"

XVIII

GLASGOW, AYR, AND THE HIGHLANDS

LEAVING Edinburgh, we follow our custom of not hurrying through by an express train, and either proceed leisurely to Glasgow by motor or make several train-stops along the route. The first is at Loch Levan, a pretty body of water, four miles long and two miles wide, which is famed for its excellent trout. Queen Mary was imprisoned in Levan Castle for some time, but made her escape. Then we go to Bannockburn, where Robert Bruce defeated Edward II and an army three times as large as that of the Scots. The "Bore Stone," upon which the Scottish standards were planted, is still visible. On from here to Cambuskenneth Abbey, which was founded in 1147 by David I and later became the wealthiest Augustinian monastery in Scotland. In the abbey is a monument erected by Queen Victoria over the tomb of James III and his wife, Margaret of Denmark. The chief points of interest are the tower and the museum.

At Stirling we have arrived at a royal burgh and county-town of about twenty-two thousand people, said to be situated "in the midst of Scotland," or "between east and west and between north and south." It is also claimed for Stirling that it has looked down upon more history, seen more armies advance and retreat, than any other town in the world. This may or may not be true, but at any rate there are enough known facts to make the place one of supreme

interest to the visitor. At Stirling in 843 took place the battle of Cambuskenneth; in 1297, the battle of Stirling Bridge; in 1298, the battle of Falkirk, when Wallace was defeated; in 1313, the battle of Bannockburn; in 1448, the battle of San Chielburn; in 1715, the battle of Sheriffmuir—all important events in their day—and in 1745, Prince Charlie had his great hours here.

DISTANT VIEW OF STIRLING CASTLE

Stirling Castle, now used as barracks, has played a great part in Scottish history, and one should visit it—altho perhaps a trifle jaded with castle-visits—because of its tremendous part in the history of the country. James II, James IV and James V were born here. In the Douglas Room is a museum, and vaulted chambers are shown. The parish church should also be visited, for here Mary Queen of Scots was crowned, and it is recorded that she wept throughout the coronation service. James VI was crowned here when he was one year old. An inscription on the walls records Queen

LOCH KATRINE, THE GEM OF THE TROSSACHS

THE BRIG O' TURK, ON THE WAY TO THAT "NARROW INLET, STILL AND DEEP," LOCH KATRINE

THE LURE OF LOCH LOMOND ON A SUMMER DAY

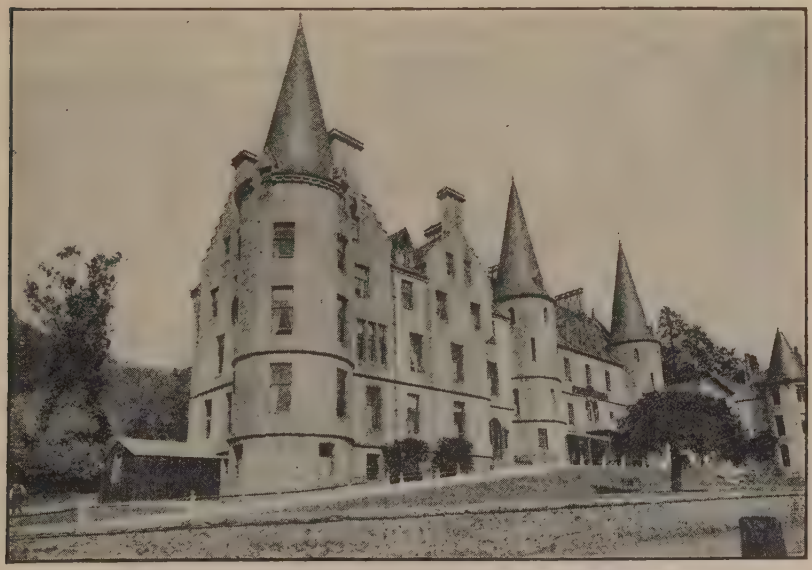
Victoria's visit in 1842. It is said that the archives of Stirling, rich in Scottish records, were taken to London and were being returned on a ship that foundered.

Dunblane is a pleasant but small holiday resort. The church should be visited by all who stop in the town, because it dates from an original foundation of 1150, and altho much restored, it has stalls and misericords of the fifteenth century, an ancient Celtic cross, many old monuments, and some good woodwork and stained glass. Not far away is Bridge of Allan, which has a sheltered, mild climate, and mineral springs that are much liked by visitors. Callander is a popular tourist center, usually the starting-point for the ascent of Ben Ledi, or for a visit to the Pass of Leny and Loch Lubnaig, all very attractive.

Loch Katrine is an extraordinarily beautiful body of water

about ten miles long, with cliffs and forests at the eastern end. Here is the small Ellen's Isle of "The Lady of the Lake." East of the lake lie the celebrated Trossachs, a richly wooded valley that attracts many summer excursionists. It is one of the most picturesque districts of Scotland; but it is well to remember that one acquainted with Sir Walter Scott's works —particularly "The Lady of the Lake"—will find much more of a thrill in the scenes encountered here than one to whom the poet is a closed book.

Winding through a forest, we pass that idyllic spot to which Scott refers as "Where twines the path." We then come upon the "Narrow inlet still and deep," in which manner he describes Loch Katrine. The lake is now private property, having been purchased by the city of Glasgow for its water supply. We are no longer permitted to motor around its shores, but must leave our car and walk.



A LANDMARK FAMILIAR TO TOURISTS: THE TROSSACHS HOTEL

It was here that an English soldier in Cromwell's time swam to the island, thinking to seize one of the clansmen's shallops. His task seemed easy; he laid his hand on the prize, when the branches parted, a knife in a woman's hand flashed in the air, and the would-be ravisher sank dead in the water.

Along the highways in the Trossachs one meets wandering Highland minstrels, who upon one's approach strike up a lively tune on their bagpipes, then demand a slight contribution in appreciation of their entertaining qualities.

Loch Lomond, the largest and also one of the most delightful of the Scottish lakes, is about twenty-five miles long, and its waters enclose thirty wooded islands. The local legend is that one of these was a floating island, but as it was impossible to locate it, all of them were chained into their present positions. Ascent of Ben Lomond takes about three

BALMORAL CASTLE, LONG THE HIGHLAND HOME OF QUEEN VICTORIA

IN THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS

hours from the lake; and those who make the trip usually report that the view obtained from the summit repays the exertion. Steamers ply through narrow channels between the islands, as they do at Georgian Bay or in the St. Lawrence river. The Pennells came here, and after their visit declared that it "looked like any other lake to them," which was rather disappointing to the enthusiasts. Perhaps they recalled Dr. Johnson's remark that "water is the same everywhere," which is true with people to whom a lake is only water. We are in the MacGregor country here, the land of Rob Roy.

From the lakes and Trossachs, we go to Ballater and Braemar, and obtain a view of Balmoral Castle, the Scottish summer residence of the king, situated on a curve of the Dee. The estate of about eleven thousand acres was purchased in 1853, and bequeathed to Queen Victoria, who left it to the present sovereign. Braemar is a popular resort, with some of the best mountain scenery in Scotland. Robert Louis Stevenson wrote part of "Treasure Island" here. The great Braemar gathering, held in the autumn, usually is attended by members of the royal family.

"So long as the world was the Old World," says a recent writer, "it looked toward the East, and Edinburgh was the chief city. When the world began to be new, and to look toward the New World, Glasgow came swiftly into being;

THE CLYDE AT GLASGOW IS A BUSY HARBOR OF WORLD COMMERCE

and the race is to the swift." In a measure this is true, for while Edinburgh is Scotland's political capital, and one always thinks of that splendid old city with pleasure, Glasgow, the royal burgh, is the country's commercial and industrial capital. To one newly arrived, it seems to be one of the important ports of the world, having direct steamer communication with all the watering-places and estuaries of the Clyde, with all British and Irish ports and nearly all those of the Continent, as well as with the farthest lands of the earth. And many of the steamers making the journey through river, channel and ocean were built at Glasgow. Shipbuilding is the most important industry of the city; and the harbor and dock area are like a carnival of the nations, containing boats, apparently, from every port of the world. All of which is a tribute to the Clyde as well as to the busy brains and hands of Glasgow.

Glasgow is a splendid city with a million population, an area of forty-six square miles, and a situation that might be termed glorious. There is much to see and enjoy in the city itself, but it is as a starting-point for water excursions that it excels all British cities. There is never a question about "some place to go"; always, in season, there is a boat, or several of them, waiting to go somewhere—toward lakes, waterfalls, castles, islands—always much to lure the visitor beyond the city into picturesque regions. It is even possible to make the voyage to Arran Isle in a short time, which gives a fine impression of the vast shipping of the Clyde.

Before we think of outside excursions, however, let us wander about the streets of Glasgow, visit some of the public buildings, and form an impression of the life of its people. Glasgow Cathedral, dedicated to St. Mungo, is considered the finest unmutilated Gothic church in Scotland. It is nearly

three hundred feet long and has a spire two hundred twenty feet high. In the nave are several objects worthy of particular notice: a chained Bible, a pewter communion set, and a preacher's hour-glass. The crypt is of unusual interest, containing: St. Mungo's well, a shrine above St. Mungo's grave, Rob Roy's pillar, and a memorial window showing John the Baptist. In front of the Municipal Building is the Cenotaph, and in the center of the square rises an eighty-foot column, on the top of which is a statue of Sir Walter Scott. The monument also has statues of Sir Robert Peel, David Livingstone, James Watt, Robert Burns and William E. Gladstone. The Royal Exchange is in the Corinthian style. In front of it is an equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington. The Mitchell Library has over three hundred thousand volumes, including an important collection relating to Glas-

BURNS COTTAGE, NEAR AYR, WHERE THE POET WAS BORN

gow and the West of Scotland, and about eight thousand volumes relating to Robert Burns and Scottish poetry. Glasgow University, founded in 1451, has a library with a quarter-million volumes and the famous Hunterian Museum of anatomical specimens. The number of students enrolled is sometimes as high as five thousand. There are many parks, at least one of which —the Royal Botanic Gardens—should be visited.

BURNS MEMORIAL AT ALLOWAY

The Corporation Art Galleries have a fine collection specializing in European painting from the fourteenth century onward, and are rich in examples of the Dutch, Flemish and Barbizon schools. Some of the choice paintings here are: "Virgin, Child and St. John," by Botticelli; "Christ and the Woman Taken in Adultery," by Giorgione; "Man in Armor," by Rembrandt; "The Three Graces," by Rubens; "Town of Katwyk," by Ruisdael; "The Wood-Cutter," by Corot; "The Frugal Meal," by Josef Israels; "Going to Work," by Millet; "Carlyle," by Whistler; "Countess of Errol," by Sir Joshua Reynolds; and "Mr. and Mrs. Robert Campbell," by Raeburn.

Some cynic has remarked that Glasgow is a splendid place to get away from; and while the cynic's syntax was not perfect, his intentions were all right, because he was thinking

AYR, AN ANCIENT SEAPORT, MOST WIDELY KNOWN
AS THE CENTER OF THE BURNS COUNTRY

THE AULD KIRK AT ALLOWAY, WHERE TAM SAW THE WITCHES

of the many alluring excursions into the hinterland and along the watery pathway that leads from the city in so many directions. A popular trip is to Lanark and the Falls of Clyde. Lanark has had a long history, one of its important events being memorialized in the statue of Wallace, who is said to have lived in Castlegate and to have been married in the

THE INN AT AYR FROM WHICH TAM O'SHANTER STARTED ON HIS FAMOUS RIDE

twelfth-century church of St. Kentigern, of which a few ruins remain. The story has it that his warlike career started here, following his overpowering of an English garrison after his wife's death. The falls may be visited in motors that make the circuit from the railway station and hotels. It is about six miles from Lanark to "Tillietudlem Castle," usually accepted as the original mentioned in "Old Mortality," altho its right name is Craignethan. It is a fortified manor-house, Scott was so well pleased with it that Lord Douglas is said

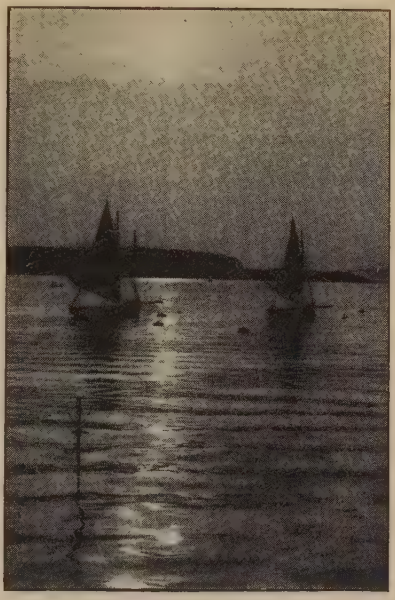
to have offered him the use of this castle-farmhouse for life.

The trip from Glasgow to Ayr brings one to the center of the Burns country. The "Twa Brigs," of which Burns speaks, still form the approach to Ayr. Within the town, buildings of Burns's time still stand.

Any one familiar with the poem, "Tam o' Shanter," will be sure to visit the original Tam o' Shanter Inn, which has lost none of its color. It was in this jovial resort at Ayr, we are assured, that Tam and his faithful crony, Souter Johnnie, met many a night and partook too freely of the flowing bowl. And then came that awful night when it stormed and thundered. Tam left the inn, you remember, mounted his old gray mare, and started for Alloway. Through the mud and rain they skelpered, until they reached the Auld Kirk in Alloway, where Tam paused to look in at the window—the

THE BURNS MEMORIAL GARDENS ON THE POET'S BELOVED DOON

large central window that you may see in the picture of the church. There it was that he saw Satan fiddling lustily while the witches danced; and, sitting upright in their coffins were the corpses from the graveyard, each holding in its hand a lighted candle. Fascinated by one dancer clad in a "cutty sark," Tam looked on and tarried to his undoing; for full well he knew that he had to cross the Brig o' Doon before the stroke of midnight or the witches would get him. At last—almost too late—he and his horse were off for home. On he galloped through the pelting rain, reached the bridge with not a second to spare, and got safely over—all but the tail of the poor gray mare, which was left behind in the grip of an angry witch. That, at least, is the story told by Bobby Burns in his famous poem.



EVENING AT OBAN

It is about two miles from Ayr, along the route of Tam o' Shanter's ride, to the Burns Monument. The cottage in which the poet was born has been restored to its original condition, and visitors are shown the room in which the important event took place. Adjoining it is a museum in which are many manuscript letters and relics, including the Burns family Bible, various editions of the poet's works, and many engravings and illustrations. About half a mile beyond the

REPRESENTATIVE HIGHLANDERS POSED IN FRONT OF AN ANCIENT CELTIC CROSS

birthplace is the monument, within which are preserved many Burns relics.

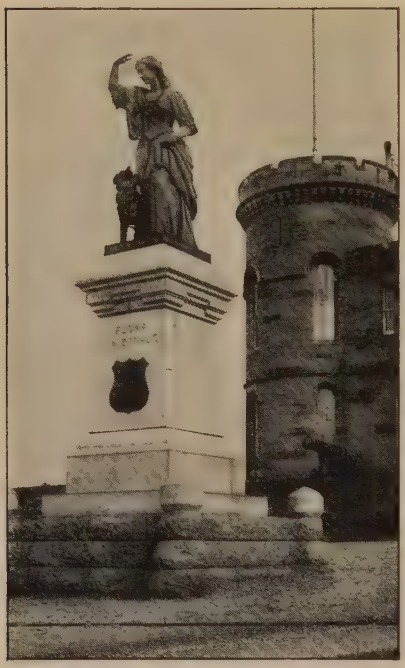
Another excursion is to Hamilton, stopping at Bothwell, a pretty place of villas. Joanna Baillie, the poet, was born in Bothwell Manse. The bridge is the scene of a battle in "Old Mortality." Bothwell Castle is said to be the best thirteenth-century castle in Scotland. Hamilton is a busy town in the mining district. Hamilton Palace was long the seat of the Dukes of Hamilton. Cromwell had his headquarters in the town for a time. The ducal mausoleum may be visited, and in the High Parks is Cadzow Castle, a royal residence under Alexander II and Alexander III. An interesting trip is to Paisley, once noted for its "Paisley shawls" with Oriental designs, but now better known as the greatest producer of thread in the world. The abbey here is a structure in the

decorated style, and was founded in 1163 and first occupied by thirteen Cluniac monks from Shropshire. Many other excursions by land will suggest themselves to a Glasgow visitor.

Nobody should omit taking one or more of the water excursions. There are dozens of routes and destinations from which a choice may be made.

One of these is to Oban, a ride of about one hundred twenty miles, which brings us to another excursion-center with a bewildering choice of trips, any one of which will prove to be delightful. Oban is a fine summer-resort with several good hotels; somebody has called it the Charing Cross of the Highlands. It is the headquarters of the Royal Highland Yacht Club, and the Argyleshire Highland Gathering is held here annually in the autumn. The town is situated in an amphi-

A SCOTTISH STRONGHOLD OF FEUDAL DAYS: CASTLE DORNOCH



MEMORIAL TO FLORA MACDONALD AT INVERNESS

theater of hills, and the bay is land-locked by the island of Korrera. William Winter refers to "the gay and generous port of Oban," and some one else has said there is something theatrical about the place; at any rate, the town is thoroughly typical of the Scotland that visitors hope to find.

On a high crag north of the bay is Dunolly Castle, an ancient stronghold, where the lords of the district resided in the thirteenth century and later. It was in the possession of the MacDouglas family, and the descendants now reside in a mansion at the base of the castle. Sir Walter Scott came here for local color and wrote: "Nothing can be more beautifully wild than Dunolly." It is about seven miles to Dunstaffnage Castle, which sits upon a crag in a commanding position, and was the seat of the Scottish Government before the rise of Stirling, Perth, or Edinburgh. Here was kept the famous "Stone of Destiny" until its removal to Scone and later to the Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey, London.

An unusually pleasant excursion from Oban is to Staffa and Iona, the latter known as "the blessed isle." It has been written: "There is no pilgrimage that can be taken to any shrine excelling the pilgrimage to Iona." Staffa is famous for

its caverns, the most celebrated of which is Fingal's Cave, over two hundred feet long; the "roof" is sixty feet above the water, and the water rumbles as we hear it in Mendelssohn's popular overture. In 563 St. Columba left Ireland with twelve companions and established himself at Iona as the commencement of his missionary labors in Scotland. Upon arrival, he founded a monastery—of which nothing now re-

A PROSPEROUS HIGHLAND COTTAGE
IN EASTERN SCOTLAND

mains—and from there as permanent headquarters he converted the northern Picts and extended his influence as far as Orkney, Shetland, and even Iceland. He died at Iona soon after St. Augustine arrived in England, and here he was buried, a century elapsing before his remains were taken back to Ireland. In the cathedral is a stone called "St. Columba's Pillow." Dr. Johnson said: "That man is to be pitied, whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona." On the way back to Oban from here, we pass the island of

ALL THE BUILDINGS ON UNION STREET, ABERDEEN, ARE OF GRANITE

Earraid, upon which, in Stevenson's "Kidnapped," David Balfour was shipwrecked.

We now visit Fort William, formerly the key of the Highlands, and to-day a popular tourist center. The fort has disappeared. The place is the chief starting-point for the ascent of Ben Nevis, the highest mountain in the British Isles. Here we have arrived at the celebrated Caledonian Canal, which traverses the "Great Glen of Scotland," and—if the weather be clear—a waterway that provides veritable thrills by the beautiful scenery visible along its banks. It must be admitted, however, that there is frequently a mist, which makes it impossible to see much. Even Ben Nevis may raise its crest into the sky and be passed unseen by the traveler. But there are days when all is visible, and they are days to be remembered. Some one has said that the American traveler sees as much on this voyage between morning and evening as he sees between Quebec and Duluth on the Great Lakes. "This may not be the roof of the world," remarks another observer, "but it is a very high gable."

If we go from Fort William through the canal, we come to Inverness, usually called the capital of the Highlands, a royal burgh and county-town of twenty thousand inhabitants. It has become a tourist center for northern Scotland, and the great Highland Gathering takes place here in September each year. The library and museum contain a good collection of Highland and Jacobite relics. Pretty walks abound along the river, and the islands are connected with both banks by bridges. William Black has described Inverness in "Wild Ellin." At the first glance, one is reminded of a French town —the gabled houses, and the women doing their laundry work at the banks of the river, and spreading their clothes to dry. There are no remains of Macbeth's Castle, to which

WHERE ANDREW CARNEGIE RULED AS THE LAIRD OF SKIBO

Duncan came, because Malcolm razed it after he returned from England and Birnam Wood had come to Dunsinane. Not far away are the Stones of Clava, one of the chief remains of the kind in Britain. One of the cairns was opened and found to contain an urn with ashes. There are several large stones remaining in position that probably marked an avenue leading to the place.

Or we may go from Fort William to the mountainous island of Skye, the largest of the Inner Hebrides. The island has an irregular coastline and a mild climate; the best time to visit it is in August, when the Highland Gathering is on, for Skye is the classic home of the bagpipe, a college for bagpiping having been established here long ago. There are many pretty excursions around the island, and it is claimed that there is here the best rock-climbing in Britain. Portree is the capital, and is situated on a bay facing a pretty island. Four miles away is "Prince Charlie's Cave," one of the many romantic places where he is said to have remained in hiding. The Outer Hebrides are known collectively as Long Island—a series of islands and islets divided by narrow channels, lakes and arms of water that extend from the sea to the mountains. The trip is worth while, if one has the time and inclination. Lewis is the largest of the islands and is noted for its standing stones, which may mark the graves of ancient warriors. They are in the form of crosses with a circle at the center. The westernmost island is called St. Kilda and is a favorite breeding-place for sea-fowls.

Or, if we have not gone northward on the western coast, we may go from Edinburgh to Aberdeen and stop at Perth, a royal burgh and county-town of thirty-three thousand inhabitants, situated on the Tay. Perth often considers itself the gate to the Highlands, and it has many attractions for

summer visitors; salmon weighing seventy pounds have been caught in the river. Ruskin spent his boyhood here and did not like the place. He married here, and the lady later left him to marry a painter. The town is the Muirton of "The Bonnie Brier Bush." In St. John's Church, in front of the altar, Edward III is said to have stabbed his brother. John Knox often preached in this church. The maid of Scott's "Fair Maid of Perth" is said to have lived in Curfew Row. Near the town stood the Dominican priory where James I was assassinated in 1437.

Dundee now claims our attention—third city of Scotland in population and second only to Glasgow in attractiveness for the tourist. Here we visit the library, the museum, and the art gallery of the Albert Institute. If we care to pause again on our way from Dundee to Aberdeen, it will be at the fine ruin of the Abbey Church at Arbroath, which was dedicated to Thomas à Becket and dates from 1175. The Abbey Gatehouse should also be visited.

Aberdeen, "City of Bon Accord" and the "Granite City," is the capital and principal port of North Scotland, a well-built and prosperous royal burgh having one hundred sixty thousand inhabitants. Altho distinctly modern in appearance, it has had a prominent part in the ancient struggles of the land, and as far back as the time of Edward I it was referred to as "the good town upon the sea." It remains that to-day, and it is not alone *good,* but attractive to the visitor. Among the first of its sights to greet our eyes is the City Cross, a Jacobean structure with a base upon which are panels decorated with medallion heads of Scottish knights. Here is also a statue of the fifth Duke of Gordon, called by Scott "Cock o' the North, my Huntly braw." The chief industry of the place is the production of polished granite, and the visitor

is likely to find much interest in a visit to one of the factories. It has been asserted that the polishing of granite was a lost art since ancient Egypt, until it was revived here. The harbor is the center of a great trawl-fishing fleet, and the fish-market is an interesting scene. The Aberdeen Art Gallery and Museum has a good collection of paintings, including works of Israels, Orpen and Sargent, besides drawings and etchings. The Cathedral of St. Machar is the only ancient granite cathedral in the island. It is well to see it in the sunshine following a rain, as it glistens like something that has sprung into being at the command of a magician—something new and unique among churches. Marischal College is spoken of as the greatest pile of granite in the world, except the Escorial. King's College is the older foundation, but now, by the aid of Carnegie money, education is free in the University of Aberdeen.

XIX SOME SCOTTISH GOLF LINKS

STRATHPEFFER, A FAVORITE SPA AND RESORT FOR GOLFERS

XIX

SOME SCOTTISH GOLF LINKS

TO many the game of golf is closely related to a tour of Scotland. Certain it is that the country contains some of the finest links in the world. Nature endowed Scotland with many miles of rolling, hilly country admirably adapted for any number of courses. St. Andrews, one of the best-known, has for generations been a favorite place for the golf enthusiast. Scene of many tournaments in which the world's best players have participated, it has become a shrine for many devotees, to whom an annual visit is almost a religious rite.

In Ayrshire, where the lovers of Burns gather every summer, is another favorite golf center. One of the best sporting courses in Scotland is said to be at Turnberry, which is ideally situated on the shore of the Atlantic Ocean. An excellent hotel, owned and conducted by the railway company, caters to the visitor to Turnberry. Another attraction is the caddy, usually a young and good-looking girl, who reverses the usual order and follows the player around the course. Rolling down to the sea, the terrain is admirably adapted to the requirements of golf, with bunkers and traps provided by nature.

While there are many other mountain resorts where excellent courses may be found, I think the average visitor might find most enjoyment at Strathpeffer, in the Highlands. Here again there is an excellent hotel owned and operated by

the railway company. For generations Strathpeffer has been a spa, where there are natural mineral-springs for the cure of rheumatism. Many people have gone there year after year to drink the water and thus rid themselves of rheumatic troubles. There is also at Strathpeffer a golf-course which, some maintain, is a certain cure for all maladies other than rheumatism. Whether we have enough faith to believe this or not, it is certain that the place is delightfully situated amid

ON ONE OF THE THREE GOLF COURSES
AT GLENEAGLES

the heather-covered hills in the highland country. Scotland's emblem, as many of us remember, is the thistle, of which there are many species in various colors. These grow in abundance around Strathpeffer, but are not among the "hazards" allowed on the links.

One of the smartest golf resorts to be found in any country is that at Gleneagles. The railway company has expended a vast sum of money here in building and equipping a modern first-class hotel, and in laying out three golf courses. If you

SOME SCOTTISH GOLF LINKS

FAIRWAY, SAND-TRAP, BUNKER, AND "ROUGH"—
A NATURAL GOLF COUNTRY

GOLFING IN THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS

A GLIMPSE OF THE NATURAL CHARMS OF GLENEAGLES

are particular about a hotel, you will find the one in Gleneagles the last word in luxury. Among other things it contains an indoor swimming-pool, has suites and rooms with private baths, a dining-room where one may have *table d'hôte* service, and a more exclusive room where one dines *à la carte*. Tea dances, concerts by the hotel orchestra, and formal balls given in the grand ballroom appeal to those who enjoy the social whirl.

CAIRN ON KING'S GOLF COURSE AT GLENEAGLES

For the devotee of golf at Gleneagles there are the King's course, the Queen's and a third course for those who tear up the turf and indulge in other forms of excavation when using a brassy or an iron to coax the ball toward the cup. The third course also includes putting-greens for the beginner, and for practising. Both the King's and Queen's are eighteen-hole courses, beautifully laid out and affording every requirement for an exacting player. Professionals are on hand to teach the game to the novice, who may by consistent practise learn its finer points in one season.

On the King's course a stone cairn has been built. I asked a caddy whether he knew its history. "I know all about it," he replied. I then asked him to tell me the story, and he said that the cairn marks the spot where Sir Harry Lauder lost threepence, and—after four days' search—again found the coin.

SCOTLAND'S NATIONAL FLOWER

There are many stories told about golf. One that may or may not be familiar is about an American who, visiting Scotland, was intently watching a game. A player politely asked him whether he would not like to play. The American said he would be glad to, but did not understand the game; to which the Scot replied, "That does not matter; I will explain it to you." Teeing up a ball, he turned to the American and said, "The object of the game is to drive this ball into a hole marked by the red flag in the distance." Driver in hand, the American swung and accidentally hit the ball with a resounding whack. It went sailing through space, and the novice, shading his eyes, noticed that it stopped a few inches from the flag. Turning to the Scot, he exclaimed with disappointment. "Gee! I missed it."

Gleneagles also has a number of tennis courts which are beautifully situated in a grassy bowl. Tournaments are held during the season, and professionals often take part. Another popular game is bowls. This is played on the smooth turf, the bowler using a large wooden ball, which looks like those that we use in playing ten-pins, but which is weighted on one side to give it a curve as it rolls. The expert's skill in curving the ball over a lawn reminds one of a baseball pitcher who is able to curve a ball across a plate. The object is to roll the large ball as near as possible to a small white one across the playing-ground.

There is more to Scotland than golf-courses, but the royal and ancient game will always be associated with the country and its people.

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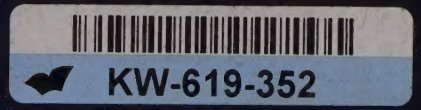
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